

Major General Harry L. Rogers, U. S. Army, D.S.M., Quartermaster
General Director, Purchase & Storage



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1917



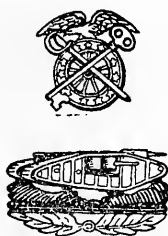
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The Committee extends its thanks to all those who so cheerfully contributed material, and regrets that limitation of space prohibited the inclusion of everything so kindly submitted.

FOREWORD

*Go, little Book,
And seek a nook
In ev'ry genial heart!
The Q. M. C.
Has fashioned thee
And made thee what thou art.*

*And ev'ry page
Of versiflage,
Quip, sketch and merry jest,
We've culled with care,
That debonair
And bright thou shouldst be drest.*

*And, as we wrought,
We likewise sought
To see thy pages bore
No rhymes or skit
That was not writ
Save by the Q. M. Corps.*

*If here we erred,
Be it inferred
'Twas done with no intent,
Work by the "Corps,"
And nothing more,
Our aim 'tis to present.*

*Many a laugh,
And genial chaff.
Within thee will be found;
No malice lurks
Within thy quirks—
Naught tedious or profound.*

*With cheery smile
Thou wilt beguile
The idle hours away,
For those who fought
And those who wrought
That Right might live this day.*

*So, little Book,
Go find a nook
In ev'ry genial heart;
OUR labor's done—
THINE has begun,
And thou must do thy part.*

THE COMMITTEE.

NOTE:—On the eve of the departure for "Somewhere in France" of the much beloved Colonel Harry L. Rogers (now Major General)—at that time the Department Quartermaster, Southern Department, Fort Sam Houston, Mr. James Courtney Challiss, of the Dep. Q. M. C., wrote the following poem and presented it to him as expressing the sentiments of the American people, saying: "Carry the spirit of this to the boys in the trenches."

When the Colonel had finished reading it, he struck his desk with his fist and said: "By God, I *will*!" He folded it up and placed it in his pocket, stating that he would take it with him as an inspiration.

OUR BOYS

Forth to service—every soldier—every patriotic son!
All humanity is calling—there's a battle to be won,
A titanic, sanguine struggle for the freedom of the world—
For the safety of democracy. Let all your strength be hurled
Into action swift and mighty, making every bullet tell.
Blow the enemy to atoms—give 'em hell!

Forth to service, men, with all the strength of body, brain and soul!
Thus to serve is not to sacrifice; there is no higher goal
Than to die contending for a cause for which the whole world fights.
For the cause of human liberty—for the cause of human rights.
Gird your armor—forward—forward! Mow them down with
shot and shell,
Hit them hard with sword and saber—give 'em hell!

Forth to service—in the trenches—on the high seas—in the air!
Despotism must be ended—every man must do his share.
They have broken every promise, trampled every human right!
Murdered children, men and women, sinking neutral ships on sight!
They have ruthlessly committed deeds too horrible to tell.
Snake-boats, undersea assassins—give 'em hell!

Forth to service! Not for vengeance, not for territorial gain,
But to free the world from tyrants—this the one transcendent aim!
Forward—brave and unreluctant! Help mankind to final peace—
To its permanent security. Let not the fighting cease
Till the task has been accomplished—till forever you expel
From the universe these vipers. Give 'em hell!

JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

Office Dep. Q. M.,
Fort Sam Houston, Texas.



THE AFTERNOON CONFERENCE

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK

How dear to my heart are the scenes of the Office,
When the mountains of labor I mournfully view,
The papers and files and reports that are endless,
And all the punk stuff that I have to wade thru,
The folks back home think I am rolling in velvet,
How little they know of conditions that are
In the job of the clerk there is nothing to covet,
However rose-colored when viewed from afar—
The old stuffy office, the small crowded office,
The place where you bid ambition goodbye.

I long for the fields and the woods and the streamlets,
And pensively heave a deep cavernous sigh,
As I think of the farmer girls counting their greenlets,
While I mournfully watch the promotions go by.
I long for a lawn with big trees growing on it,
A garden with flowers and eatables green,
Instead I've a hole in the wall near the sidewalk,
With a sad little yard that's ashamed to be seen.
The old gloomy office, the life tenure office,
It cannot compare with a job back at home.

Oh these flat chested houses, each just like the other,
All along the same street just as far as you can see,
You have to stay sober to find your own cover,
And identify yours by the fit of the key.
O joyfully welcome the coming of pay-day
When the ghost walks around with the seeds and the bones,
But the butcher, the baker, the loan shark and faker,
Get the very last sou, not a cent is my own.
The old Civil Service, the ossified service,
With pay-roll secure, but hopelessly small.

I would like an auto, at least a tin flivver,
To ride around town with companions so dear,
But alas for the lot of the Government worker,
Only those having pull can afford such things here,
So I bend to my work with such grace as is in me,
And hope that a better day quickly will dawn,
When the long promised pension roll really gets working.
And my name in big letters is written thereon.
The old stuffy office, the prison cell office,
The graveyard of hope for the government clerk.

H. REISSMAN,
Q. M. C.

THE STENOGRAPHER'S ANSWER TO THE "GOVERNMENT CLERK'S" WAIL

I'm tired of beating and beating and beating
I'm tired of dictation and men and spittoons;
I'm mad with the click and insane with the filing,
They'll carry me soon to the home of the loons.

I've broken my finger-nails off on the key-board,
I've made myself cross-eyed transcribing my notes;
I wish I were out on my father's old homestead
A pailin' the cows and a swillin' the shoats.

I'm tired of saving and saving and saving
I want fifty cents to blow in as I please;
I'd call all my friends for a grand celebration,
Then live for six months on rye bread and brick cheese.

I want a spring suit and a hat Tipperary,
A peek-a-boo waist and a pair of silk hose,
And then I'd not need brains nor beauty to have—
For beaux, flocks of beaux—ten cent beaux!

I want to go out, miles away in the country,
And paddle in mud, and hear the water's low swish;
I want to string nice juicy worms on a fish-hook
And fish and to fish and to fish.

I want to be wrapped in a pink woolly blanket
And bury my head on a broad, manly breast;
Of course, for this honor I'd have to support him,—
He'd furnish hot air and I'd do all the rest.

OH! I wish I was dead and this legend above me
On a pine board befittingly cheap;
"Here lies a stenographer TICKLED TO DEATH
Just to sleep and to sleep and to sleep."

ANSWERING THE ANSWER TO THE GOVERNMENT CLERK

If you wonder, my friend, why the clerk came here,
Why she gave up home and relatives dear,
Why she to this city a stranger should come
With wardrobe not crowded, and money, a small sum,

To make her home in a city so great
And to take up a battle with the iron hand Fate.
If you want to know this and want to know too
Why she doesn't quit work and leave for you
All the work of the grand old Government to do,
I'll try to tell you in words of my own
Why the clerk came here and why she doesn't go home.

It wasn't, as you think, because of the *pay*
That she came here with intentions to stay.
No dreams of a fortune e'er bleared her eye
When she bid all her folks and her friends good-bye.
For the money she draws, without any fears,
Goes for room and for board and to profiteers.
And for your enlightenment I'll tell you, my friend
That when you're a boarder you've got to spend
Until your resources come to an end.
Oh, this is some life, the life of a clerk
From nine 'til four-thirty we keep at our work.

I'm sorry you think, my honorable friend,
That when the clerk enters all pleasure should end,
That she should endure the dull, dreary routine
And be made a mechanical working machine,
You must not forget that with the Zone
Are human beings of flesh and bone.
You are very considerate and kind when you say
That the clerks should not want e'en for one day
A ride in an auto, or other pleasures as gay,
Oh, there are several things you will have to learn
In the depths of the soul of the clerk you discern.

A lot of your valuable time you have spent
In saying the clerk should not keep a cent.
I guess you forget the desire of mankind
Is to have a few nickels when she's old and blind.
Not many gold eagles have we hoarded away
With all the room rent and board bills to pay.
The clerk is here trying to do her bit,
In helping the Government and the Allies, too,
Until Bill the Kaiser says he is thru.
And that is the reason, bosom friend of my own
Why the clerk came here and why she doesn't go home.

A MILLION SOLDIERS LIKE YOU

As I sit here and think of the world and the war,
And our boys so brave and so true,
May God bless you all, is the prayer in my heart
For a million good soldiers like you.

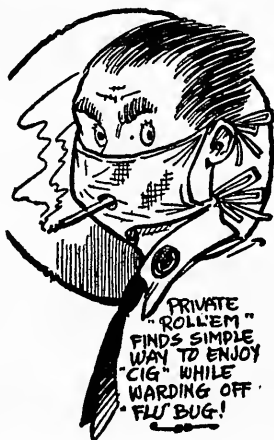
If this war we would win, we must fight with a will
As we did back in old '62!
For the day has now come when our freedom depends
On a million good soldiers like you.

There's a spring in your step, there's a smile on your lips
And your voice rings out strong and true;
We know dear old France must be proud of the land
That produces good soldiers like you.

Here's a prayer for your valor, your strength and your fame
As you fight 'neath the Red, White and Blue.
It's great to be guarded, protected and loved
By a million good soldiers like you.

So I'm thinking just now, of the glorious day,
When we'll gaze o'er the ocean's deep blue
And welcome the ships that shall bring back to us
A million good soldiers like you.

BESSIE E. CONGER,
Q. M. C.



DEFINITIONS OF FUNCTION

ADMINISTRATIVE:—To change the policy every morning at eleven o'clock.

STATISTICAL:—To put everything in writing; then add up the car numbers, divide by the stock on hand on July 4th, and ask the Depot to give the result.

STANDARDIZATION:—To devise something requiring special machinery to make and which, when used, must be accompanied by a book of directions and be of as little practical use as possible.

REQUIREMENTS:—To guess, then double it, multiply by $3\frac{3}{4}$ and divide by $\frac{1}{4}$; the result is for procurement to decipher.

PROCUREMENT:—To guess what are the requirements and to place orders for merchandise, which in the regular routine of procedure may be delivered in time for the next war.

CONTRACT:—To prepare lengthy documents which are not to be sent out until goods are made up; otherwise the manufacturer might know what was expected of him.

PRODUCTION & INSPECTION:—To know more of a concern's business than the General Manager himself and to be sure goods are not approved until a proper degree of inconvenience has been occasioned.

DISTRIBUTION:—To conduct a game of "Button, Button, who has the Button" with all commodities and if anyone finds anything, to prove the finder wrong.

EMBARKATION:—To direct deliveries so that essential shall not interfere with the orderly departure of non-essentials, or by any chance arrive when wanted.

STORAGE:—To arrange so that nothing can be found when wanted and to see how long goods have to be held before being useless.

THE MAN WHO WASN'T SENT

I dreamed a dream the other night,
Oh I wish that the dream were true;
I dreamed that the leader in many a fight
Was dealing out honors due.
And seeing me standing among the crowd
He bade me at once advance
And said, "You have much of which to be proud
Though your lot was not cast in France."

"Now, never blush for the part you've done—
You have surely done your bit,
For you've taught the soldiers to shoot the Hun
And you should be proud of it.
Of all the great legions, no more than a few
Could come to hand-grips with the foe,
But all had their duty to do
And you've done it completely, I know."

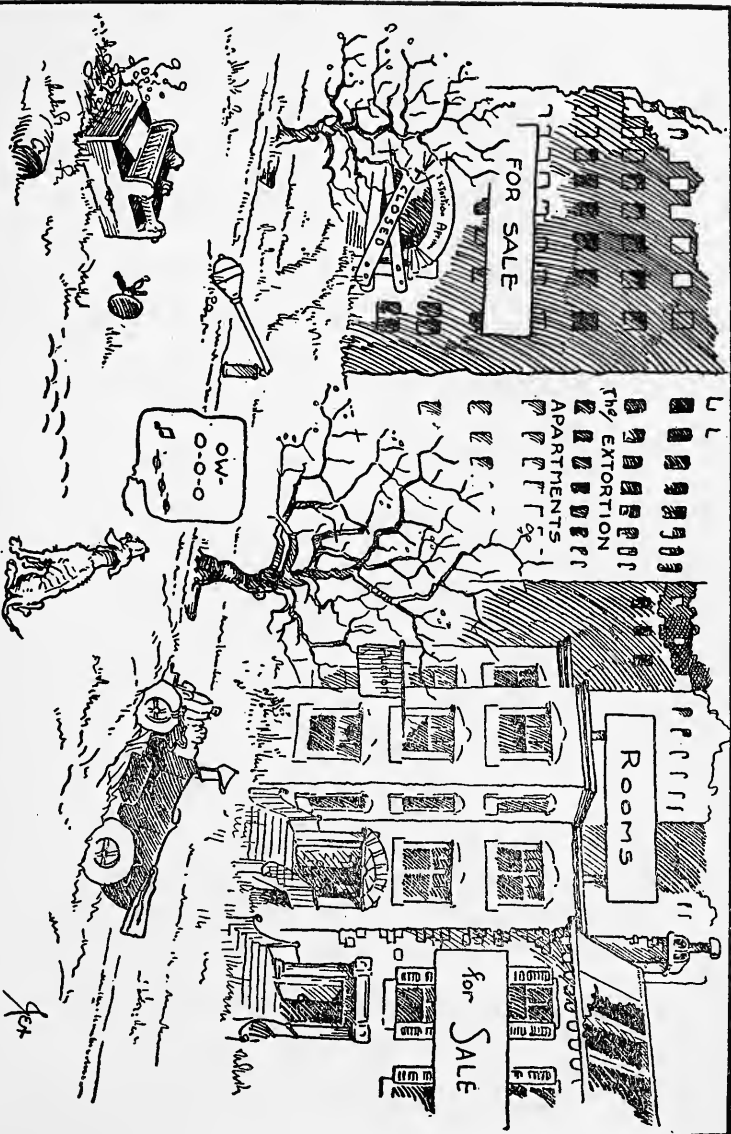
"No medals I pin on your manly breast,
No wreaths do I place on your brow,
But the knowledge that always you've done
Your best, will be glory enough, anyhow."
And he shook my hand with a clasp sincere,
While his voice with emotion broke,
But just as the spectators started to cheer
My hammock gave way and I woke.

TAKE THIS ROSE

Oh Western Winds that blow to the sea,
Take this rose that I hold in my hand—
Tell dear laddie it comes straight from me,
To lie on his grave in No Man's Land.

Linger a moment and talk with him there,
Whisper so softly his spirit must hear;
Say, 'tis a rose I wore in my hair,
And 'stead of a dewdrop, 'tis bathed in a tear.

EDITH FULTON
Q. M. C.



AFTER THE EXODUS--WORTHLESS REAL ESTATE

GERMANY'S SURRENDERED!

(Tune Yankee Doodle)

Blow the horn and toot the drum,—we got some dandy news, Sir,
Our boys will soon be coming home,—somehow it scarce seems
true, sir!

But sir, this ain't no idle rhyme, "we got 'em," Woodrow says this
time

And U. S., sir, spells you and me, cause U. S. stands for LIBERTY!

'N Germany's surrendered!—yessirree,—*surrendered!*

Germany's surrendered,—yessirree, surrendered!

Woodrow Wilson says himself that Germany's surrendered!

Germany's beat 'n Belgiums' free 'n that's about the size, sir:—

We'll have no more iniquity because we have the Kaiser!

No such thing as "ME UND GOTT"—no sirree,—it's tommy-rot!

Cause Gott he didn't like the "ME" and so he quit the company!

'N Germany's surrendered.

Germany's surrendered!—yessirree,—*surrendered!*

Woodrow Wilson says himself that Germany's surrendered.

An' now we've beat, 'twixt you and me, what'll we do with the
Kaiser?

Charge a *big* indemnity, and that's about the size, sir.

And put him and his family where they can't do further harm you
see

And when that's done why should we fret; we'll not forgive the
brute, you bet,

Cause Germany's surrendered!

Germany's surrendered,—yessirree,—*surrendered.*

Woodrow Wilson says himself that Germany's surrendered!

ROSE E. BABCOCK,

Q. M. C.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, here's your warrior bold

Silver stripes instead of gold

Shine upon my arm today,

'Cause I never sailed away.

But my darling you must know,

'Twas not because I would not go,

Simply did what I was told,

Put on silver 'stead of gold.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

and fed by the Q. M. C.

No more ham and eggs or grapefruit.
When the bugle blows for "chow,"
No more apple pies or dumplings,
For we're in the Army now.
And they feed us beans for breakfast,
And for lunch we have 'em too;
And at night they fill our tummies
With a good old Army stew.

No more fizzes, beers or highballs,
When we've got an awful thirst;
If you're thinking of enlisting,
Best get used to water first.
For the lid's on tight all over
And the drilling makes us warm,
But we can't cool off with liquor,
'Cause we wear the uniform.

No more shirts of silk or linen,
We all wear the O. D. stuff;
No more nightshirts or pajamas,
For our pants are good enough.
No more feather ticks or pillows,
But we're glad to thank the Lord
That we've got a cot and blanket
When we might have just a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast,
And at noon we have them too;
And at night they feed our tummies
With a good old Army stew.
But, by jinks, we'll lick the Kaiser
When the sergeants teach us how,
For, hang him, he's the reason
That we're in the Army now.



STANDING IN LINE

What you want to do—in Washington—is to *stand in line*, and be counselled by friends during that harrowing period of advice-giving which precedes any undertaking in one's life.

"That's the way they all get there. Pull is what counts down there," they sputteringly utter. "You've got to stand in with the right people, with the big guns."

I ascertained that was precisely what I was destined to do from the moment I caught sight of Union Station. I *was* going to stand in with the big guns (and the small guns) in a regular get-together movement. Everybody stands in line.

In restaurants I have stood in line,—a long, ravenous, impatient line—with one eye focused covetously upon the last piece of near-lemon-meringue-pie. The other eye warily bent on the clock. Behind me, two callow youths carried on an impassioned argument concerning the relative merits of two waitresses. Finally, just as I was on the verge of a collapse from lack of sustenance and the clock was striking the end of my lunch period, my turn at the lunch counter came. I found that I was in time to discover the "sweet young thing" with the beautiful eye-brows, making off with that piece of lemon meringue. However, a despondent-looking piece of raisin pie remained on the pie counter, and I seized it. After I had guzzled it along with an ancient and venerable-looking cheese sandwich and a feeble cup of hydrated cocoa (sans milk), I really had a repast which the most unscrupulous free-lunch counter in the country would blush to offer.

Then I stood in line with my check while the gentleman ahead of me, who had been eating onions—quite a lot of onions, fragrant and powerful—wrangled with the cashier over five cents, five paltry cents, and I was losing a half hour of my annual leave.

I have stood in line at Keith's with twenty-eight cents in one hand, and a firm determination to see the Human Nightingale in the other. Darn the language! That is of course grammatically incorrect, unless you follow the old maxim about the bird in the hand. At that moment I struggled to maintain my dignity before a second lieutenant who displayed a ten dollar bill and a box-seat expression. I endeavored, by means of a tolerantly amused look, to create an impression that I, too, usually sat in box seats, accompanied by dashing young officers, but that I was just then enjoying a lark, a sort of seeing how the-other-half-lives excursion.

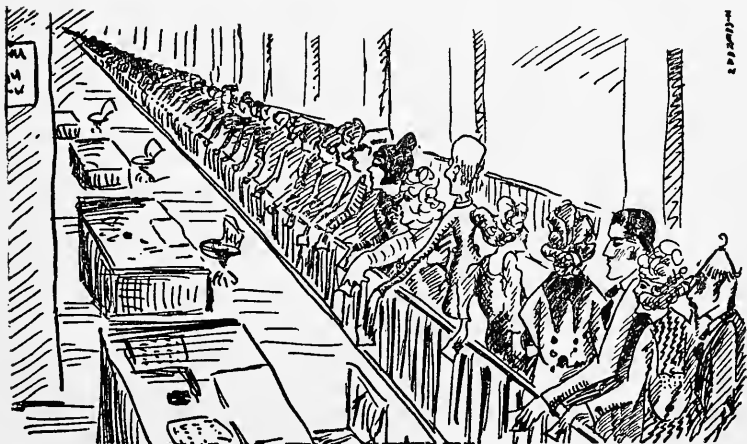
At last, I did reach the ticket window and the wretch behind its glass airily told me the gallery was sold out. Of course, this was intensely embarrassing for me, the more so since I am by nature of a shy and shrinking disposition; and at that time, possessed of

only a car ticket and twenty-five cents. (It is quite unnecessary to flaunt here my former wealth by mentioning that I had lost fourteen, matching pennies at the office.) I withdrew, almost paralyzed, not only with mortification, but with "Second Floor, Middle TWO" and the crackle of that ten spot smiting my auditory nerves.

I have stood in line, or more correctly speaking, in a hushed and hopeless group calm of despair, on a street corner, and watched seven jammed cars rock drunkenly by. Then, after a perfect triumph in gymnastic gyrations, I regained my balance on the second step of the eighth and was dragged up to the platform by a sympathetic passenger, just in time to have the car door close violently on my coat-tail.

I have stood in line with my laundry, at the post-office, with my tooth brush at the wash bowl, with my bath towel on Saturday night, with my liberty bond blank before the bank, with my pass before the gate. And, "by gravy," I have stood in line even in front of a church on the Sabbath, yes, and been turned away from the entrance.

The only line I actually enjoyed standing in is the payroll line. That bi-monthly occasion breaks up the office grouch.



SOLDIERIN'

'War's over! Ain't I glad?'"
"Fightin's over, and we licked the Hun!"
"Aw—you get me sore and mad!
WE!! What've I done?
What do I know of the bloomin' war,
When all I did was push a pen!
Was that what I enlisted for?
Gave me a uniform and then
Put in with girls—to write
Of what the *soldiers* do 'Out There;'
When my bloomin' heart just ached to fight—
To fight the Hun! To do and dare,
To live in dugout or in mud—
To hear the rifle crack, or bursting shell,
But—War's over! Honest, 'Bud,'
Sherman said it, 'War's Hell.'
Hell! When you long for the thick of the fight
And you don't give a damn if you're hurt,
And they gave me a PEN—and then told me to *WRITE*,
It's a wonder I didn't desert,—
And smuggle across with the rest o' the boys
Towards the deep blood-soaked field of France.
'Mid the whirr of the planes, and the din and the noise,
I'd have died—to have gotten the chance,
To show I'm a man—and there's blood in my veins,
I'd have given a limb for a Hun—
I'd a laughed at the hardships, the aches and the pains,
And now it's too late—for they're done.
'Course I did what I could and answered the call
When the Flag cried "I want you to fight."
Enlisted! Accepted! Got outfit and all—
And then, d—n them! They told me to W-R-I-T-E"!!!!

Sgt. M. M. WANDERMAN

There was a young man from Seicheprey
Who slept without sifting the hay;
He got quite a batch
Of young cooties,—and scratch?
He's at it all night and all day.

SINCE THOU HAST WENT AWAY

I ain't got nothin' much no more,
An' nothin' ain't no use to me,
Alone I pace the lonely shore,
'Cause I have saw the last of thee.
I seen a ship out on the deep,
While singing this sad lay—
I ain't done nothin' much but weep,
Since thou hast went away.

I uster like the picture shows,
Don't like 'em any more,
Can't find a man who int'rests me,
And everything's a bore.
I uster look as beautiful
As 'twas possible for me—
Now—I don't even powder,
Cause you ain't here to see.

So, I'll just stay around and mope
And have no fun at all,
'Less you decide to come right back,
I wanna die,—That's all.
The tears they keep a-comin',
Tho' I try to make them stay—
There ain't no use to nothin'
Since thou hast went away.

WILHELM'S FINISH

I have in mind a floral piece
To grace the Kaiser's tomb,
Of bleeding hearts and poisoned darts,
To keep his soul in gloom.

Those bleeding hearts and poisoned darts
Will be red, white, and blue,
And they will spell, "He's gone to Hell,"
When Pershing's men get through.

THE PEN AND PENCIL SOLDIER

We are pen and pencil soldiers in the "Service of the Rear."
We never heard a cannon and we never tasted beer;
We are needful model soldiers in the eyes of Uncle Sam,
But you cannot be a hero, far from "No Man's Land."

We came into the army to cross to sunny France;
We never saw the ocean and we never got a chance.
We were K. P.'s in the kitchen, we were Corporals of the Guard,
And at daylight every morning we were policing up the yard.

When one day we went on shipboard and we hoped to go across,
We were loaded on the Reo which was covered with the frost.
Our joy was soon forgot though, as we left the Reo Four,
For we found ourselves a member of the Quartermaster Corps.

So we are pen and pencil soldiers in the Service of the Rear,
Although we've never smelled of powder (face?), but we all expect
to hear,
Someone calling us a slacker in no uncertain tone.
But we surely pushed our pencils and we've met the "LIBERTY
LOAN."



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.

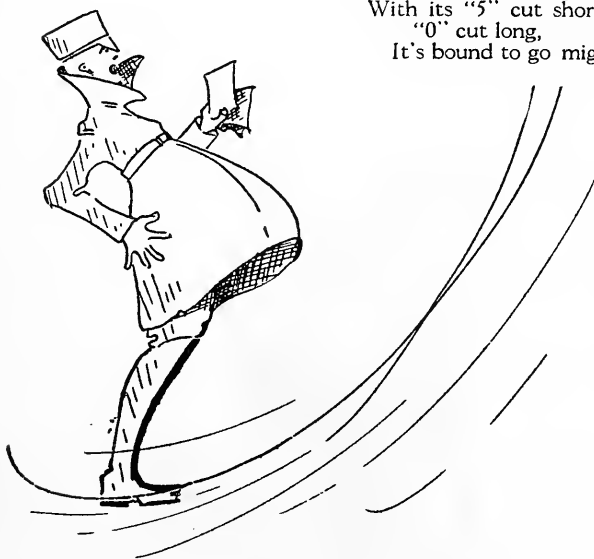


"FLY" PAPER

Oh where, oh where, will my
little pay go?

And oh! How long will it last?
With its "5" cut short and its

"0" cut long,
It's bound to go mighty fast.



M. JONES

THE PUZZLING PERSONNEL

I can calmly face a Gen'ral when I meet him on my way,
And with Colonels and with Majors, I can pass the time of day;
Nonchalantly I can enter any Branch-head's office door,
Saving *one* I pass by quickly—I shall never enter more.

"Personnel Administrative"—that's the name that it goes by;
When you see it on the door-pane, you had better quickly fly,
For the Goblins sure will get you, as they got me once before,
If you carelessly meander 'round about their haunted door.

Oh, the minds of men are many, and their ways are just the same;
And to guess at all their motives is an interesting game;
But there sure is no solution (howsoe'er on it you dwell)
To the *modus operandi* of the puzzling "Personnel."

They're the fellows who assign us to the jobs we have to do;
How they reach their sad conclusions, I can't reason, nor can you.
Guess they throw our names together, all well shaken, in a hat,
And draw one for each position, and just let it go at that.

A gents' furnisher from Gotham is distributing hardware,
While a hardware guy from Omaha is buying underwear.
Raw materials are handled by a teacher from Duluth,
While a coal man's buying desks and chairs and station'ry, forsooth.

A lawyer's buying butter, and an undertaker cheese,
While a produce man's distributing machines for gassing fleas;
A cigar man's looking after goods for chemical warfare—
An abstainer is procuring all the "smokes" for "Over There."

A hosiery manufacturer is purchasing canned foods,
While a grocer's wildly striving to assemble cotton goods;
An attorney is endeavoring camp kitchens to equip,
While an innkeeper is "juggling" all the boys who try to skip.

A racing stud proprietor buys motor trucks and tools,
While an auto salesman's looking round for horses and for mules.
A "spirits" manufacturer gives lectures on *morale*—
A prohibitionist's engaged in buying alcohol.

An undertaker's now procuring every instrument
That's needed by the band of each and every regiment;
While a witty traveling salesman's ruddy cheeks were seen to blanch
When he found that he was buried in the Cemeterial Branch.

A banker's running salvage, while a junkman's in "Finance,"
A guy who never saw a boat totes messages to France;
A tango lizard runs the post exchange at Camp Uno,
And army etiquette's defined by a jay from Kokomo.

A chemist buys typewriting and stenotype machines;
A salesman of typewriters is procuring pork and beans;
An artist's duty 'tis to see that sausages don't spoil,
While a Chicago stockyards gink is buying paint and oil.

A farmer's in statistics, many records there to keep;
An accountant buys all cattle on the hoof and also sheep;
A baker handles blankets and mattresses and cots,
While an upholsterer procures bake-ovens, pans, and pots.

And so it goes—such cases could well be multiplied,
Where talents of a multitude have thus been misapplied.
So, whate'er be your ambition, let fears your hopes dispel—
For the Goblins sure will get you—which means the "Personnel."

* * *

And since the war is over, now, my wonder grows apace
To find each Personnel "misfit" made good in ev'ry case—
Which goes to prove the marvellous adaptability
Of each and ev'ry member of the busy Q. M. C.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt., Q. M. C.

AN ILLUSION

A match in my hand,
A pipe between my lips—
A light—and the smoke softly upwards slips;
And ever and anon in the hazy mist
I see the face of the girl who is, I wist,
Dearest to me in this wide universe,
With its good, its bad, its better and worse,
And, as each little puff encircles my head,
It brings back fond memories I once thought dead,—
She puckers her lips—for a kiss, no doubt,
And then—why then—my pipe goes out.

FLORENCE M. CONNERY,
Q. M. C.

(In the Confederate Reunion parade at Washington, June 7, 1917, two thousand men from the Officers' Reserve Training Camp, at Fort Myer, acted as rear guard to the veterans).

IN HEROES' WAKE THEY FOLLOW

Two thousand strong, they march along,
Their virile presence sending
To every heart a thrill of joy,
With love of country blending.
Their sturdy ranks present no show
Of splendors, vain and hollow;
For loved Columbia's high ideals
In heroes' wake they follow.

They come from patriotic sires
And more heroic mothers,
Who built on that eternal rock
That all shall live as brothers.
In Freedom's air they breathe the truth
That monarchs' claims are hollow;
For human liberty they stand—
In heroes' wake they follow.

Before that sturdy host there walk
The remnants of those legions,
That went with honor to defeat
In Dixie's sunny regions;
And as the boys in khaki march
Behind Gray ranks, now hollow,
Their brave, young hearts are filled with pride—
In heroes' wake they follow.

WILLIAM L. K. BARRETT,
1st. Lt., Q. M. C.

Colored soldier who was to be presented the following day with the Croix de Guerre, said to his fellow squad-man:

"Well Henry, tomorrow I'se to be presented with the cross de gear."

Henry (woefully)—"Well so far as I'se concerned, you can have your old cross de gear, all I wants is a cross de ocean."

FINANCE

While the melancholy taps
Are blowing soldier boys to bed,
And the Barrack lights are blinking
Like the stars up over head.

All the camp is wrapped in silence,
Soon each one is sleeping hard,
As a sentry breaks the stillness
Calling "Corporal of the Guard."

There's a light that still is burning;
There's a clinking of the keys,
Typists' fingers nimbly plunking
Noisy sounds upon the breeze.

Do not wonder who is waking,
'Tisn't worth your while to peep.
It is only Lordly Finance
A-working while you sleep.

FRANK C. DOBLIN,
Corp., Q. M. C.

AN INCIDENT

Lanes of barracks,
Gray-white and rain-drenched,
Where ambulances,
Sag-end and mud-slathered,
Slosh their way past soldiers,
Venturing new health,
And the faded green band stand—
An island in a sea of cement.

Through the propped shutter
Of the information shack,
An orderly's voice saying:
"You wanted the dope on Sergeant Canfield?
He died this morning at seven-thirty."

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE,
Lt., Q. M. C.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN OUR COUNTRY'S MUNITION
BUILDING, SIX P. M.

(With apologies to Gray)

The whistle sounds the knell of parting day.
Stenographers go slowly home to tea.
The watchman trudges on his weary way,
And leaves the room to darkness and to me.

Now fade the purchase orders on the sight,
And down to quietness the building tones,
Save when an airship wheels its droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings come from distant phones.

Within those cheap oak desks, those files arrayed,
Where papers heave in many a towering heap.
Each in forgotten place forever laid,
The office circulars and orders sleep.

To them no more young officers shall turn,
Or busy secretaries give them care,
No messengers their special rush will spurn,
And cause the chiefs to fume and softly swear.

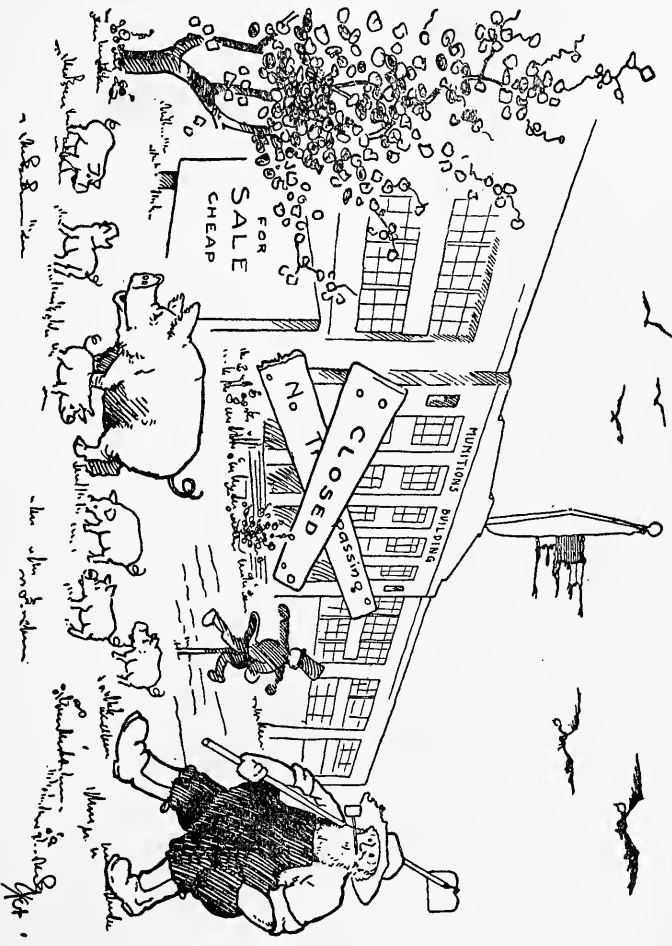
Far from the madding clerks ignimble hands,
Their mimeographed pages learned to stray.
Where loosely held in clips and rubber bands,
They sleep the endless hours tucked safe away.

Let not ambition mock their humble style,
Their homely works and sentences obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with disdainful smile
Their composition and their English poor.

Full many a sheet of purest thought serene,
Their dark unfathomed desk recesses bear,
Full many a page is born to blush unseen,
And waste its wisdom in a file case there.

No farther seek their merits to disclose
Nor draw those papers from their dead abode,
There they abide in unthought-of repose,
Sweet calm eternal sleep on them bestowed.

“HARDWEAR METTLES”



AFTER THE EXODUS—POOR OLD OFFICE BUILDING

FROM A WAR WORKER'S DICTIONARY

APARTMENT:—An imaginary unit of rooms surrounded by landlords, sub-leases and outrageous rentals.

APPETITE:—An undesirable attribute which takes nearly all of one's pay check to satisfy.

BREAD:—A more or less—mostly less—palatable mixture of rice, oats, cornmeal and wheat, the virtues of which lie in bulk, weight and relative cheapness.

DINING ROOM:—Any old residence between the Treasury and your office, masquerading as a restaurant. The mustier the more atmosphere.

CHIVALRY:—Something you brought with you to Washington and used about two weeks in jammed street cars.

CAFETERIA:—The best place to eat if you draw three thousand dollars per annum. Called by some officer friends the "Jesse James" because it is such a hold-up.

CLERK, GOVERNMENT:—The ambitious girl from out West, down South or up North arriving daily in Washington to help win the war.

CAR SYSTEM:—There is none. No such animal.

FOOD ADMINISTRATION:—Where Hoover eats. Where any one else who can bluff the door keeper can get a decent luncheon for thirty-five cents.

HUNGER:—That gaunt feeling more indulged in at Washington than ever during the comfortable days back home.

LINE, STANDING:—That column of impatient Government clerks and civilians prefacing all goals worth while; seen at lunch rooms, movies, church parties, swimming pools, glove counters and ten cent stores.

Q. M. C. OFFICERS:—Popular synonyms, typewriter heroes, swivelian officers, desk cooties. In reality men who are spending more than their incomes, jostled, ridiculed and overcharged, for the privilege of performing prosaic and essential routine.

PAPER BAG:—Defined by a foreign diplomat as the most striking feature of the daily procession of war workers. Contains the inevitable sandwich, an orange and cookie.

POTOMAC PARK:—Facing War College, the cleverest strategic spot in the world for lovers in motors.

ROOMS:—Next to impossible to locate, and impossible to exist in when discovered.

UNIFORM:—Any sort of a tailored garment which can be worn in this blase Capital without attracting a second glance.

WASHINGTON:—The melting pot of the United States. Headquarters of the world.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

Since you went away, every gay sailor lad,
Every khaki-clad soldier I see
Has a place in my heart and a share in my thoughts
And belongs, just a little to me.
He's a comrade of yours, and is bearing his share
Of the burden that rests upon you;
Both are doing the work that a nation has set
For its glorious manhood to do.

Since you went away, every fold in the flag
Has a message that's tender and true;
It has always meant Liberty, Freedom and Right;
It now means my country—and you.
Your honor is part of the deep azure field,
Your courage of each crimson bar,
And the soul of you, shining, resplendent and clear,
Is a part of each beautiful star.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS

A COMPLAINT

Arrah, Eddie O'Connell! An' what have I done to you
That you won't write to me, never a word?
Many's the kind thoughts of mine that have run to you
Since I became a Q. M. C. bird.

Sure, an' the war is over—an' thanks to me.
Just thirty days since I entered the fight.
When Wilhelm discovered that *I'd* joined the ranks, sez he:
"Gott can't be mitt uns. I guess it's good-night!"

But, tho' the war now is ended, I've got to be
Right on the job here, while Woodrow's away.
Otherwise everything'd go right to pot, you see,
With McAdoo out, and *him* over the say.

Write me, you divil, an' tell me the news you have.
How is the bowling? What's left of the beer?
Divil the tiniest bit of excuse you have
Not to raymimber me since I came here.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt., Q. M. C.

HEROES

Oh, the Col. or the Maj. or the Lieut.
Or the Gen. or the Adj. or the Cap.
May be proud of the spur on his foot
Or his badge and his braid and his strap;
Of his coat that is neat and is right,
Of his look that is brisk and alive;
But the men who will count in the fight
Are the Serg. and the Corp. and the Priv.

Oh, the Cap. and the Adj. and the Gen.
Oh, the Lieut. and the Col. and the Maj.,
They will live through the might of the pen,
They will shine in the lore of the age,
In the tale of the war that is won,
In the song of the trench and the charge;
But the men who will do what is done
Are the Priv. and the Corp. and the Serg.

MY LESSON

From the Q. M. C. I have this lesson learned:
Success doesn't come by chance—it's earned
By pounding away. For good hard knocks
Will make stepping stones of the stumbling blocks.

I don't expect by a single stride
To jump to the front. I am satisfied
To do each day my level best;
And let the future take care of the rest.

I heard the voice of the Q. M. C.
Say: "You can make yourself what you want to be
If you're willing to work. So pitch right in,
For the person who STICKS can't help but win!"
(Original) LUTIAN LA VOYE.

What did the proprietors of the downtown men's
shop mean when they displayed this sign:—

"Men in Uniform—10% Off"

WINTHROP P. ROSS,
Q. M. C.



Wail from the Subsistence Division

Oh! that some inventive man
 Would patent, make and sell
 An onion with an onion taste—
 But with a violet smell.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

There was one time in France when the rigid discipline of the American Expeditionary Force was relaxed, when generals forgot their stars in the presence of privates, when corporals engaged in heated debates with colonels and when sergeants greeted majors with terms of affection, and where everybody slapped everybody else on the back in a boylike spirit of fraternity and equality. And this took place in the American Officers' Club too! That place in Paris where every one with a bar on his shoulder had to stand up almost every time a general shifted his shoulder on the bar!

This amusing situation arose during the formation abroad of the American Legion, the new organization for veterans of the army, navy and marine corps, according to Lieutenant Colonel Eric Fisher Wood, temporary secretary. He told of the difficulties of getting the enlisted men to Paris, first on account of stringent rules against granting leaves outside a specified leave area assigned to each division and then also on account of the expense of travel. All the officer delegates brought private delegates as orderlies and as many enlisted men as possible were ordered to Paris on one pretext or another, he said. As a result of this method 200 enlisted delegates were present. It was agreed that all rank should be laid aside in the meeting room. "A most interesting example of American adaptability and one of the type which always caused the French and British officers to marvel, was observed at the noon hour," Colonel Wood continued. "Just at that time a brigadier general and a corporal were having a most heated discussion. Then came the call for mess. A minute later in the street outside the same corporal came to attention, clicked his heels together and rendered a perfect salute at the approach of this same brigadier from whom he received a command which he acknowledged with a respectful 'yes sir.'"

Lieutenant Colonels Theodore Roosevelt and Bennett Clark are temporary chairman and vice chairman respectively of the legion. There are also state chairmen and secretaries in every state in the union. A letter addressed to the Temporary Committee, American Legion, No. 19 West 44th Street, New York City, will be forwarded to the secretary residing in the state of the writer and full information will be furnished. Remember, the Legion is primarily an organization of enlisted men, at least sixty per cent of them being on all committees while a similar percentage maintained at the first National Caucus of the Legion, May 8, 9 and 10, at St. Louis.

(LT.) G. S. WHEAT,
Ass't. Sect'y American Legion.



PHOTO BY PEARL GRACE LOEHR, NEW YORK

**Brigadier General Robert E. Wood, U. S. Army, D.S.M., Acting Quar-
termaster General, Director of Purchase & Storage**

THEY ALSO SERVE

There's another group of soldiers,
Not the ones in khaki dressed,
Who responded to the colors
When the need for workers pressed.
They poured in from town and country,
All urged by their country's call,
Came in thousands to the city,—
Uncle Sam had need for all.

Now we trust that the war is over
For the Armistice is signed,
And the thousands of War Workers
Still work on or have resigned.
Theirs is not the wreath of victory
Nor the people's loud hurrahs,
Yet they feel a glow of glory
For they, too, worked for the cause.

CAMOUFLAGE

A natty little velvet hat,
An aching head held high,
A whisk of pink on cheeks too pale,
Sad eyes kept strangely dry.

The "latest" scarf to cover quite
A throat which throbs and throbs;
A voice that chatters foolishness,
(The way to keep down sobs).

A heart that scarcely beats behind
A sweater bravely bright,
And trembling fingers fluttering
An unused kerchief white.

All this as khaki ranks pass by
In last farewell parade;
Then—leaden feet for long home ways,
Dear little soldier maid!

HUH-UH NOT ME!

Co'se Ah hain't sayin' Ah won't do
Jes whut mah country want me to;
But dey's one job ah fo' see
Ain't gwine to teach itself to me—
Huh-uh! not me!

Dat's dis heah ahplane stuff—No boss,
Ah'll beah some othah kin' ob cross
Lak drive a mule, or tote a gun—
But ah ain't flirtin' wif de sun—
Huh-uh! not me!

Ef ah mus' do a loop de loop
Let mine be roun' some chicken coop.
It ain't gwine be up whar de crows
Kin say ah's trampin' on dair toes—
Huh-uh! not me!

It sho' look sweet, ah don't deny,
To be copin' round de sky,
But dat's fo' folks dat's in de mood
To pass up luv, an' gin, and food—
Huh-uh! not me!

Down heah ah first saw light ob day,
Down heah am whah ah's gwine to stay;
Folks, ah don't keer to have ma feet
Get too proud to walk de street—
Huh-uh! not me!

An' ah am sayin' tain't no use
Flirtin' wif dis balloon juice;
S'posin dat ingin' die up in de sky,
Git out and crank 'er up, oh me, oh my—
Huh-uh! not me!

So, ah'll jes wait till Gabriel brings
Dem good ole fashion' angel wings;
Den, as ah pass de ahplanes by
In pity, ah'll look down and sigh—
Huh-uh! not me!
I'se for the Q. M. C.



These two young ladies, fanatics on STYLE and the WALK TO WORK fad, land at their desks about an hour late every morning, and then have the nerve to tell the Chief Clerk, "I leave the house at eight o'clock every morning, and I don't see why I should be late."

HE COULDN'T BUY A BOND

He couldn't buy a bond to help
His country win the war.
Said he, "I'm much in favor of
The cause we're fighting for,
But I've no money I can spare
To lend the Government;
The cost of living's up so high
It calls for every cent."

And, having made this little speech,
He tossed out on the bar,
A ten, inviting all the boys,
To have a good cigar.
With that he bought a round of drinks,
And left in his machine
To dine at Grabitall's Cafe
With Mae, a chorus queen.

He couldn't buy a bond to help
His country in its plight,—
And yet he squandered fifty bones
For food and wine that night.
He couldn't buy a bond because—
Oh, golly what's the use?
A man like this should spend his days
Inside a calaboose.

A PROTEST

'Tis nicotine pollutes the air,
Some one is smoking over there—
Stogies, you know, five cents a pair—
And puffs away without a care.

What cares he if eyes do smart
Until, perchance, the tears may start,
Or if my nausea, in part
Is due to smoke? Oh, have a heart!

Sometimes their best intentions go astray—
When smoke goes drifting the ladies' way.
Now why, Oh man! do you linger longer?
Just step outside and smoke the stronger.

A MAN LOVER.

"PUSHING" THE BOOK

From: The Undersigned.
To: Every Worker, Q. M. Corps, Zone Ten.
Subject: "Quips and Memoirs of the Corps."

1. Your attention is invited, to the phrases that are cited in the "New Prospectus" that's herewith enclosed. Therein it is requested, that your wit and brain be tested, and your power as an author be disclosed.

2. Anything you may have written that you now consider "fitten"—any rhyme, or story; quip or jest or prose, that will do for publication, send "Care Editor, this station," whom the Lord have mercy on in all his woes.

3. There's a blank for your subscription, which contains a brief description, of the book we know that you'll appreciate. So get busy, every worker, don't "procrast" or be a shirker. Mail the undersigned your bid, ere it's too late.

4. Your true co-operation is solicited; this station wants to make as good showing as the rest. So beg, or swipe, or borrow, story, verse, of joy or sorrow, and help this plan with interest and with zest.

JOSEPH V. MACKEY,
Captain, Q. M. Corps.

THE BATTLE OF NINETEENTH AND B

The Army of the Q. M. C. who kept this country free,
Were stationed in their swivel chairs at the battle of
Nineteenth and B.

Their pens were pushed with vigor and their hearts
Were filled with glee,
And the Government gave them service stripes for
Their wonderful brav-e-ry.

Typists to the right of them,
Spurs on the heels of them,
Heels on the desks of them,
At the battle of Nineteenth and B.

Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, "Hully Gee"
The rank and file were out of it at the battle of
Nineteenth and B.

ANON.

THE FIRST NIGHT AT FORT MYER

I'm here with two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of ham,
A German spy was likely the guy
Who made 'em for Uncle Sam.

How did I sleep? Don't kid me!
My bedtick is filled with straw,
And lumps, and humps and big fat bumps
That punched me 'till I was raw.

Me and my two thin blankets
As thin as the last thin dime—
As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress—
Well, I had one "Hell of a Time."

I'd pull 'em up from the bottom,
My nightie's were B. V. D's.,
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks,
And then my dogs'd freeze.

You could use 'em for porous plasters,
Or maybe to strain the soup;
My pillow's my shoes when I tried to snooze—
And I've chilblains, cough, and croup.

Me, and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up under my chin,—
Yes, a German spy was likely the guy,
And gosh! but he made 'em thin.

Now the very same two blankets
How snug and warm they seem.
I'm full of life and full of pep—
Their thinness was only a dream.

Private JOHN F. TRACY.

Yankee soldier returning on a transport, gazing directly at the fast approaching Goddess of Liberty, said in enthusiastic voice,—

"Old lady, if you ever see me again, you'll sure have to turn around."



"GOOSE
PIMPLES!"

ALLS WELL!
IF I GET A
CRACK AT THE SPY
THAT MADE
THESE BLANKETS!
GOL DING, ETC!

3 BELLS
AND
ALLSWEET!

"LITTLE
BREEZES!"

WALSH



?

To this maiden most rare,
Just what does she care—
If a glimpse of her face, we are missing?
Is she blonde or brunette?
Are her curls gold or jet?
Is her mouth made for smiles and for kissing?

JESSIE DELL.

THE Q. M. C.

(As it looked the day after the Armistice)

In all my travel around the world,
Thru four score years or more,
I've never seen a business place,
Just like this one before.

At nine o'clock the clerks come in
Take off their coat and hat,
Sit down and as they fix their hair
Converse on this and that.

At ten the officers arrive,
To smoke a pipe or two,
At 10:30 cocoa is served,
There is nothing else to do.

Between that time and eleven o'clock,
They talk about the war
And whether this law will be passed,
And who they voted for.

From eleven, until half past
They visit to and fro,
And then they all go out to lunch—
The work fatigues them so.

By two o'clock most all are back;
Ah, to the grind again,
Another pipeful they must have,
Or they will work in vain.

Till three o'clock they talk about
The places they have been
And how their overcoats are cut,
And of the price of tin.

By four o'clock they have discussed
The best shows in the town,
And where the best dinners are served
In hotels of renown.

Then 4:30 arrives at length,
And home at last they run
To rest and to amuse themselves—
A HARD DAY'S WORK IS DONE.

ANNETTE FISHER,
Q. M. C.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Conserve air by eliminating some of the unnecessary conversation.
2. Conserve shoe leather by remaining at your desk; remember you are supposed to be a draftsman—not a floor walker.
3. If you are hungry, go out and get something to eat—don't stand around chewing the rag—you'll make us all hungry.
4. We have wheatless, meatless and eatless days, let us have footless days—keep your feet on the floor—not on the desk.
5. Don't acquire the habit of saving to such an extent that you go home every night with a pocket full of paper clips; just because you write shorthand—don't think you have to get light-handed.
6. If you feel that you must whistle during office hours, please whistle something German, so that the rest of the office will have an excuse for dropping a typewriter on your head.
7. Any person or persons having as a part of their lunch, limberger cheese, will kindly adjourn to the roof until the ordeal is over; there is a strong reason for this.
8. If you feel that you must take home a typewriter now and then, please leave the desk; we can get new typewriters, but desks are scarce and hard to get.
9. Just because they are using a lot of ammunition in Europe, don't think that you have to powder your nose every minute.
10. As Abraham Lincoln said in his famous Gettysburg speech:
"Eight hours a day for the man who works,
Seven hours a day for the Government clerks."
11. Make the world safe for Democracy—stop throwing milk bottles out of the windows.
12. Save a loaf a week. Just because you are a crust, don't say you can loaf around this office, even if you are well bred.
13. Don't come in here with a bun, either.

By "STATISTICAL DIVISION."

SMILES

We have smiles for General Pershing,
We have smiles for General Foch,
We have smiles for the Allied Nations
Who have fought and set this old world free;
We have smiles for all our soldier laddies,
And for sailors of the dark blue sea,
But the smiles we have for Woodrow Wilson,
Are the smiles of Democracy.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END

Absolute knowledge have I none
But my aunt's sister's washerwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer in the street
That he had a letter just last week
That was written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From a couple of South American Jews
That they knew a man in Borneo
Who heard of a man who claimed to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law would undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who certainly knows when the *war will end*.

OUR LAST LIEUT.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him—
At his desk, the vacant place
Will remind us of his pleasant
Winking, twinkling, grinning face.

Out into the world he'll wander
While we sit amidst our tears
And upon his fate we'll ponder
And our grief will age us years.

On the sea of matrimony
He'll set sail his fragile bark
With no fear of alimony
While he heeds the foghorn's "Hark!"

May good luck his footsteps follow—
And kind Fate her gifts bestow
And though we shall weep tomorrow—
Here's our blessing ere he go.

MEMORANDUM

FROM: Claims Board, Office Director of Purchase.
TO: War Department Claims Board.
SUBJECT: Allowance to Contractors.

1. The Claims Board, Office Director of Purchase, has received a contractor's statement, setting forth his claim for compensation for cancellation of his contract for tubular boilers. The claim for overhead is carefully itemized and includes the following:

"Attention to speeches, \$40.51."

This Board is in considerable doubt as to whether, under the regulations, it may properly allow this item but is unanimously of the opinion that it should be allowed. The individual members of the Board have all their lives suffered from speeches and their service to the Government has been rendered more onerous by the fact that from time to time they have been called upon to attend committees, boards, conferences, etc., and listen to speeches which consumed their time and reduced their efficiency. They have no doubt that this contractor has had the same experience and that he should be compensated, particularly in view of the fact that he swears that he actually gave attention to the speeches.

2. Possibly, the Board should require the contractor to itemize the charge more clearly, setting forth the names of the speakers and the amount of time consumed but the Board believes that this is not necessary in view of the small amount charged and feels that if any further inquiry is made of the contractor, he may be led to brood over the speeches to which he has listened and to increase his claim to a more substantial figure.

3. The Board, however, has noted with great interest the fact that the claim is for the odd amount of \$40.51. It appears from the claim that the contractor gave attention to more than one speech and it is a fair conclusion that the 51c is the charge for listening to one particular speech. This Board believes that it is its public duty to ascertain and publish the name of the speaker who could so charm a man of this contractor's evident discrimination as to result in his making a charge of only 51c for the time consumed in listening to the speech.

4. Assuming that the claim should be allowed, under which of the general headings authorized by Supply Circular No. 111 should it be charged? The contractor has called it "overhead." Possibly this is correct but if it should appear that the speeches were made during business hours, there is danger that the Auditor for the War

Department would not pass the item on the ground that it was already charged under the item "Salaries of Executives."

5. This Board believes that all doubt will be removed by including the item as part of the "Inward handling charges on raw materials" and recommends that this course may be pursued. There may be a slight question as to whether the speeches were material but, that they were raw, there can be no shadow of a doubt.

6. The action of the War Department Claims Board on this matter is awaited with great interest, this Board believing as it does that the issue involved is one of national importance.

CLAIMS BOARD, OFFICE DIRECTOR OF PURCHASE.

By W. W. PICKARD, Chairman.

WWP/LG.

ALLOTMENT EXTRACTS

I ain't received no pay since my husband gone away from nowhere.

My husband at Brystal Beach. He has got a Furlo and has been away on a mine sweeper.

We have your letter I am his grandfather and grandmother. He was born and brought up according to your instructions.

You have changed my boy to a little girl. Will it make any difference?

Will you please send my money as soon as possible. I am walking around Boston like a bloody pauper.

If I don't receive my husbands pay will be compelled to live an immortal life.

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

You have taken my man away to "fit" and he was the best I ever had. Now you will have to keep me, or who in the —— will if you don't?

My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon (platoon). Will I get any more money?

ALLOTMENT EXTRACTS

I'm left with a child seven months old and she is a baby and can't work.

Please send me a wife's form.

Please send me money as I have a little baby and I kneed it evey day.

Your relationship to the enlisted man—I am still his beloved wife.

I ain't got no book learnin' and I am a writtin' you for inflammation.

She is stayed at a dissapated house.

War Wrists Insurance.

Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children.

He was inducted into the surface.

I have a four months old baby and he is my only support.

I remain and obliged.

A lond woman parsely dependent.

To pay off my depths.

Date of birth—Not yet but soon.

I did not know my husband had a moddle name and if he has I don't believe it is none.

As I need his assistance to keep me enclosed.

Caring to my condition which I haven't walked in for months from a broken leg.

Your relationship to him—Just a mere aunt and a few cousins.

He left me with materially nothing to live on. He beat me with no reason whatever.

Both sides of our parents are old and poor.

It is improbable for me to make a living without his sport.

To whom it may consume.

As he was my best supported.

Kind sir or she.

I enclose lovingly yours.

ALLOTMENT EXTRACTS

Hello Mr. War Risk Bureau, how are you I am well and hope you are the same.

Dear Press: Don't put this letter down until you have read it to the end. How do you expose me to live? My husband was my sole support. Long live the war of Loberty, Long die Germany.

I have not received my sons allotment and there are no symptoms of the money.

Date of discharge—I don't know.

Reason—Thats what I want to know.

My son was discharged for physical abilities.

I have received no pay since my husband was confined to a constipation camp in Germany. When he was drafted he was in the employment of 18 per week.

This letter was written on oceans of love with every waive a kiss.

Dear President please send me money or my husband. Someone tole me to write to you and tell you of my family history.

WEEK! WEEK!

We are out for work and not for fun, And rise each morning with the	SUN.
We'll get the Germans, everyone, Take his life and use his	MON.
And just to drive away the blues, We take our Huns in ones and	TUES.
When it is over, enough is said, Then we, our own Sweetheart will	WED.
That is, if nothing should occur, And she will only say, yeth,	THUR.
And as each Hun lays down to die, We hope that he in H—L will	FRI.
After the war as we sit and chat, We'll know that we've in honor	SAT.

"NOW IF I WAS RUNNING
THIS GOVT.
I'D CHANGE THIS.
THAT AND THE
OTHER!"

"WHY I COULD TELL THEM NOW
HOW THEY COULD SAVE IN A
HUNDRED
WAYS!"

SCHOOLTEACHER
FROM TOP OF THE
ROCKIES!

SCHOOLTEACHER
FROM TOP OF
THE
ALLEGHANIES!

GOSH I JUST
GOT THIS ON
IN TIME!

WASH!

HEAVY GAS ATTACK IN "UNIT G"!!!

THE "BEVOS"

There's a drink in arid districts that they try to put across
To make up for the real thing, of which we feel the loss.

"Bevo," the substitute is called, and that is why, you see,
The tantalizing name "Bevos" is giv'n the Q. M. C.

"Near Beer"—"Near Soldiers!"—do you get the application, now?
We're "Bevos," and that fancy name we will not disavow;
For *we're near them* where'er they are—God bless each fighting boy!
Near soldiers are we all the time, and that's our proudest joy.

Near them we were on fighting line, amid the battle's heat;
Near them along the proud advance, and in the grim retreat;
And on the journey Overseas our hearts here just as gay—
And sorrowful as theirs were, when forced at home to stay.

We worked and toiled and slaved for them, with joyfulness and
pride:

We gloried in their victories, and grieved for those who died;
We fed them and we clothed them, here at home and over sea—
Just Dad and Mother, rolled in one, was what we tried to be.

That they can fight, the "Bevo" lads have shown what they can do
For, when the Huns near Amiens had all but broken thru;
And grim disaster seemed to set its seal on ev'ry soul,
'Twas bloomin' British "Bevos" stood, and stopt the bally 'ole.

So "Bevos" let them call us, then—and "Bevos" we'll remain;
We'll hold it as affection's mark—not given in disdain;
And ev'ry man whose throat is dry will add *this* to our score:
That those who couldn't get "O'erseas," did not get "half-seas o'er."

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt., Q. M. C.
(One of the "Bevos".)

WHY?

Why do we come to Washington?
Why, for a change and a rest.
We give the change to the street car conductor,
And the rest to the landlady.

AT THE BATTLE OF WASHINGTON

We were entrenched at Potomac Park,
We drilled and marched till it was dark,
At the Battle of Washington.

We were Christian Scientists and then some
And how we beat the dirty Hun,
At the Battle of Washington.

We backed the boys up over there,
Wearing itchy woolen underwear,
At the Battle of Washington.

We learned to sew, we learned to knit,
We ate our lunch at the Greasy Mit,
At the Battle of Washington.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword,
We pushed it hard and were not bored,
At the battle of Washington.

All day we listed to the pound
Of typewriters, played by some Cocoa Hound,
At the Battle of Washington.

We filled pink papers every day
And were ashamed to take our pay,
At the Battle of Washington.

We had them fat, we had them lean,
And many cripples I had seen,
At the battle of Washington.

We never had a roll in bed,
But had roll call each morn instead,
At the Battle of Washington.

We carried papers by the score,
That would decide the bloody War,
At the Battle of Washington.

We smoked all day till we were told,
To cut it out or the chief would scold,
At the Battle of Washington.

We had recess time each day
To drive the Spanish Flu away,
At the Battle of Washington.

We never threw a hand grenade
But drank pink tea and lemonade,
At the Battle of Washington.

We saluted day and night,
When an officer hove in sight,
At the Battle of Washington.

We never saw a murderous Hun,
We didn't even have a gun,
At the Battle of Washington.

When we have children and grow old,
Of our fighting we'll be told,
At the Battle of Washington.

Had we but known this thing before,
They'd never have seen us in the War
At the Battle of Washington.

But I have heard it won't be long
Before we sing another song.
At the Battle of Washington.

Peace is coming I have heard,
And soon we hope to get the word,
At the Battle of Washington.

You'll soon be going home again,
And leave behind your fighting pen,
At the Battle of Washington.

Private H. SCHARMANN

HOW TO TREAT THE KAISER

When we punish old Bill Kaiser,
Don't you think it would be wiser
Just to stop awhile and think a lot
Before we try a plan?

It would be humane to lynch him,
And 'twould never do to pinch him,
And no self-respecting tree would
Stand for hanging such a man;



But I'll make a wee suggestion,
As in answer to your question,
And I wish it might be tried on him
Before we seal his doom;
Here to Washington express him,
And in petticoats let's dress him,
Make a girl "War Worker" of him,
And then make him find a room.

ORDNANCE PROPERTY

"Ordnance Property," Am I—
That's the name all know me by
In O. P. R., where'er Men are.
My accountability
And my responsibility
Are most exacting.

Careful, careful, thou must be
Of paper work in handling me.
On my paper never an erasure make,
But use red ink for correction's sake.

"Accountability" evokes return eighteen,
Or similar forms pertaining;
"Responsibility" demands return of me,
A. R. six-fifty-seven, sustaining.

He that persistently passeth the buck
Eventually findeth himself "out of luck"—
So, pass it not.

Procure me by whatever rule outlined
At the station where you've been assigned.

Request me always on three-eight-six,
Or you'll find yourself in a sad fix.
Inspect me, certify me, receipt for me.
On ten-sixty-six W. D.

Pay for me on three-thirty-(a)
On which two signatures must agree,
With ten-sixty-six in similarity.

Transfer me, Invoice me, likewise receive me
On Six hundred A. G. O. (old multiplicity).

Let but this paper your signature bear,
Accountable and responsible thou wilt be
For such as thou didst sign for—so, beware!

Lend me on four-forty-eight.
Of that responsibility
Relieved thou art
Which the signer doth undertake.

Four-forty-eight, good old M. R.
Could we do without you?
Perdu! Tonnerre! Parbleu!

A soldier with me equip,
Six-thirty-seven, never skip.
Should he lose me, old or new,
Charge me on six-hundred-and-two.

Ship me on one-fifty-three, four and six,
B/L of the Q. M. C.—
Full five copies must agree.

If Perchance, I'm lost, strayed, stolen,
Destroyed by fire or river swollen,
Am I obsolete or of no use,
Worn out in service, not by abuse,
Survey me on one-ninety-six
Then "I. & I" me on one I. G. D.
And maybe you'll get rid of me.

Spoil me in test, use or shoot me up,
Six-hundred-and-one me—That's the stuff!—
'Tis Expendability.

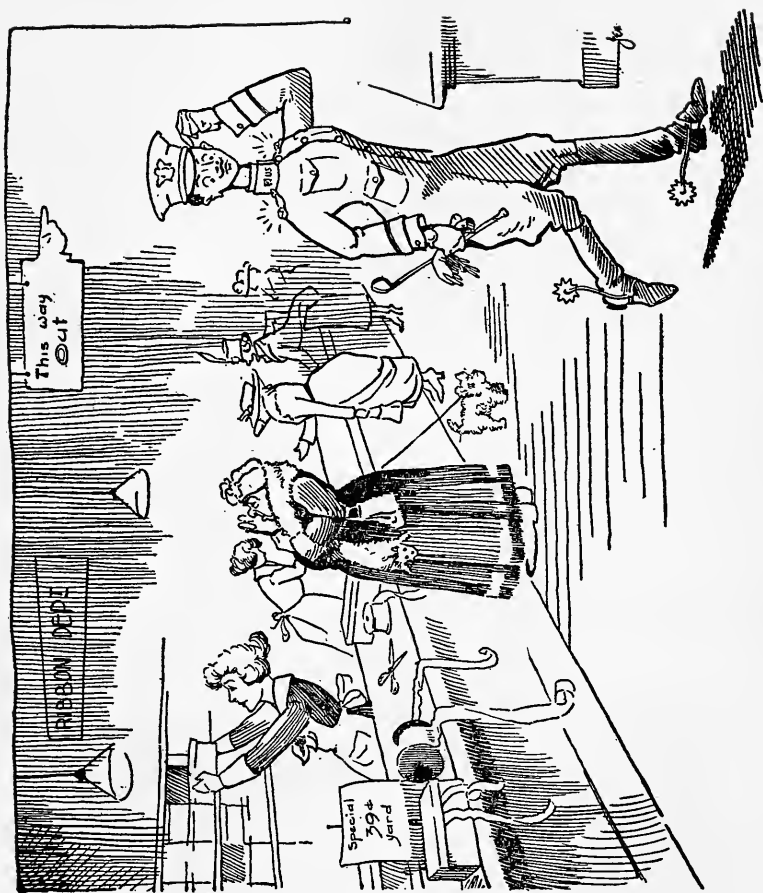
Drop me, take me up, find me
Change my name or reclassify,
On abstract of transfer two-seventy-five
Remorselessly I still survive.

Sell me on one-forty-seven
And three-twenty-two,
According to A. R.—and There you are!

Then—
When all is done,
My balance noted,
Thou shouldst remember
Last day of June and of December,
Fixed dated to me devoted
In red tape and proper seal
Return me on eighteen, remembering that
You must not fold me, but return me FLAT!

WM. F. MAHONY

Capt. Ord. Dept., U. S. A.
Supply Officer, Eng. Div.



NOW THAT WAR IS OVER WHAT WILL 2ND LIEUTENANTS DO FOR JOBS
SINCE THE GIRLS ARE ENTRENCHED BEHIND THE RIBBON COUNTERS?

I DON'T

My mama told me not to smoke—
I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke—
I don't.

They made it clear I must not wink
At handsome men nor even think
About intoxicating drink—
I don't.

To dance and flirt is very wrong—
I don't.

Wild girls chase men, wine and song—
I don't.

I kiss no boys, not even one.
I do not know how it is done.
You wouldn't think I'd have much fun—
I don't.

Answer from the Q. M. C.

BUT— I DOUBT IT

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With none to gossip about it;
Do you pray for endurance and—leave them alone;
Well, maybe you do—BUT—I DOUBT IT.

When a shy little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it;
Do you think you can drop it, with never a squeeze;
Well, maybe you do—BUT—I DOUBT IT.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it;
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm;
Well, maybe you do—BUT—I DOUBT IT.

IN THE MESS HALL

You know how it is in the Mess Hall
When Daly says "Get in line
Don't run—just walk—and cut that talk
This mob must learn to DINE."

You know how it is in the Mess Hall
When the bunch sit down to "Chow;"
It's quite a trick to be real quick;
You'll starve if you don't know how.

You know how it is in the Mess Hall
When Schmittty comes in to speak
"Attention, men"—awhile and then—
The noisy "Chow" they seek.

You know how it is in the Mess Hall,
When Schmittty lays down the law;
You "Besser" do what he tells you to
Or you get a pass no more.

You know how it is in the Mess Hall
On Monday "Weenie Day."
The doggies, hark! I hear them bark
As they lie there in the "hay."

You know how it is in the Mess Hall
Each Saturday noon I mean—
The pickles, pie, and onions lie,
To say nothing of the beans.

You know kow it is in the Mess Hall
Our "Every Friday Deal."
Those cakes of fish—we love that dish
That *IS* a "Hell of a meal."

You know how it is in the Mess Hall
When you have to do K. P.
You wipe and wish on every dish
For the time when you'll be free.

FRANK C. DOBLIN,
Corp., Q. M. C.

THE END OF A PERFECT ROLL

When you come to the end of a perfect roll,
And you sit all alone with your thoughts,
And you see in the bank nothing but the hole
That your trip to Washington wrought;
Do you think of all the "Fives " and the "Tens,"
And wish for the sight once more
Of your vanished "Green-back" leaves you broke,
When you're glad the WAR is o'er?

Well, this is the end of a Perfect Roll,—
Near the end of a journey, too;
And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
For the coin that so quickly flew.
Now memory has painted this perfect roll
In colors that never fade,
And we find at the end we will need that dough
For the bills that are still unpaid.



THE INCOMERS

Oh, some called us the "incomers"
And they criticised our walk;
They criticised our manners,
Our dress and our talk.
And when they sallied forth to town
Upon a crowded car
They blamed the poor "war-worker"
For every extra jar.
They thought we drawled our "r" too much
Or not enough our "o"
And remarks like these
Would greet our ears
No matter where we'd go.

"Oh, it's simply something awful, since these workers came to town"
(My dear, don't fear, the price of rooms will never be put down.)
"And it's so hard to live.—And everything's so dear!"
(Last month, by renting my four rooms—Two hundred dollars
clear.)
"The shops are now so jammed—One can't get in at all!
(Yes, I get fifty dollars for that room off the hall!)

And what cared we? Perhaps some time
When they have thought it o'er,
They'll realize that often
Our lonely hearts were sore.
But we just smiled, for we all had
A mighty task to do
And in spite of all, 'twas up to us
To stay and see it through—
To help the Quartermaster Corps
With our best from day to day—
To make the Hun respect and fear
Our good old "U. S. A."

WHILE FILLING OUT QUESTIONNAIRE

Conscript No. 680121—"No, Captain, I can't go to war—I promised my mother I'd never join the Army."
Captain—"That's all right, young man; I'll fix that;
I'll make you a private on the General Staff."

I ADORE
PEANUTS
ROSE-
MARY!

ALSO
ME!



WALSH

STRICTLY
FIRST
CLASS
PRIVATE
GOOFER
UNDER HEAVY
SHELLFIRE ON
"B" BOULEVARD!

A. W. O. L.

Gee, but we were scared that day—
Surely did expect some fray.
When we landed—boss just smiled;
Looked as if he wasn't riled—
Sweet as flowers in May.

Say, you ought to know our boss.
Telegrams? They make him cross.
But just give him time to cool—
You'll see he's no April Fool;
Says our absence was no loss.

Wouldn't that just get your goat
After we had missed the boat?
Excuses? Had 'em by the peck;
But the boss just smiled, by heck—
Never thought him such a sport.

You can never, never tell.
Why—we thought we knew him well;
Thought that he with wrath had b'iled,
But instead of frowns—he smiled;
When we thought he'd give us (deleted).

E. HALL.

WHEN GENERAL LORD COMES IN

When General Lord comes in,
It sure is a funny sight
To see the clerks fly to their seats
And work with all their might.

Now he's a very great person,
But it surely would make you grin
To take a peek all over the room
When General Lord comes in.

We clerks are all a noisy bunch,
Altho we work with a vim.
But silence reigns supreme
When General Lord comes in.

ELIZABETH P. ANGLE,
Q. M. C.

EAT NOW AND BE
RECONSTRUCTED
LATER!

WELL?

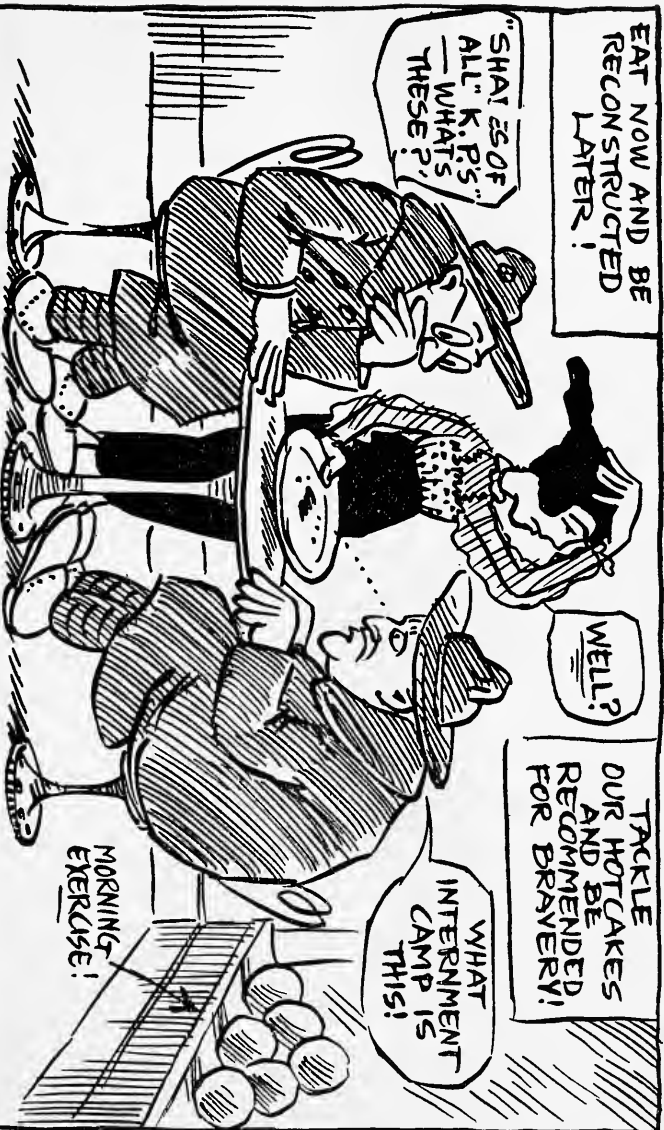
TACKLE
OUR HOTCAKES
AND BE
RECOMMENDED
FOR BRAVERY!

"SHAI ES OF
ALL" K.P.'S
— WHAT'S
THESE ?"

WHAT
INTERMENT
CAMP IS
THIS!

MORNING
EXERCISE!

IN A WASHINGTON "HASH-ETIERE"! — TWO Q.M. PRIVATES
SQUANDER THEIR SUBSISTENCE MONEY ON A LARGE PORTION
OF TURKEY, THANKSGIVING DAY!



BE WIDE AWAKE, AMERICA!

Be wide awake, America, lapse not into repose,
That made thee but an easy prey to wiles of cunning foes;
Remember German treachery within thine arms did creep,
And struck its poisoned fangs into thy friendly bosom deep.
That viper liveth still today, with deadly venom filled,
And on the misplaced trust of men its strength will subtly build;
It liveth in its old retreats, its spawn infests the world,
And though it may seem harmless now, to strike again 'tis curled.

Aye, even in thy nurturing breast those serpents still abide,
And in their base disloyalty they have a secret pride,
But ill concealed, awaiting till thy vigilance relax
Ere they renew upon thy life their venomous attacks.
And in the open, ranting dogs, with alien dogma crazed,
To fill our land with discontent the crimson flag have raised.
Oh, make that law-defying mob of ingrates understand
That, though he's patient, Uncle Sam can strike with iron hand.

The German heart is just as black as it has ever been,
It has no pity for distress, no sorrow for its sin;
Within that bitter heart there is no feeling of remorse,
Its sole regret is for defeat of its unholy force.
It thrilled with rapturous delight, when souls in anguish cried,
And beat with fiendish, cruel joy, when tortured victims died;
It never knew what honor was, or burned with honest shame,
When face to face with infamy was brought the German name.

Beware of contrite attitude assumed by those who fail
To catch the meaning of their fate, save through the fist of mail,
For insolence and arrogance can never form a part
Of that true spirit, which pervades the really contrite heart.
The Hun must learn that turpitude and German arms went down
Together 'neath the force of right that wears the victors' crown,
And that the Power, who rules the world with love and justice broad,
Hath plunged into Lethean depths their strange Teutonic god.

Pernicious doctrines of the Hun, which freemen all abhor,
Shall not the seeds of discord sow upon Columbia's shore,
Nor shall a blind and servile race, by teachers false misled,
Impose its vicious heresies on men in Freedom bred.
Two million Yanks have crossed the sea to battle in strange lands,
And countless legions ready stand to join those valiant bands;
The Yankee hosts are eager still for Liberty to fight—
The dead shall not have died in vain, for Right is ever Right.

WILLIAM L. K. BARRETT,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

THE SOCIETY MAN "K. P."

Sitting here in the kitchen peeling a bucket of spuds,
Wearing a dirty apron to cover my khaki duds;
A hundred thousand in the bank, "Society man" that's me;
Just because I was late at roll-call, they gave me a week's K. P.

Sitting here in the kitchen with a slip-all over my jeans,
Picking rock and splinters out of a barrel of beans,
My thoughts have gone to wandering to what I used to be
Before I missed the Post Car, that gave me a week's K. P.

I think of the nights I have squandered, doing the barroom stunt.
Gee, what a sissy I was, what a helpless, hopeless runt!
Oh, I was there with the girls, boys, and they called me a lady's man
What would they say, if they saw me now, scraping a greasy pan.

The Mess Sergeant's a slaver, he gives no man a rest;
The first cook's a villain, but I have the second best.
Oh, sure, boys, I enlisted to march away and fight,
But they've got me here in the kitchen, scrubbing from morn till
night.

A week policing the kitchen, watching the biscuits brown,
Me, who used to boss two thousand men around.
I wonder what that bunch would say, if they could see me now,
Washing up hundreds of dishes, ready for six o'clock chow.

Two months ago in a green-house, I held Anita's hand,
Told her that I had enlisted to fight for my native land.
She leaned her head on my shoulder; said she was proud of me.
She'd be proud, all right, if she saw me now, doing a week's K. P.

Dumping the slush in the swill pan, scrubbing the kitchen floor;
Swabbing the slimy mush-can, until my hands are sore;
Fixing the hash for supper, putting the ice in tea—
Archibald Percival Knutty, "Society man,"—that's me.

LORRAINE LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow from Toul
Who trained his mustache on a spool;
It kept out of his way,
When he drank his cafe,
But it made him look more of a fool.

THE STEEN HUNDRED

Foot-sore from searches vain
Pet corns that creak with pain,
"Renting Rooms" the one refrain,
 Of the "Steen Hundred."
Houses to the right of them,
Houses to the left of them,
Cheap rooms in none of them,
 For the "Steen Hundred."

Trolleys that will not speed,
Ads, far from what they read,
Tables that do not feed,
 Vex the "Steen Hundred."
Flight after flight of stair
To see rooms almost bare,
Heated with outside air,
 Greet the "Steen Hundred."

'Phones to the right of them,
'Phones to the left of them,
Service in none of them,
 Moan the "Steen Hundred."
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to simply die,
Then pay the prices high,
 Helpless "Steen Hundred."

WHAT ARE "JERKINS?"

(Taken from the files)

May 10th, Domestic Distribution Division to the Zone Supply Officer, Boston:

"Pack for oversea shipment, 150,000 jerkins."

May 11th, the following telegram from the Zone Supply Officer, Boston, was directed to the Director of Purchase and Storage:

"Retel tenth, How many jerkins packed to the bale."

(This telegram instead of being delivered by the mailing department to the Domestic Distribution Division, was erroneously delivered to the Subsistence Division.)

May 12th, the Subsistence Division telegraphed to the zone Supply Officer, Boston:

"Retel eleventh, Jerkins is pickels. They are barreled, not baled."

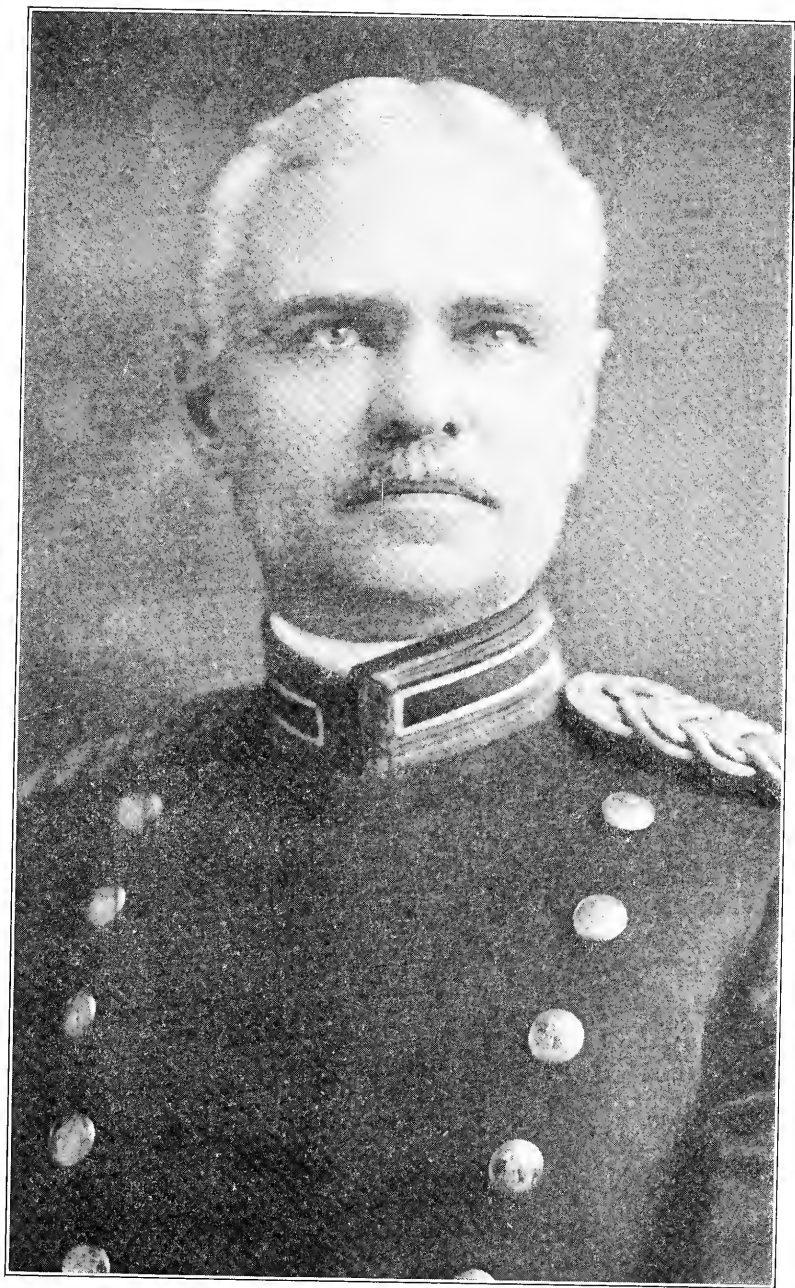


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

**Major General George W. Goethals, U. S. Army, D.S.M., Assistant
Chief of Staff, Director of Purchase, Storage & Traffic**

THE "OUT-O'-LUCKS"

O, lucky comrades, leaning on your crutch and limping by,
And you with empty coat-sleeve that's fastened to your breast—
Our hearts flame forth to greet you; fond envy marks the eye
Of ev'ry mother's son of us—elated, yet depressed.

O, lucky comrades (chosen from our Country's volunteers
To free the world from thralldom, and Liberty sustain)
To bear the marks of sacrifice, and *live thro'* all your years!—
While, restive, ev'ry "Out-o'-Luck" longed for his chance, in vain.

For you the glory and the cheers—for us the silence grim;
The lowly silver stripes for us—for you the blue and gold.
Naught can deprive you of your meed; no cloud your valor dim—
The shadowed places we must seek, when deeds of War are told.

O, lucky comrades, maimed and scarred, no sympathy you need:
There's not an "Out-o'-Luck" your place who wouldn't gladly fill.
The luck was yours—to us denied, and bitter is our meed;
So give the "Out-o'-Lucks" a smile of friendship and good will.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt. Q. M. C.

THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair is dry,
And you're doggone sure that you're goin' to die,
But you're skeered you won't and you're 'fraid you will—
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you through,
Because, dear boy, you've got the Flu.

When your toes turn up and your belt goes flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Tom Cat,
And life is long and a dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like a hard boiled hearse,
When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz,
And nothing is as it ever was,

Here are my sad regrets to you—
You've got the Flu—boy, you've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu?
Ask me brothers, for I've been through;
It is but misery out of despair;
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair;
It thins your blood and breaks your bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groars;
And sometimes maybe, you get well—
Some call it Flu—I call it H—L!

TILL PEACE SHALL FILL THE EARTH

When Liberty on restless wings
Found refuge in the west,
She planted justice, truth and love
Within Columbia's breast;
She dedicated to herself
This land of noble birth,
To serve humanity and God
Till peace shall fill the earth.

In devastated, war-cursed lands,
Loud cries of bitter woe
Ring o'er the deep from lips of men,
Crushed by a brutal foe.
Columbia, stretch thy powerful arms
Around the world's wide girth,
And let no perils loose thy grasp
Till peace shall fill the earth.

Arise, thou slumbering, mighty giant,
Protected by wide seas,
Thou wast not born to live alone
In selfish joy and ease;
Thy service in thy Maker's cause
Must equal thy great worth;
Thou shalt not rest or turn aside
Till peace shall fill the earth.

WILLIAM K. L. BARRETT,
1st. Lt., Q. M. C.

A Q. M. C. PENCIL

I know not where thou art.
I only know that thou wert on my desk
Peaceful and contented—a moment back,
And as I turned my head
Some heartless wretch
Went South with thee;
I know not who he was,
Nor shall I investigate.
Perchance it may have been
The guy I stole thee from.

HIAWATHA ON THE GENERAL STAFF

Hiawatha from Dakotah,
Best of all the mighty hunters,
Got the dandruff on his Coco;
Doctor says "Disease contagious,
Fit for only special service,
Heap big cripple with the dandruff,
Never fight the dirty Boche."
Me, big strong man from Dakotah,
Join the General Staff Detachment,
Wallop Underwood and Woodstock,
Run the errands for the Major,
Second Loot and nifty Colonel.
Polish off the plate-glass desk top,
Get all in from heap much labor.
Use up all um pep in right arm,
Have to go to Dis-pen-sary.
Holy Mackerel! Me, big tough guy,
Only fit for special service.

Drill three nights each week on crutches,
Like the rest of the detachment,
Do squads left, squads right and so forth,
With the famous Staff Detachment;
Just because I have the dandruff
And not fit for general service.
Drill at night and trip on cobbles,
Stumble over man in front;
Heap big mix-up over nothing.
Air is full of heap big curses,
Drill is jazzed up all to nothing.
And me, warrior from Dakotah,
Best of all the mighty hunters,
Just because I've got the dandruff,
And not fit for general service,
I must live in Washington
In that big unconscious city,
Pride of heap big hi-yu Nation
Where a crap game is the only,
Good time that a guy can have.

So said Hiawatha, warrior,
From the land of the Dakotah,
As he stumbled broken hearted,
To his little room on H street.

[Note:—Inspired by the fact that as cocoa was served for the girls only, the privates were compelled to depend upon the girls for their supply and were not always successful.

COCOA-ITIS

You've heard of Pneumonia,
Of Grippe and Tonsilitis.
But did you ever hear,
Of the disease called Cocoa-itis?

It comes from drinking cocoa,
That sweet and girlish drink,
Sometimes it looks like chocolate,
Sometimes it looks like ink.

We get it in the morning,
And, at recess time,
You can see the pretty girlies,
With their cups, they stand in line.

They sip their cup of cocoa,
So sweet and daintily,
Their eyes begin to sparkle,
And brighten up with glee.

They hurry to the building,
For now they're full of pep.
And the forced animation,
Can be noticed in their step.

And when they're in the office,
You can hear the pound,
Of an Underwood or Woodstock,
Played by some cocoa-hound.

Perhaps you see some girlie,
No expression on her face.
She seems to be so far away,
She's gazing into space.

And as you look around you,
You see some other dame,
Who fell asleep, poor darling,
But she is not to blame.

(Continued on page 70)



AS YOU WERE,
LADIES!—PLENTY
FOR ALL!

NIGHT FORCE RAIDS COCOA
SUPPLY DEPOT UNDER
SKILLFUL DIRECTION!
OF SGT. HOMER.

WALSH—

NIGHT FORCE OF NEPHEWS AND NIECES SWOOPING-DOWN
ON UNCLES COCOA-MINT!!!

So take it from me, fellows,
Lay off that cocoa stuff,
Stick to your pipe and cigars,
And Copenhagen Snuff.

I've met a lot of lizards,
In this old fashioned town;
But never let them tell you
That you're a cocoa-hound.

They cut out your appendix,
To cure appendicitis;
So you cut out your cocoa,
And cure your cocoa-itis.

Private H. SCHARMANN.

THE "BULLET PROOFERS"

Hail to the bullet proof soldiers—
The Quartermaster Corps;
The fellows who stay behind the lines
And help to win the war.

But what would you do, you fighters
If you didn't get your pay,
Your clothes, or your equipment,
Or your three meals every day?

Somebody has to do it—
The taking care of you;
And there is no glory to it,
What the Q. M. fellows do.

THE NIGHT BEFORE PAY DAY

'Twas the night before pay-day and all thru my jeans
I searched but in vain for the price of some beans.
Not a quarter was stirring—not even a jit;
The coin was off duty—milled edges had quit.
Move forward! move forward! oh time in your flight,
Make it tomorrow—just for tonight!

THE WAR WORKER'S LOT

I rise each morning when seven bells
Ring out from my alarm;
I wait in line to wash my face
With a towel upon my arm.

I stand in line to comb my hair,
(Of room-mates I have three)
By the time I get to breakfast,
There is no room for me.

I wait in line outside the door
For the second table served
I reach the corner just to see
My car swing round the curve.

I chase a block to catch that car
And nearly break my neck;
Climb through the crowd, upon the step,
And gain the upper deck.

I "step forward in the aisle, please"
Till I see my skip-stop stand,
But by the time I reach the door,
'Tis a block beyond I land.

I wait in line at our building
The tardy list to sign,
And I weep for that "Efficiency"
Which never can be mine.

And when the shades of night descend,
In line I say my prayers;
I bet some time I'll wait in line
To climb the golden stairs.

I wait in line for a doctor,
I wait in line for a nurse
And I suppose if I should die of the "flu"
I'd wait in line for the hearse.

And now that the war is over
And the war work badly mired
They expect me to hang around here
And wait in line to be fired.

MIT KAISERISM IN HELL

Ach, Gott, vat for you do dis ting?
I thought you understoodt
Dot I should run die universe,
Vile you slept soundt und goodt.
But now you vent und bust mein plans,
Vich I haf laidt so vell,
Und verrn I tink die vorld is mein,
Plunge Kaiserism in hell.

I tought you gafe mein U-boats power
To sweep die vaters clean;
I guess you yust vas foolin' me
Mit vat dey call "Pipe dream;"
For many ein Fritz und Heinie lies
Beneath die ocean's swell;
Dere souls haf gone to be at home
Mit Kaiserism in hell.

Now yust because ve sink some ships,
Dot Unkel Sam butt in
Und sent his soldiers cross die sea
To stay here till dey vin.
I didn't tought dot dey could fight
Or face mein shot und shell,
But efer since you let dem come,
Poor Kaiserism's in hell.

Mein soldiers glorified mein race
Mit bloody, ruthless arts;
Dey hadt no honor in dere souls,
No mercy in dere hearts;
To put die Hohenzollerns up,
Ein million lifes dey'd sell;
But now dey shove dere ruler down
Mit Kaiserism in hell.

Yes, efen mighty Hindenburg
Und udders who don't stop
At any kindt of deeds to put
Die Vaterland on top—
So long as tings vent our vay,
Dey did mein business vell—
Dey're trying to be anchels now,
Mit Kaiserism in hell.

Mein dynasty is going now
 Vere it can better vork,
 Und don't need you or Austrians,
 Bulgarians or Turk.
 I've done mein tamdtest here on earth
 I bid you now farevell,
 To serve mein own, true Master dere
 Mit Kaiserism in hell.

I vunder if you efer vill
 Be sorry, Gott, because
 You gafe die Hohenzollerns up
 Und smashed dere iron laws.
 I couldn't feel dot I vas wrong
 Or under evil spell;
 So I'll forgif you, though I sink
 Mit Kaiserism in hell.

November 14, 1918.

WILLIAM L. K. BARRETT,
 Lieut., Q. M. C.



A FOOL THERE WAS

A fool there was, and she got a job, even as you and I—
As a Government Clerk in Washington;
She thought the work would be lots of fun,
But she didn't realize what she had done—even as you and I.

A fool there was and her wage she spent—even as you and I.
She didn't know how, but somehow it went
For three meals a day, and carfare and rent;
But for her clothes she had not a cent—even as you and I.

The fool moved her room on each pay-day, even as you and I.
But each landlady would always say
"For 'patriotism' I let you stay!"
Though marvelous prices they made her pay—even as you and I.

And so she was cheated on every side—even as you and I.
In cafes her patience was sorely tried;
From the cars she was shoved so the "darkies" could ride;
So some of her lived but the most of her died—even as you and I.

But it wasn't the fact that she spent her all,
That hurt like a white hot brand;
It was knowing the Government never would know,
And Washingtonians never *could* know and never *would* understand.

"LADY BALTIMORE"

OUR PERSONAL FRIENDS

Truth is stranger than fiction, so do not doubt these statements.

In the "Personal Files" we find such celebrities as Marc Anthony, Oliver Johnson, a King and a Queen and Charles Lamb. We even have Samples and a Toy.

Nature's musicians, the Hummingbird, Finch and Crowe entertain us with their melodious tones.

Everyone has his Up's and Down's even the O. Q. M. G. filers.

Why should we worry about tired aching feet, when a Shoemaker is near and we always have our Sandels with us.

The younger members enjoy the menagerie; here we find such animals as the Wolfe, Fox, Bear, Fish and Minck.

We often suffer from the cold, but there's a very good reason, we have a Mrs. Shivers with us.

To make a long story short we will add a few more easy names which we find in the files; Celichowski, Bjorgo, Boette, Aagaard, Wiltse, Wlenklinske, Marcinkiewicz, Quggle, Kiviotkocoski, Hotz, and Sheetz.

LOST!

As I passed through the building this morning,
A thought occurred to me,
As I glanced upon the "Bill-Board"
The words up there to see.
In the center and near the top of the board,
On a black field traced in white,
Telling the fate of some article dear
"Lost" from the owner's sight.

Lost! A little green handbag
With a powder-puff and handkerchief or two;
Lost sometime, somewhere, somehow,
Please return to "Mary" or "Sue."
Lost, a good umbrella;
Will someone please bring it back?
The handle was bent and a rib was gone,
Just notify "Jim" or "Jack."

Lost, sixty golden seconds
That make a minute so dear,
Lost right here in the building
In room (Nineteen-five) somewhere.
The Captain says I ran them off,
While the Major says "Nay, not so,
I was watching you all the while, my boy,
You just sat and let them go."

Lost, a chance for promotion
By idling away the time;
Always leaving a few minutes early
And reporting later than nine.
By never obeying orders
Just as they are given to do,
Then trying to charge others for failure
When the guilt lies only in you.

Lost, a chance to make good in life,
By a lack of knowledge, by fear,
Which means you'll never have, my boy,
The things you hold so dear.

Lost, the chance to reach the high goal,
The aim of your life's endeavor,
Because you left off the things you should do,
And did the things you should never.

A. J. GOODSON., Q. M. C.
(Alabama)

"*THAT BOMB PROOF JOB, Q. M. C.*"

"Mother, take down your service flag
Your boy is in the Q. M. C."
'Tis a song composed I understand
In our homes across the sea.
When first I heard this war-time song
I thought it struck the note,
But since that time my mind has changed
And those words "get my goat."

My views were changed somewhere in France
Just where I cannot say.
I drive a truck for the A. E. F.
And the good old U. S. A.
Now all the cars, you understand,
Are run by the Q. M. C.
Which is the Corps that some suppose
Is safe as safe can be.

The railhead where supplies are stored,
Whence starts the auto train,
Is shelled or gassed most every day
By gun or aeroplane.
And twice the bursting shrapnel
Rained 'round about my truck
Both times it clearly missed me—
Thank Heaven for my luck.

Each night we're bombed by aeroplanes,
And flee to dugouts deep,
And many a dark and rainy night
We're wakened from our sleep.
We hear the Sergeant's voice ring out
In accents far from happy,
"Wake up you Rookie! Autos out,
Be quick now, make it snappy."

So toward the land of "kultur,"
With no lights to guide the way,
We splash through mud and shell hole
To prepare the coming day.
The thundering guns grow nearer,
And the rookies' blood runs cold,
As the C. O. halts the detail,
The orders to unfold.

Soon every truck is loaded
With khakied men who know
That death will stare them in the face
Where they are now to go.
Again enroute the lines we near
The job to string barbed wire,
When suddenly the Boche awakes
And opens with shell fire.

The shells burst all around us
For drivers at the wheel.
No dugouts now for safety—
Just one plain hat of steel.
The thrilling sirens warn us
Piercing loud through all the noise
That gas adds to the pleasure
That the Q. M. C. enjoys.

We have driven day and night my friend,
Through conditions such as told,
And many mealless days we had
To help us face the cold.
We hauled supplies on every front,
And ammunition, too.
On roads swept by machine-gun fire,
But the Q. M. C. went through.

Our hats are off to the Infantry,
Artillery, and the rest,
That make the U. S. Army
The bravest and the best.
They say our boys will cross the Rhine.
That fact is plain to me.
But last to cross the river wide
Won't be the Q. M. C.

We may be non-combatants
Or bomb-proof, just as well,
But if I am blown to pieces,
Or plainer words, to "Hell"
Look up the man who wrote this
And tell him this for me:
"Mother, keep up your service flag,
For your son's in the Q. M. C."

SERGEANT COTE.
A. E. F.

HEY ROSEMARY,
LOOKIT ME AND THE
QUARTERMASTER
GENERAL!



A SPARE HOUR IN THE
CORCORAN ART GALLERY!

WASH

SONG OF THE FILES

There's a brook in Merry England,
That bickers down a valley,
And does a lot of turns and things,
And many a sudden sally;
But it could bicker on a million years,
And just as many miles,
And then turn green with envy
At the story of the files.

Tennyson was a wise old guy,
And more than passing clever,
But he only had a faint idea
Of things going on forever;
For clerks may come, and clerks may go,
But filing never ceases,
And a clerk should be an Amazon,
Or is it a Nemesis?

Limbs may ache, and backs may break,
And feet grow tired and weary,
Arms get weak, and necks get stiff,
And eyes grow dim and teary;
But on and on, forever on
Just like the babbling bickerr,
And all the while the stacks to file
Are getting thick and thicker.

When Gabriel blows his horn of doom
To wake the silent sleepers,
And all the earth around about
Is filled with anguished weepers;
The file clerks of the Q. M. C.
Will be on hand and smiling,
For if records are kept in heaven,
They'll get the job of filing.

EDITH FULTON, (Files Section)
Requisitions Division.

A WAIL FROM NINETEENTH AND "B"

Today I got a letter from my "Buddy" over there,
And the things that I read in it would fairly raise your hair.
He's a "Looney" with the "Heavies," and he sure has seen some war,
Fightin' straight for thirty days, and he's a-lookin' for some more.
Thirty days without a let-up, fightin'—movin'—on the run,
Thirty days without his clothes off, thirty days behind his gun.

Not complainin'—says he's happy, sleepin' eight feet in the ground,
'Leven fellows share his dug-out, so there's comp'ny all around.
But, with all my "Buddy's" scraps, he hasn't got a thing on me—
I'm a veteran of the combat fought at Nineteenth Street and B.
Talk of battles! Boy! I've had 'em, battles dense with smoke
and gore,
Fought as only man can fight to keep the old wolf from the door.

Gas attacks? I've had a dozen, they don't scare me any more—
I've survived the jitney "Cremo's" of contractors by the score.
I've been trampled, cursed, and wounded by the enemy at dark
As I've tried to board a trolley from this old Potomac Park;
And as for mass formation, I deserve the Croix de Guerre,
The soup line at our lunch room's where they teach it, I declare.

Oh, my "Buddy" with his dug-out has his troubles, I opine,
But the "third floor back" I share with six is not so gosh darn fine.
Our machine guns are all Underwoods, they tattoo all the day,
A nerve-destroying drumming that awakes me from my hay;
And when I rise at dawn again, I wish that I were dead,
This war in Washington is all that Old Man Sherman said.

L. G. P.

LUCK AND PLUCK

Who talks of "Luck"?—
'Tis HE, with PLUCK,
Who plucks the luck, that's lucky.
The duffer ducks—
The plugger plucks:
And Luck comes to the plucky.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt. Q. M. C.

SALUTE

Another song for the brave old flag,
As full-staff-high it flies
Whether a shot-torn, smoke-grimed rag
Or bright as the wintry skies.

We watched from the slips as the transport ships
Come plunging through the foam,
And mothers and dads hail the glorious lads
That bring the old flag home.

They bore it away in the morn's dim light,
With never a good-bye cheer,
For they stole to sea like a thief in the night
Lest the Hun of their course should hear.

But now in the breeze o'er the ransomed seas
The proud ships make their track,
And the sirens sing and the great bells ring
As they bring the old flag back.

There are stripes more red where our heroes bled;
Their memory gilds the stars;
But thanks we give for the lads that live
For the "doughboys" and the tars.

Oh, let them brag of their well served flag
Wherever their glad feet roam!
And let none be mute in the high salute
As they bring "Old Glory" home.

War Worker—(calling up Casualty Section)—"Have you any official casualty report on Harry Warren of the 331st?"

Casualty (sympathetically):—"Why, yes, our records show he was blown up by a mine on November 15th, killed on December 8th and died on December 12th."

War Worker:—"Oh, thank you so much. Do you suppose he'll be back by Christmas time?"

L. M. ESCH.

"AFTER THE BALL"

Things ain't what they used to be—
Changes ev'ry day;
People movin', others leavin'—
'Taint nice this-a-way.

Just get so you like someone—
Know him a wee bit—
Then he gets the movin' bug,
Up and packs his kit.

Things ain't what they used to be,
Interest's on the wane,
People are a-losin' pep—
Days are dreadful tame.

Course we're glad the war has stopt—
Glad that peace has come;
But the spirit ought to live
In war work at home.

Things ain't what they used to be—
Everything's so slow;
Lots of work, but not much vim—
Monotonous, you know.

Gee, we wish that something great
Would happen right away;
Make things move with the old hum,
And hustle of last May.

BERNICE PATTERSON,
Washington, D. C.

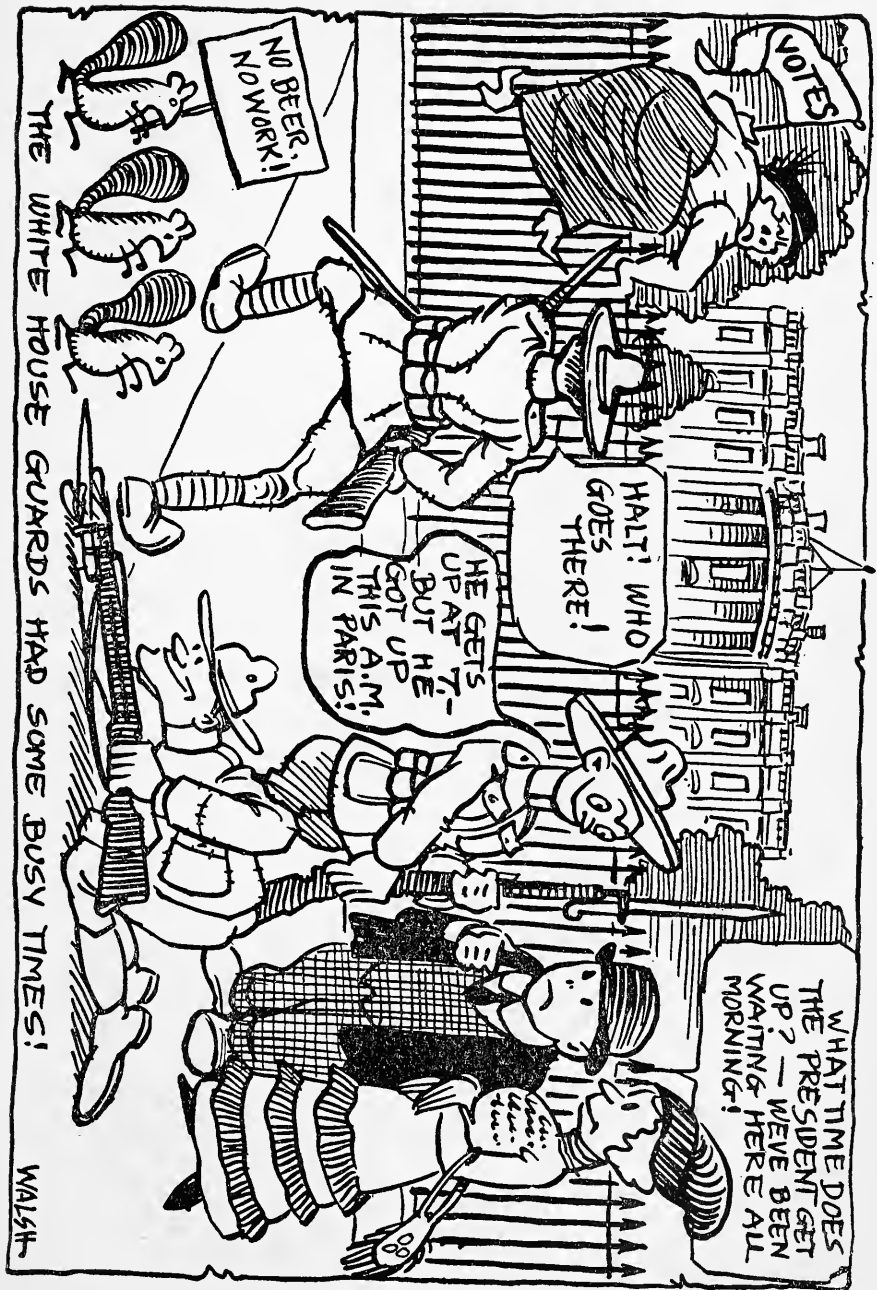
JOKE ON A Q. M. IN FRANCE

A Near Geo. Washington

A private of the Q. M. C. located somewhere in France with a few of his comrades had been granted four days leave, and as usual, wired for extension. But no hackneyed excuse was his, only the plain unvarnished truth. It ran as follows:

"Nobody dead, nobody ill; still going strong, having good time, and got plenty of money. Please grant extension."

Needless to say he got it.



THE WHITE HOUSE GUARDS HAD SOME BUSY TIMES!

WALSHT

IF!

If you can sit still while all about you
Are working hard and not thinking much of you
If you can return their looks askance, too,
If you have no work, but look as if you're working,
Or writing letters, don't fill the letters with lies;
Or studying faces, don't give way to studying
And look alive, to fool some guys.

If you can exist and not make your landlady your master
If you can eat and not make indigestion your aim,
If you can meet your bills without disaster,
And get "trust" from profiteers just the same,
If you can bear to see the clothes you've set your soul on
Torn by laundresses and burned by some fool,
Or have the things you'd give your life for, stolen,
And let it go as the exception, not the rule.

If you can save enough of your earnings,
To buy some shoes you've needed all the year,
Just forget a lot of other yearnings,
You have for frills that cost too dear.
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To pass up things that used to be
And so just prove what kind of stuff is in you
Although the price is greater than the fee.

If you can fight through crowds and keep your virtue
Or be alone, yet keep your spirits up,
If neither words, nor slighting looks can hurt you,
If you don't care what 'tis that fills your cup,
If you can fill the after-dinner minutes
With dance, and song in one mad whirl
Yours is Washington, and everything that's in it,
And what is more—you'll be a war worker, my girl.

IF! IF!!

If you can hold your head up while the others
Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue;
If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,
And still be fit to hike another league;
If you can stand the greasy food and dishes,
The long black night, the lonesome road, the blues;
If you can choke back all the gloomy wishes
For home, that seem to spring right from your shoes;

If you can laugh at sick call and the pill boys,
When all the other lads are checking in;
If you can kid and jolly all the killjoys,
Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;
If at parade you stand fast at attention,
When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain;
If you can grin and snicker at the mention
Of some bone play connected with your name;
If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking,
At the thoughts of all the bullets you may stop;
If you can do these things and really like 'em,
You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet, old top!

IF! IF!! IF!!!

If you can be a government clerk
And keep a pleasant face,
If you can do the petty tasks
You find in every place—
If you can keep on smiling
Thru all the long routine
And never lose your kindly tone
And keep a look serene—
If you relieve monotony
By patient, faithful work,
And try to be what you are not—
Because you will not shirk,—
If you can act so busy
That people think you're rushed
And never lose a minute's time,
But just pretend you're pushed—
If you can sit at your wee desk
All day—and keep quite mum,
And then be sweet at evening time
To your room-mate or your chum,—
Then you're a hero, sure enough
You'll wear a crown of gold,
You'll reap a harvest rich and rare,
For patience pays ten-fold.
But—if you like this sort of life,
If you enjoy its pace;
Ah, me! You're lost I truly fear,—
You'd better change your place.

BERNICE PATTERSON,
Q. M. C.

AIN'T IT A GLORIOUS FEELING?

Ain't it a glorious feelin'
When you've made a special date,
But in spite of all your tryin'
You are half an hour late,
And you worry and you hustle,
Till you think you sure will burst
And you find on your arrival
You're the one who got there first?

Ain't it a glorious feelin'
When you meet a jolly friend,
And your conscience quick reminds you
That it is your turn to spend
Cash enough to buy his dinner,
But you hear the fellow say,
As he slaps you on the shoulder,
"Bill, the feed's on me to-day."

Ain't it a glorious feelin'
When you've won a maiden's heart,
And you've got to ask her father,
And you hate to do the part
'Cause the old man looks so solemn,
And your heart feels like a ton,
Till he grasps your trembling fingers
As he says, "God bless you, son."

TO THE SOUTH WINDS

Oh, winds that are so dear to me
Oh, winds a-roving down the lea,
I hear your voice just as of old
And my heart's joy could not be told
If I could come just for to-day
And rove with you the same old way
O'er sunny meads, by sparkling streams—
Away—away, to lands of dreams—
And yet my heart still sad must be
I'm working in the Q. M. C.

AMY M. LONGEST,
Q. M. C.

WHEN YOU JOIN THE Q. M. C.

(Dedicated to the Q. M. C. "boys," Fort Sam Houston)

When a decent, well-raised human, who has been "brought up" somewhere

And had known the benediction of a loving mother's prayer—

Seeks a Government position where it's "soft" as it can be,

Let him make investigation ere he joins the Q. M. C.

You may be a fine bookkeeper. an expert stenographer,

Take the swiftest of dictations, and typewrite two thousand per;

You may think you're up on business—know the game from A to Z,

But you'll find you don't "know nothing" when you join the Q. M. C.

Departmental work is different from the work you used to do,

Ev'ry bloomin' thing's a puzzle, ev'ry form is new to you;

Business letters have no "Dear Sir"—no "Yours truly" at the end—

Are so very stiff and formal that the paper'll hardly bend.

And the cold abbreviations of the Government you'll see;

S. S. T., F. Y., and so forth; O. D. Q. M. and S. D.;

Hos., Amb., Eng., S. C., F. A. C., C. A. C.,—they stand arrayed,

Till you think the whole d——n alphabet is out on dress parade!

M. G. Tp., 1st Bn. 3d; Co. A of 1st; 3d Sq. of Cav.,

Till you feel that your gray matter is a hopeless mass of salve;

That you've struck a Chinese puzzle which upsets your very spleen,

For two seconds after writing them you don't know what they mean.

You'll get tangled up on "Leases," "Contract Forms" will make you whine,

"Forge Abstracts" simply tie a double bow-knot in your spine!

You'll make blunders, and more blunders—all too numerous to tell,

Till you're half inclined to let the blasted job go straight to—well.

There's no earthly use in swearing, but I want to say to you

(In parentheses, and softly), that the air is often blue,

For the Q. M. Clerk at "cussing" has acquired eternal fame;

He can make a canal driver blush with everlasting shame!

But no matter. Toil with patience, letting naught your progress block,

Do your work by a speedometer, and *never* by a clock;

Grit your teeth and say you'll *do* it—*solve* the problem, get it *right*,

And remember, there's no victory without a determined fight.

REFLECTION:

I can see no first-class reason why Q. M. Clerks fill the air

With anathemas—I never (that is, *seldom* ever) swear;

But I want to say in passing—and I trust you'll pardon me—

That you'll strike some damn'd good fellows when you join the

Q. M. C.

JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS,
One of the "Blunderers"

THE WAR WORKERS' CHRISTMAS

Our clothes are rather shabby;
We really want some new,
But we couldn't pay installments
On our bonds and buy clothes, too.

One might get a pretty shirt waist,
Quite a good one, for a five;
But then the only spare bills
Went to help the war work drive.

Coats our friends admired as stylish
In the days before the war
Still protect us from the weather—
Isn't that what coats are for?

Our skirts are sadly shiny
Where they press the office chair,
But they're better than the tatters
That the poor Armenians wear.

Last year's hats are somewhat faded;
Brimms are dragging, feathers droop,
But the price of many a new one
Went to buy the Belgians soup.

Used to pride ourselves on being
Neatly gloved and shod, but then—
Cigarettes were quite expensive
That we sent to soldier men.

For the dainty georgette collar,
And the other little frills,
We must wait till we get thrift stamps
For the book that slowly fills.

There were plans that we had cherished,
And we might have put them through
With success and satisfaction
If we hadn't had the "flu."

Just a little Christmas shopping
Very modestly we planned,
Then the Red Cross "Heart and Dollar"
Rang its summons through the land.

When we celebrated Christmas
At a merry yuletide dance
We longed for new kid slippers,
But we bought "Free milk for France."

Never mind the coat outdated,
Nor the old, moth-eaten muff;
Our boys came home victorious,
And isn't that enough?

SILVER STRIPES AND STRIPES OF GOLD

Dear! I must be growing old,
Silver threads that once were gold
Shine upon my brow of care—
I was not sent "over there."

Uncle Sam said I must stay
Here to work as best I may,
Tho' I wanted much to go
Over there to meet the foe.

Glory was denied to me
On battle front, on land or sea;
Duty's call I must obey,
Of dull routine from day to day.

Silver stripes adorn my sleeve,
That is why my heart doth grieve;
Golden stripes for "over there"
I shall never, never wear!

Do not think that I complain
When you hear this sad refrain:
Golden stripes as you'll surmise
Were not won without "Supplies."

Silver stripes, or stripes of gold,
What a story they unfold,—
But you'll find, when I go home,
Silver threads upon my "dome!"

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Washington, D. C.

A. G. MARSDEN,
1st Lieut., Signal Corps.



GEE, BILL! —THE
KAISER WOULD
BE OUTA PLACE
IN THERE,
HEY?"

"JEVER HEAR
ABOUT THE
PIG IN THE
PARLOR?"

WALSH

I WANT TO KNOW

Do ships have eyes when they go to (sea)?

Are there springs in the ocean's (bed)?

Does Jolly Tar flow from a (tree)?

Can a river lose its (head)?

Are fishes crazy when they go (in seine)?

Can an old hen sing her (lay)?

Can you bring relief to a window (pane)?

Or mend a (break) of day?

What kind of vegetable is a policeman's (beat)?

Is a newspaper white when it's (read)?

Is a baker broke when he's making (dough)?

Is an undertaker's business (dead)?

Would a wall paper store make a good hotel

Because of its (borders) there?

Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head?

Just to give him a little (hare)?

If you ate a (square) meal would the corners hurt?

Can you dig with the ace of (spades)?

Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon?

Just to give a (lemonade)?

By HELEN A. LINSBOTT, Q. M. C.
Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

THE QUESTION 1919

Now that we don't have to move any more (?)

Now that the Germans no longer are sore (?)

Now that rooms can be had for a song (?)

Now that the Kaiser admits he was wrong (?)

Now that the high-cost-of-living has dropped (?)

Now that the sale of old booze has been stopped (?)

Now that good board costs three per week (?)

Now that Bill Bryan refuses to speak (?)

The Question that's sending me almost dippy

Is, who in the devil is Bolsheviki?

JOHN W. BRUCE,
C. & E.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

A man there was of talents rare, and capable beyond compare, an expert at the finance game, accounting was his middle name, a "P. A." duly certified, and figures were his joy and pride.

So, when the country went to war, he smelled the smoke afar, and mindful of his country's weal, inspired by patriotic zeal, he sacrificed a good position, and blossomed out with a commission as Captain in the Q. M. C., as pert and nifty as could be.

The army's urgent need, thought he, is keen and active men like me; I'll show this Quartermaster Corps, some tricks they never knew before. Their standards I will elevate, and bring their methods up to date; I'll be to them a shining light, and show them how to do things right.

He studied up a month or so, to learn where each report should go, and oft regaled his eyes with charts of most prodigious size, by which he was supposed to trace each paper to its proper place; he followed up each square line (much like stockyards in design). At length he grasped with fine precision, each branch and section and division; he learned to pierce the darksome haze, and penetrate the mystic maze, through which no common eye could see, that girdled round the "Q. M. C."

It grieved his systematic mind, quite unexpectedly to find, through some inscrutable mishap, the Q. M. C. wiped off the map; of all authority bereft, and practically nothing left, under this new made set of rules, except, the graveyards and the mules. This was a rude and startling jolt, for an officer just taking holt; but our new-made Captain still was game, like all who would aspire to fame. He fixed his papers up in style, a huge and formidable pile, about the size of a bale of hay, and mailed them merrily away; and as the time went slowly by—month by month with no reply, he fell into complacent mood, quite satisfied that he'd made good; he grew conceited in his ways, and threw himself a few bouquets; he told himself in manner breezy, "This Quartermaster game is easy," "such crude accounting work is pie, for such an able man as I."

But oh! the shock this man received, and oh! how deeply he was peeved, when he received a letter back, as pointed as a carpet tack; all his accounting scientific, was treated in a way terrific; it mentioned documents galore, he'd never heard about before; and Bulletins of 1907, and Notice 7-come-11, and circulars of ancient date, and G. O.'s. fierce to contemplate; and divers other publications that added to his tribulations; the "List of Differences" took as long to read as Chinese book; but the longest-winded kick of all, on "Form 150" seemed to fall. This form whatever its intent, has caused some sulphurous comment. No living man, however bright

has ever made it half way right. But when this letter courtly ended, by marking his account "suspended," for just about a half a million, he wished he were a mere civilian.

While this experience was bitter, he didn't like to be a quitter; and so with somewhat saddened heart, the Captain made another start. He squandered barrels of midnight oil, in unremunerative toil. Each line and paragraph obscure, he read with patience slow and sure; though still he entertained some doubt, on what-the-hell 'twas all about; and in his mind the doubt still grew, for the more he read the less he knew. When he arrived at one conclusion, he often found, to his confusion, some later data on the point that knocked his findings out of joint, and what he gained from all this dope was waste of time and loss of hope. Defeat at last he must admit, so he threw up his hands and quit.

When he had worked along to this, one cylinder began to miss; his mental equipoise had fled, and something slipped inside his head; his mind no longer seemed so clear, and his remarks got rather queer. His temper then became erratic; in fact, the bats got in his attic. He fell into a mournful rut, and ever since, he's been a nut. Yep, Dippy!

I saw his guard the other day, and this is what he had to say: "This guy's the most peculiar case we've ever handled in the place; for days and days, he's pretty fair, then he goes straight up in the air, and cuts up most fantastic capers at merest sight of certain papers. His worst vexation seems to be a "Form 150, Q. M. C." He writes it full of names and places, then looks it over and erases; but as he works, his ire increases—he ends by tearing it to pieces. He shows the utmost apprehension, if he but hears the word "suspension," and starts all kinds of funny ructions at mention of the word "deductions." He swears with weird ejaculations, if someone says "appropriations;" and if he hears "allotment" said, this guy will crawl behind the bed; and "mileage"—say—don't mention it, or he will likely throw a fit."

If the Army makes a man like that, I'm glad I stayed where I was at. In time, perhaps he may get well, but I still claim that War is Hell.

J. McG.

THE Q. M. C. SWIVEL-CHAIR SOLDIER

Over the top with a morning report
A bottle of ink and a pen
For some of us fellows can't shoulder a gun
And fight like real soldier men.

We've never a chance to fight the foe
And take a whack at the Hun,
Never a chance to charge a trench
And make the Germans run.

For somebody has to stay behind,
Three thousand miles or more,
Where bullets never go whistling by
And the big guns never roar.

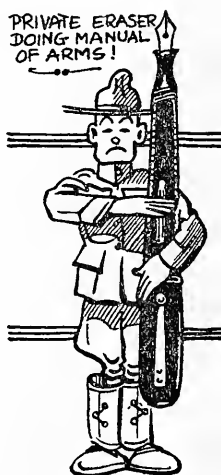
Someone must sit behind a desk
Heaped high with stacks and piles
Of guard reports and rations returns
Pay rolls and document files.

Someone must keep the mess account
And see that the army is fed
Someone must keep the council book
Someone must work with his head.

Someone must keep the record books
And see that the muster's right
Someone must sit in an office chair
While others get out and fight.

Some must get all covered with gore,
And others all covered with ink;
Some are soldiers, and others are clerks
So the civilians all think.

So, over the top with the morning report,
A bottle of ink and a pen,
For some of us fellows can't shoulder a gun
And fight like real soldier men.



THE LAST PARADE

I've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground,
And meaner jobs than I've performed—my boy, they can't be found.
I've washed a million mess kits and peeled a million spuds,
I've rolled a million blankets and washed a million duds.
And the number of parades I've made, I ain't a-going to tell,
But I'll do my bit in heaven as I've done my hitch in hell.
When the final taps are sounded and I lay aside my cares,
To my last parade a-climbing I'll climb the golden stairs.
When the angels greet my howdy and the harps begin to play,
I'll draw a million canteen checks to pass the time away.

Lieut. ANDREW VEENSTRA,
Detachment Commander, Q. M. C.,
Camp Meade, Md.

THAT SCHAUFFLER QUESTIONNAIRE

Where did you come from Baby dear?
"From Minnesota—Way out here."
Where did you get that skirt so tight?
"Made two out of one—sewed all night."

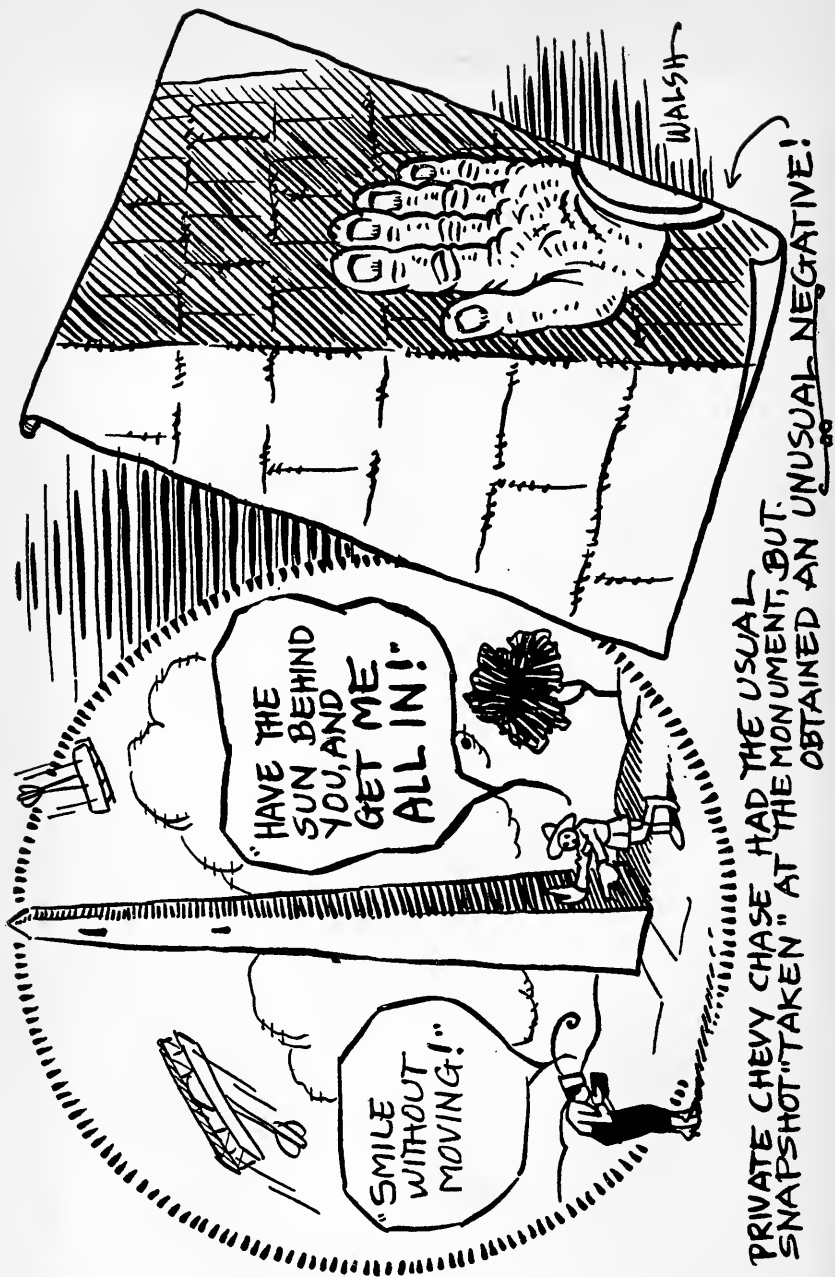
Where did you get that curly hair?
"Oh, it's natural—to that I swear.
At least it was when I was real small;
I now use electrics—or it won't curl at all."

Where did you get that dimpled chin?
"By using my thumb nail—poking it in."
Where did you get those heels of state?
"At Cohen & Bentz's—four ninety-eight."

And about your color—what is that from?
"Ma's fruit coloring and powdering some!"
Where did you get those hands so white?
"Soaked 'em in buttermilk over night."

And now you are here—what can you do?
"Just anything you ask me to."
And have you as yet engaged your room?
"No—if I can't, I will sleep in a tomb."

Where's your appointment—where'll you work?
"At 19th and B, as a filing clerk."
I suppose you came from patriotism?
"Partly for money to cure Pa's rheumatism."



PRIVATE CHEVY CHASE HAD THE USUAL
SNAPSHOTS "TAKEN" AT THE MONUMENT, BUT
OBTAINED AN UNUSUAL NEGATIVE!



PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

**Major General George W. Burr, U. S. Army, Assistant Chief of Staff,
Director Purchase, Storage & Traffic**

PASSING THE BUCK

A National Pastime

PASSING THE BUCK is a game in which a piece of work, a duty or any other disagreeable thing is passed from one officer or employee to another in such a manner that the smallest possible portion of the work or duty is accomplished, and the identity of the person whose duty it is to do it is hidden from the person interested in having it done. The variations and the possibilities of the game are limited only by the size of the organization in which it is played, and by the initiative and the skill of the players. Its pinnacle of refinement is reached when the player will work harder to pass the buck than would be necessary to perform the task itself.

The claim often advanced by American enthusiasts that the game originated in the United States is not founded on fact. The game is as old as history, and as wide-spread as geography. It is a certainty that Pontius Pilate found it a pleasant as well as convenient pastime, and there is reason to believe that it was not unknown to the ancients. It is stated by some authorities that Adam started it. Others say that Adam's game was too shoddy to be worth the name. Wherever and whenever it originated, its development and perfection in the United States has made it, to all intents and purposes, an American game, as inseparable as American chewing gum itself. Introduced into America in early Colonial times, the game won immediate and lasting popularity among all classes, but its greatest impetus came from its semi-official adoption in Government circles as the National Indoor Sport. Its growth has been as steady and as rapid as the increase in population, except in the District of Columbia, where the population hasn't been able to keep up. In no other country in the world is the game played by so many people or with such great skill and daring.

Army Regulations and the Quartermaster's Manual are the two principal rule books of the game. A careful study of them will give the beginner a fairly good understanding of the fascinating sport. Besides these there are numerous forms used in the game, but most of which have never been printed. New rules are being made every day to comply with the new duties and labors that come with the war. The official umpires are the Auditor for the War Department and the Comptroller of the Treasury. They are seldom appealed to except to umpire big league games, but their services are available to all players, from the newest beginner to the most skilled. Nothing is too trivial for their attention. They sometimes volunteer information that hasn't been asked for. In order to preserve the integrity of the game, there is no appeal from the Comptroller's rulings. It was the Comptroller's proficiency in the game that

gave him the right to spell controller with an "M" and a "P." This spelling also serves to distinguish him from a controller in the ordinary sense of the word. The "Comptroller" controls in a negative sense, much as an inexperienced chauffeur might control an automobile by shutting off the gasoline.

It is impossible to give, in this short space, anything like a complete description of the game, or even a comprehensive summary of the rules. There are, however, certain general principles and a few rules that must be observed in counting points, and which may be profitably mentioned here.

First of all, the new employees should bear well in mind that rendering services to the public, or trying in any way to please it, is not a part of the game. New employees entering the service from civil life often bring with them a fund of enthusiasm of this nature that is difficult to control. This enthusiasm takes the form of an insane desire on their part to make themselves useful and agreeable to the general public with which they come into contact, and to their fellow employees. This is a thing that must be studiously avoided. Its harmful effects are three-fold. It counts against the player and it stores up trouble for the new player against the time when constant floundering in the meshes of red tape will have choked from him the last gasp of whatever splendid enthusiasms he may once have had.

A few samples of the methods of counting points are given here to show the beginner the general scheme. There are many others; and new ones can be invented at any time, so long as they do not interfere with the general purpose.

If an officer or employee to whom work is given passes it on to another and the other does the work, that counts plus one for the first man, and minus one for the second. If, though the second man passes it on to the third, and third man does the work, that counts plus 2 for the first, plus 2 for the second and minus 4 for the third. If the work goes on to a fourth man before being done, and the fourth man does it, that counts plus 3 for the first three men, and minus nine for the fourth. This progression continues indefinitely and the game when so played is called "Passing the Buck," Simple and Direct. It is the game's simplest form, and is especially recommended to the beginner for teaching him the value of team work.

Suppose now that the fourth man doesn't do the work, but passes it back to the third, and the third man is forced to do it. The fourth man gets plus 6 and the third man minus 6. The first two players get the same as though the third man had done it in the first place. If the fourth man makes the work go back to the first man, through the third and second, and the first man is forced to do the work,

that counts eighteen for the fourth man and minus six for each of the other three.

When there are ten or more players in the game, and the "Buck" is passed to each by each, in turn, until it makes a complete circle, and then is thrown aside without any actual work having been accomplished, a perfect score is said to have been made, and every body gets a hundred.

Although there are many notable cases of new players having been conspicuously successful from the start, the finished players are, for the most part, men who have been long in the service and grown up with the game. The present generation owes them a great deal. The skill of some of them is such that they count perfect scores by dozens, and even by hundreds. It is said that the man who compiled the Quartermaster Manual was voted a Life Championship certificate, and then permanently disqualified for further competition in amateur games on the grounds that he had become professional. It was feared that if he continued to compete in amateur games his phenomenal success might discourage other players from putting forth their best efforts. This would cause a lagging of interest that might bring about the death of the game and drag Government work down to the level of ordinary business procedure.

The beginner should not allow himself to be discouraged by his own clumsiness for the first few weeks, or by the amazing skill of older players. Unless his fore-fathers have been Government employees or master plumbers, it is very likely that he will lose heavily at first. A new player is often made the victim of concerted action to wipe out some of their minus scores. Let the new player sit tight, do as little as possible, study the game and watch his chance. If he is made of the right stuff he will soon have nothing more to learn. Finally it should be remembered that the first rule is that the "BUCK" is always "passed down" but never "up."—Selected.

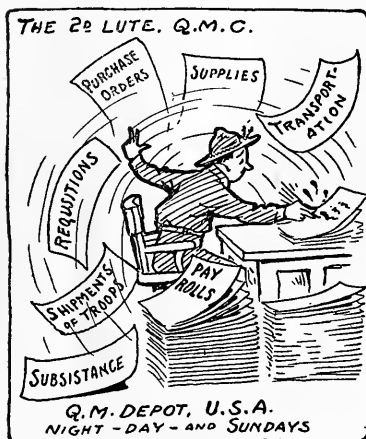
COMPENSATION



1



2



3



4

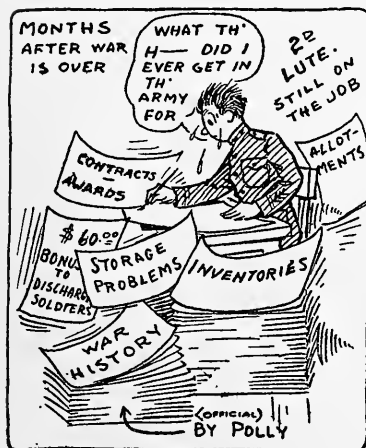
PEN VS. SWORD



5



6



7



8

"SMITH"

By CHARLES H. STUART

My first days as a temporary Government official were easy. A preliminary examination of my room showed me that there were two metal trays on my table, one labelled "IN" and the other "OUT." From time to time a particularly charming chicken would bring in a batch of papers and place them in the "IN" tray. It was evidently up to me to transfer them to the "OUT" tray. My young friend would then return with a happy smile and take them away.

I gathered that in the intervals of this simple and innocent pastime I was expected to glance through these papers. But I found no difficulty in this. I noticed that in every case my name was written on them, sometimes with such words as "For your information" or "For your action to deal with." A good many were quite incomprehensible to me. But I marked them all "Noted," neatly adding my signature and the date.

In this way several days passed—days of innocence and happy usefulness. And then the blow fell.

I suddenly realized that, in spite of my continual transfer of matter to the "OUT" tray, the pile in the "IN" tray never became less, but actually increased in size. I determined to solve this mystery.

What was my horror when I discovered that, not only were there heaps of fresh papers in the pile, but that the papers I had duly marked "NOTED" and sent away were back again in that overburdened tray.

It was a blow. I had thought myself to be doing so well; I had dreamed of success; of a distinguished bureaucratic career, of praise and promotion and perhaps even the D. S. M. And now—

The chicken must have played me false. I had thought her a sweet helpmate, a charming co-worker, whereas she now appeared in a much darker guise. What fell purpose lay behind the sinister reappearance of these documents? What mysterious influence was undoing all my work?

For days the thing worried me. I could not eat. I could not sleep. Even the hourly coca-cola failed to cheer me.

And all the time, steadily, relentlessly as Fate, that ghastly pile in the "IN" tray increased in size, fed unceasingly by the smiling chicken.

At length, I could bear it no longer. I determined to inquire and find out the worst. I dared not speak to the chicken. She

looked so young and happy. Perhaps after all, she was only the innocent tool of some others. Why bring tragedy into her young life?

I determined to inquire of the man in the next room. I knew there was one. I had never seen him but I had often heard him snore.

When I told him my troubles he looked grave.

"Those Papers," said he in a mysterious voice, "are referred to you by some one in the Department; if you merely write "Noted" on them, they remain marked to you, and every time the chicken takes them away to the Mail Room they will only be sent back to you."

"Heavens," I gasped, horror-stricken, "then what am I to do?"

He glanced around nervously. Then he got up and locked the door; drew the blind and put his hat over the telephone.

"Listen," he hissed, "I will tell you. There is only one way; you must refer them to someone else. Don't ask me who. I don't know. I always refer mine to Mr. Smith; you see, there's bound to be a Mr. Smith somewhere in the War Department. Once you've sent 'em to him, he's got to deal with 'em, not you. That's the secret.

"Oh," said I. "I see, but,—

"Once," he interrupted, "I tried putting 'Schley' instead of 'Smith' but it caused awful trouble. That particular file referred to Hair Restorer; and Mr. Schley truned out to be an Assistant Director without a hair on his head. But I've always found Smith works all right. All my conundrums go to Smith. Smith must have a warm time of it, whoever he is."

He chuckled diabolically.

"I quite understand now," said I, "but—er—you see—er—my name's Smith."

SOME KISSING BUG!

"I've been kissed in Information,
I've been kissed in Finance, too,
I've been kissed all o'er Munitions Building
Until all the air was blue.
There's the kiss you get in Embarkation;
There's the kiss from Research, and I. T.
Oh! The kiss that's best in all this Nation
Is the kiss from the Q. M. C."

THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

The Quartermaster Corps
Is a noncombatant crowd,
And it isn't much exciting
For the man who likes it loud.
But it has its own hard work to do,
And they'd all be on the floor
If it wasn't for the noncombatant
Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps
Sheds no glory or renown,
But it's got the grub that keeps you coming
Back when you are down.
And the Infantry and Cavalry
Would all be on the floor,
If it wasn't for the noncombatant
Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps
Is Old Johnny on the Spot
When it comes to getting chow
To the line where all is hot,
Why, the boys up in the trenches
Would all be on the floor,
If it wasn't for the noncombatant
Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps
Don't use bayonets or guns
But they do a mighty lot o' work
To help clean up the Huns:
So here's something to remember—
You might all be on the floor
If it wasn't for the noncombatant
Quartermaster Corps.

—Sergeant W. C. Pryor in "*Stars and Stripes in France.*"

MUSING OF A MULETEER

Speculation

There's a long long trace a winding
'Round the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is missing
So's the off brake beam;
The leaders both are balky
And the brutes wont pull a pound,
Now I know I'll have to pass the buck
When the C. O. comes around.

Preparation

There's a long long tale I'll tell him
That I have in mind,
How the off wheel mule is windy;
And the near wheel mule is blind;
How the off lead mule is crampy,
And the near one on the blink,
But with these few exceptions
They're a fine team—I dont think.

Meditation

The long, lank Captain listened
To my story with a smile,
And then he said, "Twill do you good
To be a K. P. for a while.
We've got a car of 'taters,
Just grab a knife or two,
And do not get discouraged, 'cause
It's a long long peel for you."

CAPT. W. B. PALMER,
Q. M. C.

MULISH

Would you have a gentle mule,
Then apply the golden rule.
If he's full of pep and vim
He'll do to you as you do to him.
Cuss him less and curry more,
He'll repay you a hundred score;
Pet him more and pound him less,
He'll repay each fond caress,
But kick him and his muleship waits
To land you through the Pearly Gates.

CAPT. W. B. PALMER,
Q. M. C.

"NUTS"

Last night while the earth lay sleeping beneath the starry sheen,
There came to disturb my slumber, this strange and terrible dream;
I sat at my desk in the office, a telegram in my hand,
Just a slip of yellow paper, I could not understand:

RETEL YOURS OF THE SEVENTH PLEASE SEND US NUTS
BY THE SCORE
HAVE THEM PREPARED FOR SHIPMENT TO THE PORT
OF BALTIMORE
NUTS, ROUND HEAD, SQUARE HEAD, FLAT HEAD, OF
THE SIZE THREE QUARTER INCH;
SEND ALL THAT YOU CAN SPARE US FOR WE'RE IN A
DREADFUL PINCH.
WE CANNOT GIVE YOU THE TONNAGE, BUT THE NUTS
WILL NOT BE LIGHT
SO SEND TRANSPORTATION ORDER REQUEST YOU
EXPEDITE.

"Now, what do you think of that?" said I, as I read it o'er and o'er,
"Somebody's made a bungle, sure, of this whole thing once more."
So I went to look in suspended file and in the closed file too,
But I found no information and I didn't know what to do.

And while I sat there pondering, a strange thing happened to me:
The weirdest of all sensations—whatever could it be?
But soon there came the answer, the cause of that terrible thrill,—
They had sent ME over the wireless to the Depot at Jeffersonville!

"I came from the Washington Depot," I told them without a wince,
And it's nuts that I want, sir, nuts round head, nuts flat head,
three-quarter inch,
"If it's nuts that you want, round or square, go back to the folks
there in charge,
And you needn't bother to tell me that you think their heads are
too large."

And, at that moment, before me there passed in grand review,
Captains, lieutenants, and sergeants, and majors, not a few—
The old familiar faces of people I thought I knew;
There were round heads, square heads, flat heads, big nuts and
little nuts too.

"You have all the nuts in creation, right there in the Q. M. Corps, And why in the name of Salvation, do you come here asking for more?"

"Why is it," the voice persisted, "that the squirrels infest your town?—

Because the nuts are so many that wander up and down."

I woke when the sun shone brightly through the window pane,
But that dream continues running through and through my brain;
If fools we are and fools we were, and fools we'll always be,
We'll all be fools together, we NUTS of the Q. M. C.

A Q. M. C. OFFICER UNDER FIRE

During the advance to the Vesle in July, 1918, Captain H. C. Braddock (Supply Officer 110th Infantry) had located his Regimental dump in the forest west of Jaulgonne on the Chateau Thierry road, in a location that had previously been used for the same purpose by the Boche. On the night of July 29, Boche planes came across and bombed this dump twice within an hour. As the dust and debris cleared away after the explosion of the second bomb, Captain Braddock said with a smile, "The Dutchman does not seem to like my location. If he does not move this dump to-night, I am going to move it in the morning."

(Captain Braddock died of pneumonia on Oct. 23, and was buried at Bernecourt.)

C. S. BRYCE,
Maj., Q. M. C.

Mike, a burly but lazy Irishman, was transferred to the Q. M. Detachment at General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Md., as a private 1st Cl., although nobody was ever able to determine as just what class of work he was "skilled."

A shortage of men for detail on garbage removal made it advisable to give Mike a chance on this work.

When the Sergeant read off the details at Roll Call—Mike bawled out: "What in hell am I put on that detail for? It only requires ignorant strength."

W. WILSON HEATON,
Capt., Q. M. C.

A Q. M. C. MAN AT MT. VERNON

They say he never told a lie,
And so we'll take their word,
But if our George were living now,
The thing would be absurd.

For if he issued all the shoes,
And shirts of every sort,
And did not tell a fib or two,
Well—he'd be mighty short.

He kept a string of horses,
And a score of hounds or so,
While he built a swell big billet,
On the river just below.

Now I know a host of soldiers
Who are strictly on the square;
But the castles that they're building
Are mostly in the air.

Of this I'm very certain,
As I think the matter o'er,
That our hero saw no service
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CAPT. W. B. PALMER,
Q. M. C.





WASHINGTON THREW
A DOLLAR ACROSS
THE POTOMAC, BUT I
CAN'T DO
THAT UNTILL I
GET TO BE A
SERGEANT!

THEY'LL
RECOGNIZE
YOUR WORTH,
OSWALD, IF THE
WAR LASTS
LONG ENOUGH!

AN AFTERNOON
AT MOUNT VERNON!

BB



WASH

VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN PURCHASE SERVICE

April 29, 1919.

BULLETIN No. 6

The VICTORY LOAN appeals to all, and all agree of course, that we should help our Uncle Sam to put this LOAN across. But what does each one really think, while he his palate panders; does he consider sacrifice, in terms of France and Flanders? This war has never touched our shores, at home our lot was working, and well indeed we did our bit and very few were shirking. But eighty thousand of our homes have sacrificed their sons! Can we, who through it all have thrived, refuse to aid with funds? And pay the bills that we incurred that Freedom's Cause might live, can we, I say, refuse to pay? We *lend*, we do not give. These Victory Notes, as good as gold, will teach us how to save; who lends to Uncle Sam's a *trump*, who lendeth not's a knave! Some few seem not to understand, to these I wish to speak, for if they can, and *do not* lend, they show the *Yellow* streak. 'Tis not our wish to urge on those, who really *cannot* lend, 'twere better far for them to save, their pay they may not spend; but they be few, yes, very few, and we their views commend—but we are after selfish ones, who foolishly will spend. One Victory Note at least should be in every worker's name—this is the peoples' VICTORY LOAN, come, get into the game! Our boys gave all, forever, "there," won't we here, lend a bit? We are not even asked to give, of course we'll lend—or quit. Our Purchase Service heads the list, our ten divisions vie, we'll have a bond for every one, or know the reason why. And some there be, who have subscribed for sums, O, very small, but those will doubtless sign again when we begin to call. This first week has been easy work, "Just sign a card and end it"...! But we are going to call again on those we know can lend it. To you who have not taken bonds, and you who'll resubscribe, I wish to leave one thought with you, and then I will subside: This is a *PATRIOTIC LOAN* and we should make it such; you with little give your bit, and you with more give much! And when you give and give again, don't feel that we are pressing, just give again a goodly sum and you'll receive a blessing. Remember what the Huns have done, and how your blood once boiled! and what you said that you would *give*, to see that vile race spoiled! This is the chance to play your part with two or three or four bonds, as you are blessed with this world's goods, *BUY BONDS, AND* then *BUY MORE BONDS!*

MALCOLM KENNETH GORDON,
Captain, Q. M. Corps,
Chairman, Purchase Service.

MANUAL OF WRIST WATCH

We note with growing concern a general absence of military pep in the observance of the manual of wrist watch movements.

In shooting the time from the dial of a wrist watch, the hips should be well in, the chest well out.

Then, with a single, snappy flirt, the left elbow should be crooked, the sleeve drawn back two and a quarter inches and the forearm brought parallel to the shoulder.

A single glance should suffice (a little practice will insure a bull's-eye every shot) and then the arm should be brought back to the side with the same snap that is characteristic of the final drive of a hand salute. If the first shot should miss, owing to over-confidence, faulty allowance for wind velocity or any other cause, the whole movement should be repeated.

On no account should two successive shots be fired while the watch is in the air. It is a fact not generally known, but many people who have not had time to accustom themselves to Uncle Sam's various uniforms often distinguish a soldier from a sailor by his masterly technique in handling his wrist watch.

"HOME-MADE HAPPINESS"

An "after the war" soliloquy of an American soldier boy, in France.

Back home—there's where I long to go,

Each member helps to make it so

Inviting, that sweet peace—so rare—

I find is always reigning there.

And for this mental attitude,

Praise God in ev'ry latitude.

RAYMOND GRACE,
Survey Branch, Q. M. C.
New Orleans, La.

ARMY QUARTERMASTER CORPS

We've heard about the Army,
In the land across the sea,
Upon the Marne,—in Belleau Wood—
Where they showed their bravery.
We've often heard the story
Told of Chateau Thierry,
The Devil Dogs, U. S. Marines—
Their daring gallantry.

Repeated o'er and often,
Is the tale of Salty Jack,
The boys who took them over,
And the boys who brought them back.
We thrill when to our hearing
Comes the Ace's wide-spread fame,
To airmen brave who skimmed the clouds—
The praise is all the same.

Another branch of Service,
In the fight for Liberty,
Not quite so often mentioned,
Is the army Q. M. C.
When honor falls where justly due,
To men behind the gun,
The world must pay a tribute
To the force that backed each one.

The Q. M. furnished clothing,
And the soldiers well equipped,
To journey far to No Man's land,
And have the Kaiser whipped.
They didn't buy supplies alone
For soldiers here at home—
The task was in supplying
Two million o'er the foam.

The Quartermaster has in charge
The clothing, food and pay,
The transportation of the men,
By hundreds every day.
The greatest army in the world,
Defeated strong might be,
If there were but an error made
By the busy Q. M. C.

They're patriots unselfish,
For they don't expect reward,
Their only honor is fatigue,
That comes from working hard.
When transports came, through darkest night,
While slowly moved the clock,
The wee, small hours of morning
Found them working on the dock.

The General Service of Supply,
Unselfish, loyal, true,
Who gave their best of mind and heart,
For Uncle Sam and you.
There's sacrifice in forfeiting
The cheers, caress, and glance
Of love that greets the heroes
On their return from France.

But love alone won not the fight,
Nor made the camp-fires burn,
Supplies, exact and promptly, are
What sped their safe return.
The Army Quartermaster Corps,
Of men and women true,
God and your country know the worth
Of workers such as you.

Then honor to the Q. M. C.,
Who worked both day and night,
To keep our Lady Liberty,
The brightest beacon light
That ever guided ships at sea,
Or graced a country's door.
So be proud of every member
Of the Quartermaster Corps.

ETHELYND A. MARTIN,
Quartermaster Corps,
New Orleans, La.

THE CHESTNUT HORSE AND JOE

By Capt. Walter B. Palmer, Q. M. C.

"Just a chestnut horse," the neighbor said,
As they saw him led away.
And they marveled much at the tears I shed
And the anguish I felt that day.

But that chestnut horse had a place in my heart.
Where the idols I worship dwell;
And he seemed of my very life a part,
So this is the tale I tell:

Joe was twelve to a day when he found the mare
The new born foal at her side,
As with a proud and zealous air
She watched the youngster's ambling stride;

And Joe, with nimble feet and bare,
Came down the orchard path in leaps
To bring me tidings of my favorite mare
And asked me if the colt was his for keeps.

"Oh, dad! It's a wonderful colt," he said.
"With eyes like the sky above
And a queer white mark in its little head
Like the stars in the flag we love."

You'll let me name him now, of course,
Since you've given him all to me.
I'm going to make him a fighting horse
And call him my "Liberty."

Ah, little soldier with sun-kissed hair,
Your boyhood dreams came true.
Those two gold stars in the window there
Mean the chestnut horse and you.

I helped Joe to break him to drive and ride,
And they won at the county show,
While all the neighbors far and wide
Knew the chestnut colt and Joe.

The happy years that came between
Brought never a thought of fate,
Till the lad at last reached eighteen
And the horse was counted eight.

And then the call to the colors came
And my boy was first to go.
But the chestnut horse never seemed the same
Since we said "goodbye" to Joe.

A neighbor's son was mustered in—
He had been Joe's dearest chum,
And they promised to stick through thick and thin
And to write if harm should come.

I hitched the chestnut up alone
And took the boys to the train.
Somehow the skies had darker grown
From the clouds earth's tear drops came.

While the precious moments slipped away
Joe whispered half in fun,
"Send Liberty over to me some day
To help us catch a Hun."

"You know I'll love him where'er I am.
And the world is not so wide.
Just sell him some day to Uncle Sam
And we'll meet on the other side."

The train passed on with its clanging bell
And the light of my life went, too.
It seemed, alas, like some awful knell
As it disappeared from view.

The season wearily wore away
With its hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Joe's face before me night and day,
And his words in my aching ears.

So I sold the horse with the big white star
To a captain I met by chance,
For he was to go where the armies are
To the khaki boys in France.

Ah, little wonder the world stood still
And my tears in abundance fell,
As the chestnut turned at the top of the hill
And whinnied a last farewell.

The letters that came were full of cheer
And one held a poppy bloom;
The end of the war seemed very near
And the boys would be with us soon.

The Yanks were hot on the Boches' track,
They were beating the hated Huns,
And Pershing was pushing them steadily back
In spite of their gas and guns.

And then—a letter from Joe's best friend—
"Sir, I promised to let you know;
They fought together to the end,
The chestnut horse and Joe."

"Don't grieve," it said, "for the cause is won,
And they really have not died.
Their glorious lives have just begun;
They have met on the other side."

Just a chestnut horse and a boy so fair,
Two forms that were stark and cold,
While the searchers paused in silent prayer
For the stars that had turned to gold.

And so each year as the spring comes round
I shall think of the poppies that blow
And nod their heads o'er the grassy mound
Of the chestnut horse and Joe.



MY PART IN WINNING THE WAR

I'll soon be back from this terrible war,
Covered with honors and medals galore,
Back from chasing the horrible Huns,
Back from the roar and crash of the guns,
Back from doing my duty well,
A regular hero I was—like H—.

I'll soon be back on the job again,
Out of the trenches, the cold, and the rain,
Where I fought fierce battles like other dubs,
By drinking gin-rickies in Baltimore clubs,
Back from doing my wonderful stunt
Of marking time on the Maryland front.

Yes, I'll soon be back from doing my bit,
Showing my courage and proving my grit,
Playing my part in that awful jam,
By eating my meals on—Uncle Sam.
In fact there's much more that I could tell,
Of my record in winning the war—like H—.

Yes, I'll soon be back with the gang once more,
And I know they'll josh just to make me sore,
They'll say I'm a soldier of peaceful ways.
I'll hear about this till the end of my days,
But I'll just say this to the boys who kid—
By Gad, I tried and that's more than you did.

FRANKLIN CANTONMENT,
Camp Meade, Md.

DIOGENES IN WASHINGTON

Wise old Diogenes, the Cynic
Who dwelt in a tub
Had diligently searched the streets of Greece
With his lantern
For an honest man,
But without avail.

Someone tipped him off
That perhaps he would find such a man
In Washington, D. C.
And thither he journeyed.

But he had a tough job,
For he traveled only in the High Spots,
And where the Bright Lights
Put his lantern into eclipse.

Then it occurred to him
To search among the lowly;
And behold! In the vast army
Of the Q. M. C's. humble toilers,
He found patriots by the hundreds,
Building, strengthening, maintaining and beautifying
The firm foundation
Of a stable and invincible organization
With no thought of honors or reward,
Save the glories of self-sacrifice and service.

Then did the Cynic's heart
Beat with tumultuous joy,
As he cried, "Eureka,"
And, wonderful to relate,
The classic Chronic Grouch
Became forevermore an Optimist.

Lt. W. L. K. BARRETT.

It cant be did ;
there aint
no sech
animal !!*



NOTE:—These poems were written while on board the U. S. A. C. T. "JOSEPH CUDAHY," (of which I was Transport Q. M. last Summer). The rondeaux make up a set, "WAR-POETS No. 1" and "WAR-POETS No. 2," tell their own story, having actually been written before and after the "CUDAHY" was torpedoed and sunk by the Germans, August 17, 1918, 500 miles off the coast of France.

Very truly yours,
GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
Former 1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

THE PRIVATE
(*Day of enlistment*)

I'm one of them! I'm on the list
Of Mars, the bitter satirist;
Today I donned the uniform
That promises the quick reform
Of many a stubborn royalist.
Self-consciously my feet persist
In marching, (though I'd fain resist)
As if all Broadway to inform
I'm one of them!

Nor can I make myself desist
From peeping (jaunty egotist!)
In windows which reflect my form
In khaki, and my cheeks grow warm
With rookie pride, as I insist,
I'm one of them!

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

THE PRIVATE
(*Three months later*)

A private still! 'Tis time that I commence
The upward struggle into prominence—
I'm sick of starting in alarm
When that young tow-head from the farm
Yells at our squad with vehemence;
He but a corporal! The impudence!
(And yet his chevron is the evidence
His rasping nasal voice may charm
A private still!)

I'll show him—they can well dispense
With *him* for all his eloquence,
When once I feel the symbol warm
Aglow upon my tingling arm,—
I'll be a Sergeant when his Excellence
Is corporal still!

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

THE SERGEANT
(*And his best girl*)

Three little chevrons dancing with delight
Draw to my sleeve admiring glances bright;
Glances that shine in laughing eyes,
Wherein the jubilant surprise
Out-values any Sergeantcy to-night!

"I tell you, dear, the 'Lieut.' was right!
It wasn't any oversight;
Said men like me were sure to rise;
 "Three little chevrons!"

"Oh, yes, the Corporal! I wasn't quite
Correct in judging *him*; you see in spite
Of his short-comings, he was wise—
At fooling them he takes the prize—
He's a Sergeant-Major, if I saw aright"
 "*His* little chevrons!"

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

THE SERGEANT
(*Visionings*)

The golden bars! What magic makes them grow
Upon one's shoulder-straps? Yea, who shall know
The secret Midas' touch to bring
Them into being? May an underling
Dare to anticipate their golden glow?

Would I might fly to ages long ago
And seek some alchemist, to bid bestow
On me his crucible, for fashioning
 The golden bars!

Would that I might cajole. But, no,—
I shall not try such methods, though
I've heard of "fortune's" favoring.
I'll wait and hope, to win this Spring,—
By the good grace of the esteemed "C. O."—
 The golden bars!

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

2nd *LIEUTENANT*
(*Shavetail*)

A little god who stalked with mighty stride
On high Olympus,—puffed with childish pride
In his new halo,—used to wear
It every day, and in its glare
Would sun himself, afar and wide.

The rest you know, so let it be your guide;
Take warning, cub lieutenants, and decide
Neither to feel nor think yourself—beware—
A little god!

Yet it is hard, though I have tried,—
(I have a secret to confide.)
When you're saluted on Times Square,
Fifth Avenue, and everywhere,
Not to swell up a little bit inside.
A little?—God!

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

2nd *LIEUTENANT*
(*Silver Thoughts*)

All that glitters, to the young cadet,
Is not often, on the epaulet,
So very bright a gold
As we had once been told,
Before we scaled the "mighty parapet."

View'd from the ranks, the high exclusive set,
With shoulder-bars, gold braid, and pistolet,
Dazzles with splendour manifold,
And all that glitters.

But once you're there, you swift forget;
With cares and worries you're beset;
Your ardour slackens, growing cold;
Your bars are tarnished—and behold—
Your shoulders haven't carried yet,
All that glitters!

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

WAR POETS, No 1.

Somewhere, beneath the doubly-hostile deep,
Snug in a steel-girt devil-fish of death,
There is a poet, who, 'twixt hours of sleep
And Hours of duty, draws with ev'ry breath
Artistic inspiration. Now and then
In darkest watches of a slaughter-night,
His hell-boat lying still, he seizes pen
And through a rhythmic heav'n his soul takes flight.

My friend the enemy! Too well he knows
The mighty scope of his misguided power!
Never content with traces of his foes
Cast on the waters in a ghastly shower,
But he must add ironic metric curses
In Teuton tongue! Well, we will make him swallow
His dose of steel in time! . . . as for his verses,
What matter then if they beat mine all hollow?

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

August, 1918.

WAR-POETS, No 2

(*After the German had spoken, Aug. 17, 1918*)

You've won, my Teuton poet, I admit,
With guilty steel, the triumph I express'd
As my ambition, ere I pondered it;
But added weight of reasoning, impress'd
Upon me when I learned the Game first-hand,
(From high explosives voicing thru your gun
Your choice invectives) showed me that my stand
Was ill advised,—but I admit, you've won.

Yet seemingly a victory in steel
Is scarce persuasive, my poetic foe,
To those whose war-time energy and zeal
Are couch'd in rhythmic stanzas. Who shall know
Full victory without the added test
Of ballad, rhyme, and metrical endeavor?
(No, Fritz, my warrior pencil shall not rest
Until my *verses* silence yours forever.)

GERALD L. KAUFMAN,
1st. Lieut., Q. M. C.

September, 1918.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Once again to the Q. M. C. "boys!" I hold the goblet high—swearing under oath and Southern skies, that I am not aiming at any particular Division or Branch, or any particular person or persons (if there be any who are particular), but am firing at "things in general;" and that if I unintentionally tread upon your Hallux Valgus, I will not only apologize but will present you with a jar of medicated salve.

SYSTEM

(With *parenthetical remarks*)

O there was a little Government that had a little system
Of departments and divisions without end,
With their functions all so flexible that anyone could twist 'em
Till their purposes were hard to comprehend
(much less understand).

For example, there's a contract—motor oil—you want to see,
And the Chief Clerk wants to get it right away;
After hunting through the "Oil File" all the way from A to Z,
You will find it filed away with "Oats" or "Hay"
(perfectly safe).

Take the Records—latest system—filing plans of every kind,
Alphabetical, numerical, and flat;
Any document that's needed you so easily might find—
But they're "filed" so well you don't know where they're at.
(*"At" is not a preposition, it's a destination.*)

Then the Colonel wants a paper, and he wants it P. D. Q.
You are certain it is just "within your reach,"
But on hunting for the bloomin' thing about a week or two,
You will realize the system is a "peach."
(*Don't mistake the inference; some peaches are rotten.*)

And the "boys" down on the border are acquainted with the system
They keep ordering supplies with good intent,
But through intricate processes of the system they have missed 'em,
Though informed some months ago they "had been sent."
(*Somewhere.*)

One poor devil writes as follows: "Where the h—l are our supplies
For the winter, ordered on the third of Jul?
All we've had so far is soap, mosquito bar, and fishing flies,
Though it's cold enough to freeze an Army mule."
(*This fellow's a comic; notice his condensed July.*)

So it goes in each Division—many errors you will find,
The absurdities of which will make you groan;
You will laugh and swear together, for the nerve-dissecting grind
Is enough to comminute a man of stone!
(accent on the "Com.")

But the fault's not in the system—this one frigid fact remains,
It's the stupid inefficiency of men;
And the man who's really competent and uses all his brains,
Will be found to number only one in ten
(thousand).

But the Govt. must have its "system," and the poet have his fun,
And I offer you these lines for what they're worth;
For the Government I speak of—after all is said and done,
Is by far the greatest Government on earth!

JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS,
Office Dep. Q. M., Supplies Division.

1st INDORSEMENT

I've read the rhymes of all the lines
Of the Johnsons—Ben and Jingling,
Walt Mason's stuff, and Tennyson's fluff
Till they've set my nerves to tingling.
Most of the authors are dead and gone,
But their souls go on forever,
And the song of the files will bring us smiles
For it sure is terrible clever.

L. O. THAYER,
Q. M. Sergeant, S. G.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Somewhere in France Yankee legions are fighting,
Fighting with valor to make the world free—
Your boy and my boy and thousands of others,
Far from their loved ones across the wide sea.
Death and disaster e'er hover around them,
Testing their love for the Red, White and Blue,
Filled with fond memories of ties, sweet and holy,
Somewhere in France they are fighting for you.

Somewhere in France God has placed His bright angels,
Angels on earth, bearing sunshine and joy,
Soothing the wounded with hands soft as zephyrs,
Bringing the fragrance of Home to each boy.
Lighting the valley that leads through the shadow,
Turning the sunset to gold without dross;
God rules world still with mercy and kindness,
Somewhere in France He has set the Red Cross.

Somewhere in France valiant heroes are thinking,
Thinking of you and the land that they love,
Looking to you for support and assistance
Out of your bounties from Heaven above,
Looking to you to endure lesser hardships,
Pitiful contrasts with what they must do;
Thinking of you, dauntless lads are made braver,
Somewhere in France they are dying for you.

WILLIAM L. K. BARRETT,
1st. Lt., Q. M. C.

(Written for Red Cross drive last spring.)





PHOTO BY PEARL GRACE LOEHR, NEW YORK

**Brigadier General Herbert M. Lord, U. S. Army, D.S.M., Director of
Finance, Assistant to Director Purchase, Storage & Traffic**

AN ORDER FOR MOTOR CARS AND TRUCKS

(Received by Surplus Property Division)

From: Duncannon

To: War Department, Washington, D. C.

I did receive maile Ap 23
From the war department
About the motors & trucks &
Carts how much do they wat.
For truck's & cars lot 12. If
They sell me truck's & cars
Will they give me time on them
Six months or nine if they
Will give me them to sell
Send By freigh you send
Them by expence all payed
To ducannon that I can
Lift then when they come
Send me the Price of them to
If them will sell Big Cars
AND TRUCK and all kind
Of cars for \$3.00 each they will
Be in good shape for that Price
You send telephon meshad If
They will send them—
How and when they will Be
At Duncanon If they send me
The cars I will not ned to Pay
For them til six month
Or when I get them all
Sold I will pay for
Them. If enterested notice
me now

Yor Truely

A. Duncannon

Pa.

THE RHYME OF THE Q. M. CORPS

This is the rhyme of the Q. M. Corps.
Who did the thing that the Heinies swore
Couldn't, wouldn't, and shouldn't be done
Till the world was ruled by the Kultured Hun.

It was in the year one-nine-one-eight,
And our Uncle Sam had made a date
To meet the Hun at the river Rhine,
For a hunting trip with shooting fine:
Now Uncle Sam was a trifle late,
But swung alone at the same old gait,
Knowing he'd get there, as sure as Fate.
The French were fighting, backs to the wall;
The Devil Dogs heard their bugle call,
And went in, rough neck, showing the Hun
That the U. S. boys could man a gun.
Behind them gathered the U. S. A.,
From Maine to Manila, one might say;
The Doughboys were in, even Mutt and Jeff
Had sailed away with the A.E.F.
But Doughboys can cuss as well as fight,
If "Eats" aren't there when they want a bite.

To furnish "Eats" is a Q. M. job,
For Com and Non-Com and husky Gob,
From mules to molasses, spades to shoes,
The Q. M. C. has little to choose;
They must deliver them all on time,
Though freighters sink in the ocean slime,
While the M. S. T. must roll along
Where the Berthas sing their battle song;

Supplies must be in the Z. of A.
And the S. O. S. has much to say
To G. H. Q. and the Q. M. C.
If supplies are not where they ought to be.

But the Q. M. C. delivered goods,
From soap to saddles, from hoes to hoods,
From General Lord to Don and me
We put one over on Germany;
The Coms and Non-Coms and Privates (buck)
With the Q. M. C. and Yankee pluck,
In Argonne Forest, Chateau Thierry
And all of the towns of France today,
Just showed those Boches what Yanks can do
When the Q. M.'s get their orders through.

The ZFO and the EA branch
Camped day and night in the same old ranch
We have no medals, no bars nor pins,
But we're right there when the work begins:
And when the Book of the War is writ,
The world will know that we did our bit,
And won the War by our Yankee grit;
We waved no flags and we didn't yell,
But did our best to give Heinie ———

So here's to the force of the Q. M. Corps,
Who did the thing that the Heinies swore
Couldn't, wouldn't, and shouldn't be done
Till the world was ruled by the Kultured Hun.

By one of the Force of the Q. M. Corps.

WAR WORKER'S PSALM

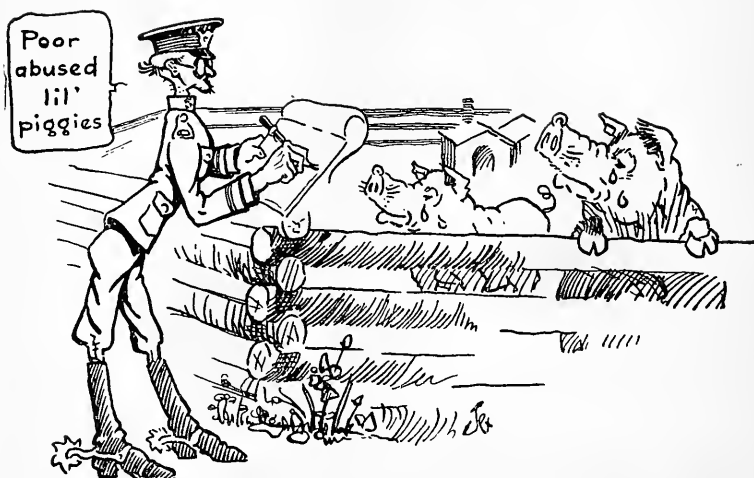
Yea, letter writing is my helper,
I shall not want for something to do.
It maketh me to look busy when the Captain passeth by.
It leadeth him to think well of me.
Yea, tho I am even transferred.
I shall fear no idleness
For thou art with me.
My pen and ink, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my superiors.
Thou coverest it over with paper—
My ink well runneth over;
Surely letter writing hath followed me all the days of my war work,
And I shall dwell in the Q. M. C. forever.

IF I WERE A COLONEL

If I were a colonel, I would see
That all would have respect for me.
I'd be severe and dignified,
And have my work all systematized,
My furniture would be of oak,
The finest cigars I would smoke.
I'd have a private at my door,
A nice soft carpet on the floor,
A dictograph, a telephone,
A pretty typist all my own,
A bookcase full of books to read,
To gather all the dope I need.
I'd have a good big Morris Chair
And use Ed. Pinaud's on my hair,
I'd have a suit that fits me well—
Believe me boys, I'd be some swell.
I'd have a Rolls-Royce just for me,
When I went out to some "Pink Tea."
I'd eat the finest, drink the best,
The General oft would be my guest.
The Eagle for my rank you'd see
But not the Chicken on my knee—
For I have heard that colonels must
Be very careful whom they trust.
Now I must close my little song
Before the colonel comes along.
Because, if he reads what I wrote,
I know it's going to get his goat.

Private H. SCHARMANN

JUST HOGS



Post Hospital,
Fort Logan, Colorado,
August 8, 1918.

From: R. A. Richardson, Sanitary Inspector,
To: The Surgeon
Subject: Sanitation Report.

1. The company hog pens located on the easterly sloping bank of the creek running west and south of this Depot are of three groups, viz: a south, middle and north group.
2. The south group of seven pens and middle group of eight pens are unutterably filthy and in a most grossly unsanitary condition, both as regards the life of the hogs and as a menace to the welfare of the inhabitants of this Depot and its immediate environment. The interior of these pens is covered with old bones and litter, and inside and immediately in front of each pig house proper are holes filled with urine and manure in which the hogs wallow.



South and Middle Group

The hogs present a most unhappy appearance and, by their surliness of temper and fatigue, demonstrate that they are troubled and harried, not only by their environments, but also by the swarms which are breeding at this group of pens.

3. The north group of six pens is quite clean, and dry throughout and the pigs demonstrate their contentment and satisfaction by activity, pleasant demeanor and general cleanliness of body. There are no flies present in this north group of pens.



4. It is recommended that these pens be raked clean of bones and litter, the same to be burned and not merely piled in heaps, and the interior pens be properly graded and drained by ditches. This will guarantee a full financial return and benefit to this Depot and to the hogs themselves.

DANIEL A. RICHARDSON,
Sanitary Inspector.

1st Ind.

O. Q. M. Fort Logan, Colorado, August 23, 1918. To the Commanding Officer Depot—Returned.

1. This office learns with deep regret, that decent hogs must pine and fret and lose their chaste and classic beauty, because some man neglects his duty. A sense of confidence misplaced, offends a hog's aesthetic taste and every effort should be bent to keep him happy and content.



2. The undersigned is pleased to learn that this inspector did discern, the difference in looks and style, between the hogs so coarse and vile, with manners surly and uncouth, in all the pens extending south, who not the least resemblance bore, to porkers of the Q. M. Corps. (When pens are farther to the north as in above report set forth.) These animals so slick and fine, the pink of excellence in swine, display upon their radiant features, the happy look of grateful creatures. The Quartermaster's pigs alone, maintain this high and lofty tone and their appearance fresh and fair, betokens kind and loving care.



North Group

3. The fact is not so widely known, though in this letter clearly shown, that making the surrounding cleaner will greatly change a hog's "demeanor." Although the fact is likewise true, that in the Army there are few, expert enough in their profession, to rightly read a hog's expression. To tell just where the trouble lies, by contemplation of his eyes, or by the wrinkles of his snoot, might



stump the average recruit. It has been claimed that hogs will thrive, amid surroundings that would drive an animal of lofty pride to early death and suicide; that while his belly is kept full, he thinks this cleanly stuff is bull;" that plenty in the way of eats, his cup of happiness completes.

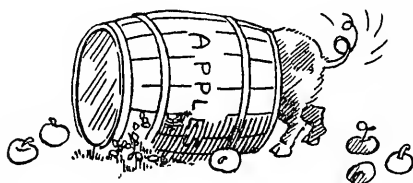
4. As these opinions seem to vary, concerning what is necessary to elevate the moral tone, within the hog's peculiar zone, it is most strongly recommended, that hog's in future be attended, by men expert in reading faces, who can at once detect the traces upon the mournful physiog, of any poor disgruntled hog, that point to mental irritation, or porcine trouble or vexation.

5. Psychology is thus combined, with physiognomy refined, and just a dash of the occult, might help the ultimate result. 'Tis thought the man in charge should be a keen and competent M. D. Who but the Medical Department, could have of wisdom such assortment? Who but a graduate of college could have so vast a store of knowledge? The truth is we have no such store of learning in the Q. M. Corps.



6. The main consensus of opinion, pertaining to the hog's dominion, (which is perhaps not far amiss) appears to be about like this—Despite all scientific lore, a hog remains just as before; he makes a picturesque display, (when viewed from far enough away); his grunt is musical and clear, providing you are not too near. He smells serenely sweet and clean, if proper distance intervene. But notwithstanding speculation, and philanthropic mediation, and theories of demagogues, most hogs will still remain—just hogs.

Z. N. STURMAN,
Captain, Q. M. C.



“BUBBLES”

(Air—“Sally in our Alley”)

Of all the girls in Washington,
There's none like darling “Bubbles.”
She's full of laughter and of fun,
And drives away all troubles.
She dances like an elf or sprite
From night 'till early morning.
Oh! She's my heart's supreme delight—
All other girls I'm scorning.

The only thing that worries me
About my darling “Bubbles,”
She lives 'way out, which flurries me,
And my expenses doubles.
Long street car rides are quite a curse,
So taxis are my troubles.
It breaks my heart—likewise my purse—
When I go out with “Bubbles.”

There's one more thing adds to my woe,
Which certainly's distressing—
Another girl has me in tow,
Whose claim on me is pressing.
“Between two stools” I sit and fret—
I fear that I may “fall” now;
For neither girl can I forget,
And “Bubbles” has the “call” now.

When I'm with her, she cheers my heart,
With wit and mellow laughter;
All trouble seems from me to part—
But, there's the morning after!!
Conflicting thoughts beset me so,
My heart and brain are burning.
The dear girls do upset me so—
But to “Bubbles” I'm e'er turning.

C. E. GRAVES, Capt., Q.M.C.

AT CAMP MEIGS

Dedicated to Capt. L. O. Atherton, "Prexy."

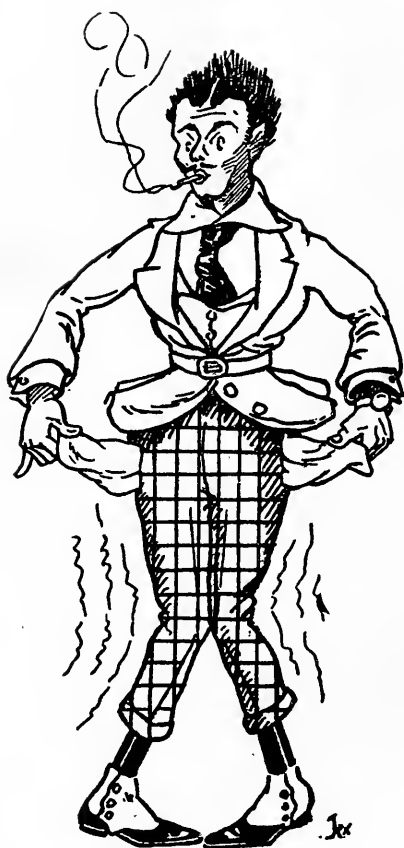
Come all you captains—likewise "Loots"—
And you civil-i-an galoots,
And raise your voice in praise
Of him who shoots us full of dope
That with our duties we may cope—
God bless him—all his days!

Sing HAIL! to "Prexy" Atherton
For miracles that he has done
In polishing us "Rubes."
He never gives us any "guff,"
But hands out solid, sterling stuff
To line our mental tubes.

Of work a pleasure does he make,
And devious subjects does he take
And make as clear as day.
How clearly he defines each law?
What charts he teaches us to draw?
So we may draw our pay!

God bless his honest, earnest face—
His kindly smile and simple grace
That stamp him as "A MAN!"
And when we answer duty's call,
Let us endeavor—one and all—
To live up to his plan.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt. Q. M. C.



Peace and Its Reward

PEACE AND ITS REWARD

For the Government Clerk

The Kaiser he's in exile, they've trod upon his neck,
His war machine is busted, and he's a battered wreck;
The German fleet's surrendered, mit all its submarines,
The hungry Huns are howling for good old Yankee beans.

Redeemed France rejoices in her hour of victory,
And liberated Belgium goes "nuts" in ecstasy;
While soon the scrappy doughboys, with every sailor lad,
Returns in pride and glory to mother, home and dad.

But I am full of anguish, up to my blinking ears,
For I have slaved my head off, these two long weary years;
The blooming fight is over,—we've licked that Prussian mob,
Our war work's shrunk to nothing, and I aint got no job!

Oh, Uncle Sam, have pity! Please do not "can" me yet;
My pocket-book is empty, and I've fallen deep in debt;
Two bonds are still unpaid for, my tummy's underfed,
My clothes are ragged, shabby,—I wish that I were dead.

GARNET W. JEX,
Sergeant, 1st Class, Signal Corps.

ARMISTICE DAY

Of course, down here, we all were just as crazy as could be,
We all rushed from the office bent on having one big spree,
But this town is something awful, not a drop to drink in sight,
So we had to be contented then, with raising Cain all night.

We started riding autos 'round the town, and waving flags,
We howled and pranced and shouted, and got chocolate soda jags,
We snake danced down the Avenue and woke the town up wide,
And when we fell off one machine we'd beg another ride.

A great big mob of people tried to help us wreck the place,
But our wild bunch of New Yorkers hit up such an awful pace
That these poor old country yokels couldn't stand the efforts made,
And soon wandered to the curbstone and stood cheering our parade

They had big fires burning in the parks, each bore a name,
After some state of our Union, which the Kaiser couldn't tame,
'Round each blazing pile of timber howling wildmen danced and
sang,
For every single commonwealth had members in the gang.

There were people from Missouri, from the great Dakotas both,
There were others from Kentucky, every state, I'll take my oath,
Had round dozens of its children mixed up in that happy mob
Helping Uncle Sam to celebrate the wind up of the job.

There were happy girls by hundreds, there were men and women
too,
There were soldier boys and devil dogs and lads in Navy blue,
While above them in the moonbeams circling round in broad swift
flight
Several of our new made birdmen dropped down bombs of colored
light.

There were movies in the open, free for those who cared to stand
And 'way over in the center blared and trumpeted a band;
Many people joined in singing, many others watched the show,
But (I'm sure you know New Yorkers) we kept always on the go.

No matter how exhausted or how tired we might feel,
We didn't stop a minute save to grab a midnight meal,
And continued teaching Washington how dear we held our rep,
'Till every single one of us had used up all his pep.

We kept it up till after one, in fact 'twas almost two,
Before we found that we had done 'bout all there was to do.
Then feebly staggering homeward, stopping now and then to cheer,
We crawled at last into our beds to dream of home and beer.

For tho' we'd celebrated as we never had before,
Tho' Washington fell back abashed when we let out our roar,
There was one small drop of sadness each one felt as he shut up,
And that was that he couldn't drown his gladness in a cup.

Private R. A. GANS.



SOLD!

When you think the war is over,
And you blow your little horn,
You celebrate and dissipate
And mingle with the throng.

You walk the streets till midnight,
To see the merry crowd,
You throw confetti madly
And holler right out loud.

You pay five cents for extras
Which loudly do proclaim,
That Germany has surrendered
And hung her head in shame.

You're overjoyed and nervous,
Your thoughts begin to roam,
To the boys away, across the pond
Who'll soon be marching home.

You buy yourself a cow-bell
To make a lot of noise,
You cheer, you scream, you holler,
Like all the other boys.

Your fighting pen you lay aside,
Your fighting days are o'er,
And vow you'll never fight again
'Till they have another war.

You say good-bye to Jimmie
To Arthur, Bill and Jack,
You leave the office quickly
And go right home to pack.

You send the folks a letter
That you are coming home,
And they must chase the boarder,
As you want to sleep alone.

When you wake in the morning
From your joyous dream,
You see by the newspapers
Things are not what they seem.

Your mighty pen you take in hand
And fill the ink-well high,
For you have sworn to Uncle Sam
That you would do or die.

You've learnt your little lesson
And now have naught to fear,
And swear that in the future
You'll not credit all you hear.

Private H. SCHARMANN.

THE GIRLS BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

As a September sun was sinking,
And the skies with gold were dyed;
'Twas then I started thinking
As a messenger boy I spied.

He brought me a message,
From Washington it proved to be;
As I read each line o'er carefully
I found that it came from a captain of the Q. M. C.

Shall I tell the contents of this message?
Well, this is the way it read you see;
"Your services are needed
Come at once, report to me."

Should I hesitate? "Not for a moment"
Was my answer at this time;
"Not when our brave boys are fighting
Facing death on the battle line.

"We must be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;"
So I came to this city
And reporting was not late.

We came in from town and country,
All urged by our Country's call;
Came in thousands to this city
Uncle Sam had need for all.

We are another group of soldiers,
Though not all in khaki dressed;
We responded to the colors
When the need for workers pressed.

Ours is not the wreath of victory,
Nor the people's loud hurrahs;
Yet, we feel a glow of glory
For we, too, worked for the Cause.

The days are sometimes dreary,
And we are down and out you see;
'Cause such a thing as "Stand in line"
Was never meant for me.

But we are glad the war is over,
And I know you'll all agree;
That always you can count upon
"The faithful Q. M. C."

ANNA E. WHITE,
Q. M. C.



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE TRY IT

Oh, say can you sing from the start to the end,
What so proudly you stand for when orchestras play it;
When the whole congregation, in voices that blend,
Strike up the grand hymn, then torture and slay it?
How they bellow and shout when they're first starting out
But "The dawn's early light" finds them floundering
about.
"'Tis the Star Spangled Banner" they're trying to sing,
But they don't know the words of the precious old
thing.

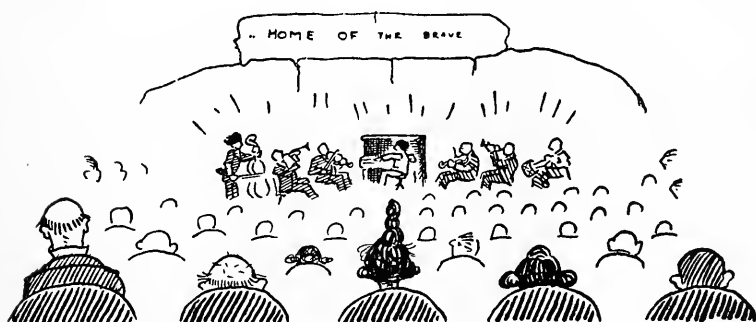
Hark, the "twilight's last gleaming" has some of them
stopped?

But the valiant survivors press forward serenely
To "the ramparts we watched" where some others are
dropped

And the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly.

The "rockets' red glare" gives the bravest a scare,
And there's few left to face the "bombs bursting in
air."

'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save
The last of the verse and "the home of the brave."



THE SONG OF THE PERSONNEL

Yes, they took me in the Army,
Gave me shoes and uniform.
Made a dummy soldier of me,
Far from where the battles storm.
I ain't got no gun or bay'net,
Never seen a cannon yet—
Why, they won't let me go marchin'—
Do you wonder that I fret?

But I write, write write,
Gee! The beggars keep me workin' half the night,
And there ain't no blood and thunder,
'Ceptin' when you make a blunder—
Lord, I wisht I had a gun so's I could fight!

All the blessed livin' daytime,
On a hard and narrow seat,
We just sit and write up so'jers,
And it's awful in the heat,
While the sun beats down like fury;
While the dust is everywhere,
We just sit and write up rookies,
Prayin' for a breath of air.

We just write, write, write,
Gee! The beggars keep you workin' half the night,
And they laugh at us and jeer us
For no enemy ain't near us;
Lord, I wisht I had a gun so's I could fight!

We just sit and ask 'em questions:—
Where they live, and what's their age,
Was they ever in the service,
Why, the answers fill a page.
If they croak, where should we send them?
Where's their birthplace? who they keep?
And some's so bloomin' ign'rant
That their dumbness makes you weep.

But we write, write, write,
Gee! The beggars keep us workin' half the night;
Yep, we're in the Personnel,
If you ask me—why, it's hell,
Lord, I wisht I had a gun so's I could fight.

For we'll stay here 'till it's over
And the boys come marchin' back,
Tellin' how they licked the Germans,
How they gave Wilhelm the sack,
But even then they'll keep us,
Lettin' out what we let in,
Then they'll send us back to home folks,
Who will greet *Us* with a grin.

November 22, 1918.

MEMORANDUM FOR LT. SMITH

Inspection Report

In wing No. 1, the lights are out,
We can't work nights and can't get about.
The windows are dirty in wing No. 8,
The railing is broken and so is the gate,
The toilet in six is out of commission,
The paper is out—the whole edition.
It's icy cold in room 2007,
We can't turn off the heat in 3011.
There are desks to move in several wings,
Our buzzers and phones will never ring.
You will have six trucks for Lieut. Spry,
And sixty men over five feet high.



A. Glossop '19

NORFOLK
STUDIO.

AFTER THE ARMISTICE—

"THOSE OVERWORKED STENOGRAPHERS."

They rush in in the morning—
At nine-fifteen or so;
They fool around, then sign their names,
And to the rear they go.
They take a little bottle out,
Of color pink and juicy,
And smear it on their faces—
It makes them look so sprucy.

They take an eyebrow pencil,
And black around their eyes;
They think this smudgy stencil
Will make them look 'most wise.
They snarl their hair in wild array,
And powder up their snoots,
Then swagger in, in that smart way,
Their "Shammies" in their boots.

They sit down at their desks, at last,
And, after looking 'round,
They look down at their type machines
And give 'em one faint pound;
But suddenly jump up again,
Lit with some wild elation,
Run to another steno's desk,
Engage in conversation.

At 12 o'clock they're hunger wild
And mosey towards the hall,
Which always full of coons is piled,
Enough to make you bawl.
They nibble at a sandwich there,
A piece of cake or two,
Then buy a piece of pie, and swear
They've had enough for two.

At one o'clock they all file out
To eat another lunch,
The short, the tall, the thin, the stout,
Their midday meal to munch.
Again they drift toward their wing,
On eager missions bent;
They've all been out and had their fling,
So now their money's spent.

They fool around a half an hour
Wondering what to do,
Then sit there looking awfully sour—
Just in a perfect stew.
They watch the clock and sadly wish
The hour would quickly come,
When they can quit this dreary work—
They want a little fun.

H. E. L.

"THE HORRORS OF WAR;" or "GASSING THE MUSE".

Dedicated to Capt. L. A. P.

"War makes savages of us all"—
True words, and spoken well,
And if ye doubt, now give good heed
To what I have to tell.

There was a noble Captain P.,
Q. M. C.—U. S. A.,
Who 'ere he joined the army
Was docile, kind and gay.

He ne'er had harmed a living thing,
Nor beast, nor bird of prey,
His life had been a model one
Until that fatal day.

Then quickly did his nature change
As he changed his apparel,
His only thought was of attack,
His only wish, to quarrel.
His enemies were far away

Nor had he any weapon,
Except his pen—ah, that would do,
But whom to spend his pep on?

Then entered in his head a thought,
The muse, he would harass her,
And if his ink did not give out
He knew that he could gas her.

He entered in the fight with vim,
Threw clouds of poisoned vapor,
And ream on ream he charged with gas
Despite the cost of paper.

The muse was beaten, crushed to earth,
In this uneven fray,
Till Mercy intervened at last
And stole the pen away.

L'Envoi

So when you read of this great war,
And tell your little ones,
Remember that all the atrocities
Weren't perpetrated by the Huns.

**Brigadier General William H. Rose, U. S. Army, D.S.M., Director of
Purchase**



PHOTO BY PEARL GRACE LOEHR, NEW YORK

PRUNES

Captain Seal B. Johnson of the Subsistence Division was in the habit of framing up items which purported to be very important on the work of the Subsistence Division. He began with one which stated that if all the tomato cans which he supplied to the Army were placed end to end, they would reach from the Battle-field of the Marne to Buena Vista, California. He supplied these items, original and carbon, and the carbon copies went to the Duke (Mr. Rachofsky).

Each time the Duke ran across one of these items, he manifested great excitement and enthusiasm. One day it occurred to me that not only was Johnson calling upon his imagination for some of his statistics, but that the Duke was not looking at the items with an inquiring mind; in other words, he was too readily accepting all of Captain Johnson's interesting items without pausing to test whether they were probable.

I prepared a number of items with a view of seeing how the Duke would react, taking care to imitate Captain Johnson's methods. I started out with a couple of commonplace items, gradually making them more and more improbable, and put the carbon copies on the Duke's desk. There were several of us who awaited results. The Duke swallowed one piece of subsistence after another until he came to the prune item. After reading it he jumped up, with glistening eyes, and in a voice which could be heard in the adjoining room, called on Captain Buckley and myself to listen to him as he declaimed with sweeping gestures and oratorical flourishes. We listened without succumbing to our impulse to explode, and then he announced that he could get fifty dollars from the Ladies Home Journal by sending them the item, but he thought it would be better to circulate it over the country. When he finished on official War Department stationery, we had to tell him it was a fake. As near as I can recall it, it was as follows:

"A single prune, equal in volume to all the prunes supplied to the American Expeditionary Forces, would, if dropped from the top of the Washington Monument into the Potomac Tidal Basin, flood the streets of Washington to a depth of six inches as far as G Street. The Spray would reach Fort Myer, Va., and Lincoln Park, N. E. The pit of such a prune would equal in size two Standard Pullman sleeping cars, and would weigh one and one-third times as much. From the pit of such a prune 19,482 gallons of hydro acid could be distilled, and the shell of such a pit would furnish material for 346,784 gas masks."

Capt. LOUIS W. FEHR,
(Ex. Ed. Q. M. C. Record.)

SHORT O' TIN

(No Apologies to Kipling Needed)

There's a phrase that's got 'em wingin',
You can hear 'em all asingin'
From the Northwest to the Southeast of this town.
Everyone is bent an' busted,
Always tryin' to be trusted,
Only Pay Day kills the anguish of the sound,
Short o' Tin.

You may talk of crowds an' pushin',
Never feel a trolley cushion,
Ride in Limousines an' Taxies, when you got it.
But you'll walk the bloomin' highways,
Grab a sandwich in the byways,
When you're nearly broke, Dod rot it,
Short o' Tin.

There's a girl that's simply pinin'
For to feel your arms entwinin'.
You would take her to a dinner or a show,
But the blasted luck's agin you
An' you haven't got it in you
When a couple bones is all you've got to blow.
Short o' Tin.

There's a nine by twelve called home,
Made to order for a Gnome,
With a regulation "Welcome" on the mat.
But that mat sure strikes me funny,
'Cause they only want your money.
Blast the slogan of the landlord, standin' pat.
Short o' Tin.

You can fume an' sweat an' swear,
An' you're out o' luck for fair,
An' you think you'll ask the boss if he can raise it,
But he says you now are earnin',
More than pays for what you're learnin',
In the turn down he will phrase it,
Short o' Tin.

If your bloomin' roll's a choker,
And in the bank you soak 'er,
Buy a bale of VICTORY Loan Bonds on the level
You know you'll only spend it,
Or, worse luck, you'll have to lend it
To some poor misguided devil,

Short o' Tin.

Uncle Sam has got you here,
An' you needn't have no fear.
We have licked the sons of guns the Kaiser reigned.
But to keep the lickin' stickin'
From your pockets keep apickin'.
Don't let Uncle Sammie echo this refrain,—

Short o' Tin.

Now let's raise some Hell ourselves.
Pull the socks from hoardin' shelves.
Put the "V" invest an' make the buttons fly.
When the good old U. S. A.
Again is called upon to pay,
We will show 'em that we never had to cry,—

Short o' Tin.

CAPTAIN CARL W. BLISS,
Q. M. C.

RETURN OF THE A. E. F.

Uncle Sam, we're proud to say to you, our task is done;
The one that you laid out for us, to crush the cursed Hun.
And we are coming home again to God's own Country,
The proudest boys in all the world, for whipping Germany.

We went away as cheerfully as now we're coming home,
And proud we are Americans that crossed the ocean's foam
To show the Kaiser and his kind that they must all take care
Of how they treat Americans, on sea, on land and air.

When he sunk the Lusitania, said he: "America be damned,
We'll whip her on the ocean, in France she'll never land."
But he little knew the kind of men that we had over here,
He judged us by his bonehead hordes, fed on kraut and lager beer.

But now in exile all alone, his pomp and power all gone,
What would he give could he but be like an American?
Hold high your heads Americans, bow down to none on earth;
God gave this land, your Fathers to, when freedom had its birth.

And we are coming home again, yes Uncle Sam, to you,
From sunny France where you rushed us, a duty just to do;
To pay to dear old France a debt we've owed for many years
And shed o'er the grave of Lafayette, a nation's grateful tears,

When Pershing with uncovered head, stood by that patriot grave
And said Americans had come, brave, noble France to save.
"We've come," he cried, "loved Lafayette, Americans have come:"
We came, we saw, we conquered, and now we're coming home.

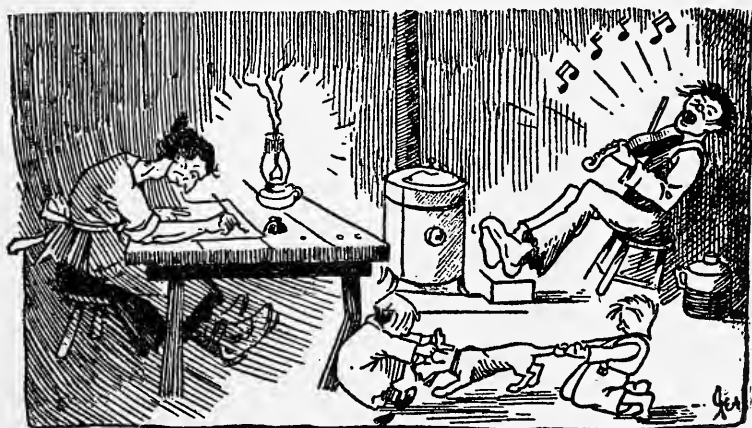
H. F. STANLEY,
Q. M. Depot, New Orleans.

THE HUSBAND PRESENTED IT TO THE BOARD

"Dear United States:"—

"My husband ast me to write you a recommend that he supports his family. He can not read, so don't tell him, just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but drink lemmen essence and played a fiddle since I married him eight years ago, and I gotta feed seven kids of hisn.

"Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eatin. Take him and welcom. I need his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this but take him."



*NO WONDER THAT HE LIKES THE CAMP
HE'S SOLID NOW WITH BABY VAMP*

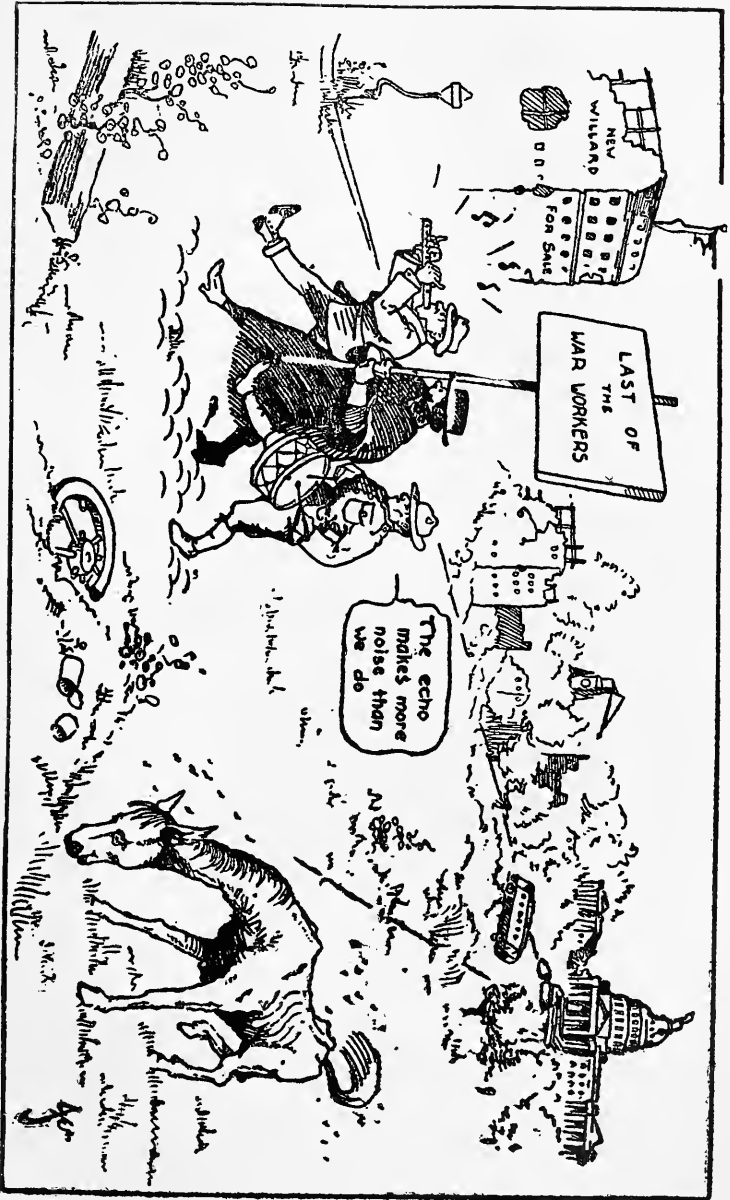
The world is now a funny place,
It's shifted me from off my base.
A year ago I pushed a pen
And called each night upon some wren;
I cannot say I was a hit—
But then I thought I'll do my bit.
I went to war by way of camp,
And now I hear the village vamp
Has got my picture on her wall,
Whom she would not let call
When I was just a simple clerk
And thought of nothing else but work.
I'll tell her when I go back home
Of how I broke a foeman's dome,
And you can bet your bottom bean
Some sentiment will mark that scene.
I used to think I'd go out West
And wear a fancy shooting vest;
To make them gals sit up and see
I packed no household flies on me.
But since I got this O. D. stuff
The girls can't write me half enough,
When I'm in town I am a bear,
I've gathered fourteen locks of hair.



Little Willie—"Papa, where were you in the great World War?"

Proud Papa—"I was a private in the P. S. & T. Division of the General Staff."

Little Willie—"That's funny, grandma told me she was down there too."



“THE KAISER”

(August, H. & M. Div.)

The Kaiser wasn't bad at all,
The one we knew of yore,
His hair was gone, his nose was red,
He came from Baltimore.

He plod his weary way at night,
With gripsack to the train,
With many thirsty throats behind
To wish him back again.

With jocund day he sallies forth
His “spirits” are the best,
And who does know his August self
Feels warm beneath the vest.

So let the men who legislate
Tread softly, lest it mar
The system that produced the goods
That used to cross the bar.

1st Indorsement:

From Maj. JOSEPH ODLIN, Production & Inspection Branch
To Capt. SHIRLEY N. CARR

Forwarded for your information.

JOSEPH ODLIN

Major, Q. M. C., U. S. A.

2nd. Indorsement:

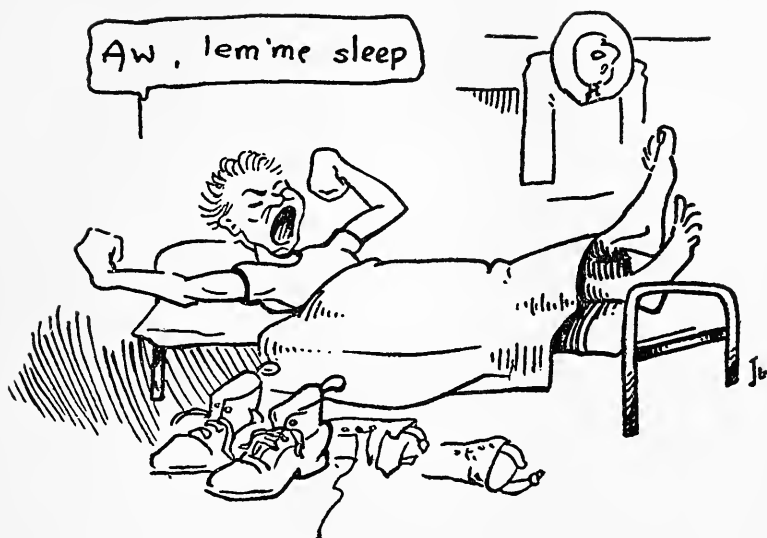
Attention Captain Phillippi and Major Odlin.

Replying to indorsement one with reference to Aug. Kaiser, now he has left you'll be bereft of many an appetizer. His quiet ways are oft recalled, his gentle tread remembered; his old black bag, with bulge and sag from valiant service rendered. No thirst for battle did he feel, nor hero-glory sought; contented quite to work or fight to fetch his daily quart. Well is it known he bravely faced the perils of his trade, for dangers hide on every side when running the blockade. Thus Kaiser nobly did his bit—we must his loss deplore; no service bars nor battle scars could make his honor more.

SHIRLEY N. CARR,

Capt. Q. M. C., U. S. A.

TWO HATES



I hate two hates—two deadly hates—
Two deadlier could not be
I hate to hear the bugle blow
The morning reveille,



And when my appetite's so keen
That I could eat a cow
Oh, how I hate to hear them say,
"It's beans again for chow."

ME

The Colonel tells the Major
When he wants something done,
The Major tells the Captain,
And gets him on the run.

The Captain thinks it over,
And to be sure to suit,
Passes the buck and baggage,
To some shave-tail "Lieut."

The Lieutenant ponders deeply,
As he strokes his downy jaw,
Then he calls his trusty sergeant,
And to him lays down the law.

The Sergeant gets the Corporal,
To see what he can see,
The Corporal gets the Private,
And that poor private's me.

ME

(As it is in the New Orleans Depot)
The Colonel tells the Major,
When he wants something done,
The Major tells the Chief Clerk,
And gets him on the run.

The Chief Clerk thinks it over,
And thinks he'll take a chance,
And passes the buck and baggage,
To the Distribution Branch.

The Lieutenant ponders deeply
As he stares at empty space,
Then his small electric buzzer
Puts the messenger in the race.

Then we all get the shivers,
When we hear the fuss,
'Cause the messenger spies the Service Branch
And that poor Branch is us.

EMBERS

By Sergeant J. CLARENCE EDWARDS,
Hq. 1st. Army, A. E. F.

Yes, the time is hanging heavy
For the boats are hauling home;—
When you look into the embers,
'Stead o' fire you see the foam
Of a swaying, spraying ocean,
And the miles on miles of blue
That are waltzing with the distance
That's between your folks and you.

And you maybe take the bellows
That the Poilus use to blow,
Up the lazy, backward blazes
Or the coals that "loaf" below.
And you're apt to keep on pumping
When the fire is under way,
For the embers are your ocean
And your dream-boat's on the way!

In the clinky crink of embers
There is sound of childish glee,
And the curling smoke is laden
With a joyous jubilee.
Sweeter still the vision tempers
And a blue flame simmers low,
Where a white one mingles with it
And a mother smiles at you!

But the fagots soon are cinders
And your dream is doomed to naught,
When a fuming fire-log flounders
On the hearth to break your thought.
And the ocean, realistic,
With it's ever-churning foam,
Stretches in again between you
And the folks that wait at home.

Feb. 2, 1919. France.

JUST FOLKS

(By EDGAR A. GUEST, Q. M. C.)

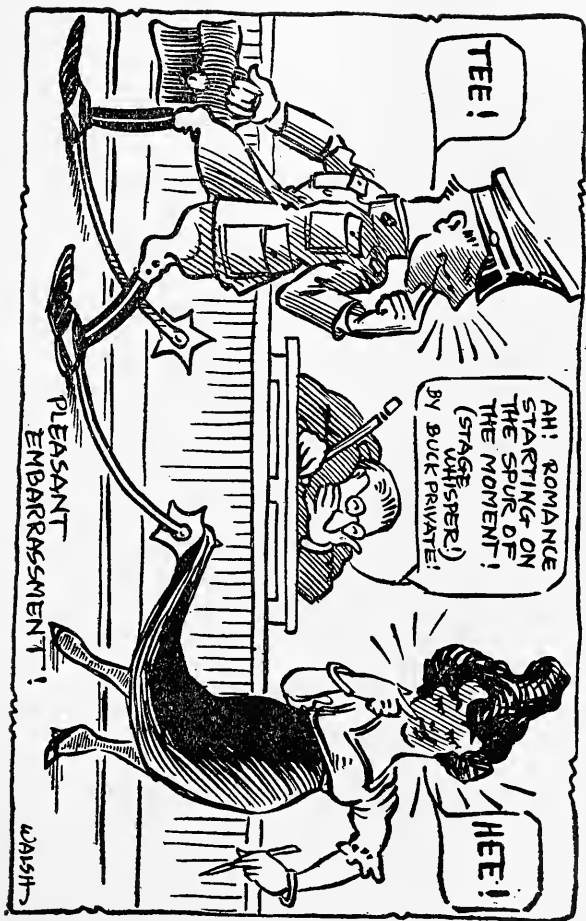
THE SILVER STRIPES

When we've honored the heroes returning from France
And we've mourned for the heroes who fell,
When we've done all we can for the home-coming man
Who stood to the shot and the shell,
Let us keep in mind those who lingered behind—
The thousands who waited to go—
The brave and the true, who did all they could do,
Yet have only the silver to show.

They went from their homes at the summons for men,
They drilled in the heat of the sun,
They fell into line with a pluck that was fine;
Each cheerfully shouldered a gun;
They were ready to die, for Old Glory on high,
They were eager to meet with the foe;
They were just like the rest of our bravest and best,
Though they've only the silver to show.

Their bodies stayed here, but their spirits were there;
And the boys who looked death in the face,
For the cause, had no fear—for they knew, waiting here,
There were many to fill up each place.
Oh, the ships came and went, till the battle was spent,
And the tyrant went down with the blow!
But he still might have regained but for those who remained
And have only the silver to show.

So here's to the soldiers who never saw France,
And here's to the boys unafraid!
Let us give them their due; they were glorious, too,
And it isn't their fault that they stayed.
They were eager to share in the sacrifice there;
Let them share in the peace that we know.
For we know they were brave, by the service they gave,
Though they've only the silver to show.



THE LITTLE GIRL FROM THE WEST

A little steno from 'way out West
Was sent to the Q. M. C.;
Her knowledge of food stuffs was not the best,
That you could plainly see.
But failures are rare when the heart is young,
And so, in her happiest mood,
She took her place with the rest of them
And started in juggling food.

Dried, evaporated, compressed and condensed;
(Oh, what terrible phrases!)
Powdered, dehydrated, refined and fresh,
Why did she write "can" for "cases"?
Memos, telegrams, papers and ink,
Letters with numbers confusing;
New forms, new methods, manners, speech,
"Yes sah," it was quite amusing.

Officers, privates and second lieuts
Were here and there constantly flitting;
Her thoughts were chasing butterflies
But her typewriter kept a-clicking.
She heard that the fellows over the seas
Were living and sleeping in dumps;
She didn't think they had the best of her
When she saw her own hard bunk.

She didn't have to advance nor retreat
But she did have to stand in line,
And she found she had some march to make
To get to work by nine.
She read in the papers our armies gained ground;
They were fighters, brave, dauntless and shrewd;
Ground was all right, but it did seem to her
Their greatest objective was Food.

Miracles were performed right under her eyes,
 It was rank, not man, who held sway,
 And yet she had known them as second lieuts—
 How did they get that way?
 As days went by as days will do,
 Our little girl from the West
 Found many happy moments 'twixt working and at rest.
 Why not? Life's but a checker game at best
 No matter what you do. How did she know that
 ——— "over there" would really be true to blue?
 She knew the depths of dancing, dark eyes,
 Red lips and hair slightly curling;
 She knew there were other dangers in France
 Than ammunition Germans were hurling.
 So she worked and she laughed, she sang and she danced.
 There were so many places to roam,
 But they counted for naught, all were forgot
 When a message read—"We're coming home."
 Good-by, majors and captains, good-by, second lieuts,
 Good-by life with a uniform-ruling.
 Couldn't you imagine, couldn't you guess
 That perhaps someone else was "just fooling"?
 And you waited with her; you expected to see
 A vision of youth in its splendor;
 Not so. You exclaimed in surprise, e'en though you
 Knew 'twould offend her.
 What—that limping creature, with a crutch in his hand,
 Whose paleness is almost uncanny!
 But she didn't hear you. Her eyes were aflame.
 She's answered the call of her "Sammy."

MOVIES!

(The following memorandum was received by Major Wagner, designated as Officer in Charge of Moving, at the Munitions Building.)

We've been moving in and we've been moving out;
We've been juggled and jostled and tossed about;
We've been given room and some to spare,
We've been crowded like hogs at a country fair;
We've been in Section Five and Section Four;
We've been on the first and second floor;
We've been in Group "A" and Group "B";
We've been all over the lot and all at sea;
And now we ask in questioning fear—
WHERE IN H—L DO WE GO FROM HERE?



ANSWER TO "MOVIES"

Our friend above, in accent bold,
Requests an answer quickly told,
As to why, and when, and where we go,
Aseekin' space—I'll tell you, "Bo:"
To find a place where lines of files
Are filled with naught but lover's wiles,
Where "From" and "To" are things of past,
Where war's alarms can never last,
Where typists type of moon and stars,
And Sergeants always wear gold bars:
If such a place there is, my dear,
Then why in H—L don't we move from HERE?



Moving Day

MOVIES

(Who Blundered?)

Books to the right of us
Chairs to the left of us
Boxes in front of us
All tagged for moving;
Work in confusion,
Noise in profusion
Caused by the allusion
That we are moving.

Miss Sherwood was not fretting,
But Hager was sweating,
Catalogues getting
Ready for moving;
"Rush," we heard Russel say,
"There can be no delay,
We must be packed up today,
Packed up for moving."

Everyone working,
Nobody shirking,
Forgetting the clerking,
For we are moving,
Packing unquestioning,
Speed never lessening,
No thought of resting—
Resting from moving.

Signed memorandum,
For all abandon
The building a-standing
Near the Y. M. C. A.
Though all was altered
Nobody faltered,
Lambs being slaughtered
No gentler than they.

Then some sudden hush—
Stopped was the steady rush;
Cheeks pale that once were flushed,
What is the matter!
Officers furious,
Stenographers curious
The order was spurious,
Then what a chatter!

Now they had packed, and well,
'Til they were out of breath
'Til they had longed for death
To free them from moving—
Then—oh, what an awful sell,
Ring out the moving knell,
Somebody said "Do tell!—Oh H—L
We're not moving."

OUR "PEPPY" LOOT.

He's younger than the most of us—
Far younger than the Top,
And, bein' young, he's full of pep,
And keeps us on the hop;
He hasn't been in long enough
To sour on the game;
He's tickled as a kid with it,
That's why we bless his name.

He puts us through all sorts of stunts
To liven up the drill,
He laughs when he turns corners sharp
And takes a muddy spill;
It's up and in it all the time,
He never seems to tire,
And doesn't know what duckin' means
In face of Fritzzy's fire.

He always calls us "fellows,"
Never pulls the line, "my men,"
He likes to think he's one of us;
And back in billets, when
He has to make inspections,
He'll sit and chin awhile;
And as to all this "yes, sir" stuff,
"Oh, can it!" that's his style.

At shows he plays his "uke" for us,
And sings his college glees,
And if there's a piano, wow!
He sure can pound the keys.
On hikes he always starts a song,
Or sends along a laugh—
And those are things you darn well know
That help us stand the gaff.

I never cared for college guys
When I was in the States;
I thought they were a messy lot,
A bunch of underweights;
But if our Loot's a sample,
Why I've got to change my mind—
He's got the sand, the bean, and go
To pull us through the grind.

CENSORED!

IN AN EARNEST EFFORT TO PROUDLY SHOW HIS LATEST
SALUTE, PRIVATE SPIKE, OF THE HARDWARE AND METALS DIVISION,
DROPS CAMP STOVE ON VISITING COLONEL'S HOOF!

BANG!

WASH

A FEW PAGES FROM "THE CLINIC"

(Written by Lt. A. HARDING, Jr., at Walter Reed Hospital)

FROM "A CHILD'S CHAPLET OF POISON IVY"

On U-Boats they get up at night
And work by artificial light;
With me it's just the other way
I sleep at night and work by day.

I have to pick up chips and see
The U-Boats slipping out to sea.
It almost makes me weep to think
Of neutral ships I can't help sink.

And does it not seem hard to you
Where there is so much work to do
And I would like to sink those ships
I have to stay and pick up chips.

TO MY BED

For many peaceful happy hours
With pain and trouble fled
When hopes and dreams of future joys
Have hurried through my head,
For refuge from the stress and strain
And toilsome life I've led,
For much of what is good in me
I have to thank my bed.

Oh, there were times when I was sore
Because, although I plead
For leave to go and play, I was
Confined to you instead.
But when I leave this hospital
And my "Good-byes" are said,
To none will they be more sincere
Than to my little bed.

A FEW PAGES FROM "THE CLINIC"

(Continued)

THE NIGHT NURSE

Who is it when I'm coming in,
Oh Night Nurse,
Discovers just where I have been?
The Night Nurse.
And when I'm crawling in my cot
Descends on me with gargles hot
And makes me take 'em on the spot?
The Night Nurse.

Who is it wakes me up at six?
Miss Night Nurse;
To find out if my pulse still ticks?
The Night Nurse.
Yet though at her I aim my jest,
I must admit that in the test
I find I like by far the best—
My Night Nurse.

TO MY NURSES

To all my gentle, gracious friends
Whose kindly thoughtful ways;
Have helped to smooth the Roughened Path
Of pain-filled nights and days:

If I have ever caused regret
By word or act of mine,
It was through thoughtless accident
And never by design.

And if I fail to mention names,
Perhaps I do not dare,
To claim a preference for One
Where all are kind and fair.

ADVERTISEMENTS

(From "The Clinic")

COFFIN & BERRY
Expert Undertakers

"You will never regret a
ride in our hearse."

DAILY & KNIGHTLY
Tailors Extraordinary

Every Doctor and Nurse
should wear our Hand
Tailored Surgical
Dressings.

*What if the Hairs of your
Head are numbered?*

BALDO
Will put an end to your
troubles

Why wear your original
Arms and Legs?

THE WHOLESALE
SUPPLY COMPANY

Will furnish you with Arti-
ficial Parts

"Never Tired" "Easily Replaced"

Let our Representative Demonstrate



Reducing (Sparrow Cop) Arrests 50 Per Cent

Ready to Cross the Grass on the Ellipse

THE KEEPERS OF THE HOME FIRE

The Country has laughed,
The Country has danced,
And care-free hours has whiled away;
No thots of sorrow,
No thots of tomorrow,
Ever clouded her perfect day.

She was content with her stars
And proud of her bars
In the flag that floated on high;
But, why should she worry?
Nor did she hurry
When the Soldiers came passing by.

She had a small army,
She had a small navy,
And naught did she dream of more;
She rested content,
With her eyes ever bent
On "Liberty" guarding her shore.

And sweetly she slept
While the Viper crept
Into the heart of her land
Across and across,
From Texas to Maine,
The Monster spread out his band.

The foundation made
And his plots all laid,
 "Kamerad," he whispered, "God speed!
Go burn and kill,
Do whatever you will,
 For 'tis so that we shall succeed."

When morning broke
And the Country awoke
 To the menace within her midst,
She called out her army
And reviewed her navy
 And sent out the cry: "Enlist!"

And now she heeded
The men whom she needed,
 And she caught to her breast.
 The flag on high;
'Twas suddenly endeared,
And loudly she cheered,
 When the Soldiers came marching by!

The Veterans this year
Saved the Country her bier,
 And an army they trained in a day;
The Country's not done it
Tho she's done her bit
 To "God speed" the boys on their way.

And they will win out,
And loudly will shout:
 "Down with the Boche, the Hun!
Tho we're a peace-loving Nation,
We can beat Creation!—
 Come, Comrades, let's go on a run."

HARRIET C. EVANS, Q. M. C.
San Antonio, Texas.

OFFICE BULLETIN NO. 123456

Subject: *Organization of Disorganization Section.*

1. There is constituted within the Leather-Rubber Branch a whole section that don't understand bulletins numbered 1 to 123456 inclusive.

2. For this reason, a reorganization of the re-organizers is about to be made.

3. Anyone in this Section who feels that he or she knows enough to sign a letter correctly this week will kindly report to the head office boy and receive a Victoria Cross.

4. Any member of this section who has read all the bulletins issued will be buried with full military honors the coming Saturday, as their minds by reason of such fidelity to duty are no doubt in such a condition that death would relieve them of further suffering.

5. The purpose of the re-organizations effected have been carried out with such strict attention that orders, requisitions, etc. are received within thirty-six days after issuance as compared with seven days under the obsolete system formerly used.

6. While the work of this division was formerly handled with an office force of approximately fifty people, it now provides work for one hundred and seventy-six voters. This shows how efficiently a scientifically built up system can expedite business.

7. It has been necessary to put into operation seventy new machines to dash off the bulletins showing how diligently we are working to keep every one misinformed.

8. While seven months ago about 14.334% of the employees did not understand the system used in expediting public business, through our re-organization bureau this high total has been cut down to 99.998%.

9. The new systems are working out very nicely, as no one understands them but myself and I am a little muddled at times but I hope to hold my position indefinitely until things are unmuddled.

10. Any enlisted man working in this Section who desires to remain after being discharged will report to Room 666 and have his head examined.

By order of the printing press.

R. I. MUDDLED,
Chief Dis-Organizer.

PLATITUDES

1. Believe in Truth.
2. There is only one truth about any one thing; that is, two truths cannot be conflicting or one of them is not a truth. Both may be true from the point of view of people who believe them, but his does not make them intrinsically true.
3. Nobody knows what the truth is.
4. The nearest approach we can make is to believe what we seem to have proved. Always with the understanding that we may prove it is wrong. But, in any case this process leads toward the truth.

THEREFORE

We should worry.

Because, if one or more should finally arrive at any truth, they have only to wait in order to have all other seekers agree.

COROLLARY

Any inadequate or defective solution of a problem cannot be a settlement of the question involved.

Donated by

Lt. Col. A. H. DOIG.



A certain Sergeant who was attached to the Quartermaster Corps at Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., was visiting Baltimore a short time ago and while walking along the main street, an officer approached him. The Sergeant not seeing the officer, neglected to salute and was stopped with, "Where are your arms?" The Sergeant, not quite getting the officer's meaning, answered: "I was never issued any."

Sergeant NELSON ERHART,
Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.

MUNITIONS "MEMORI-YAMS"

In sad, but loving memory of E. N. C., who departed from D-DIS-DIV November 21, 1918, and now lies interned in Surplus Prop. Div. Munitions Cemetery.

The loss was bitter, the pain severe.
When "Manny" quit his labors here;
For, oh, above all else on earth,
He was a source of endless mirth.

No more around here is he lurking—
His jaunty figure ever jerking:
For (dark, relentless fate pursuing)
Jerkins, alas, proved his undoing.

Lonely! *Oh, so, lonely!*

UNCLE HAN.

In sad, but loving memory of H. S. J., who departed from S. P. Division January 1919, and now lies sleeping in Philadelphia.

Of toil a pleasure did he make,
As onward each day crept;
We thought him sleeping when awake;
And working, when he slept.

We did not know the load you bore,
Nor did we reason why;
We only know you went away,
And never said good-bye.

We often sit and talk of you,
Since you have gone away;
Delightful memories arise—
Refreshened every day.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt., Q. M. C.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
MR. SMITH

IN SORROW we wallow, in grief we sniff,
Our 'earts sail with 'im o'er the seas,
Though H'English in manner and 'ead of light oak,
'is dinners and girls e'er did please,
Regulations and orders 'e made somewhat of a joke,
With 'is 'at cocked sideways and the air full of smoke,
'e'd talk to a major with no sign of a stroke.
'is idea of a chicken was not on 'is shoulder,
Though no doubt 'e'd 'ave 'ad one, 'ad the war grown older,
But you cannot tell when in England 'e gets,
'e may bloom forth arrayed in gold epaulettes.
But whatever 'e wears in H'England to swank
'e'll jolly well testify he not always was rank.

L'Envoi
So good-bye dear Lieutenant—Marcus Heber,
To you we dedicate this sad vers libre,
As in grief we wallow and sorrow we sniff,
Though "Lieutenant" is dead—Long live
"MR. SMITH."



TREAT ME ROUGH, KID!

Listen, Sweetheart, to my plea,
Cut this highly cultured game,
All this fine gentility,
Grows to be exceedingly tame.
What I want is low brow love,
Can the soft and gentle stuff,
I'm no cooing turtle dove,—
Treat me rough, kid; treat me rough.

Cut the soft and weepy sighs,
Stop the meek and humble pose,
I'm no fragile little rose;
Grab me with a python grip;
If I struggle call my bluff,
Want my love? Then take a tip—
Treat me rough, kid; treat me rough.

I don't want my cheek caressed,
With a nice respectful peck;
Yank me wildly to your chest;
If I fight you, break my neck.
Please don't be a gentle dub,
Spilling mushy soft soap stuff,
Woo and win me with a club—
Treat me rough, kid; treat me rough.

ENTER CAPTAIN (?)

There's a crash like the breaking of china,
And a smash like the falling of tin;
And a loud detonation
Which shakes all creation
When that Q. M. C. CAPTAIN (?) walks in.
JESSAMINE MELLOR, Q. M. C.

**Mr. Robert J. Thorne, D.S.M., Assistant to Acting Quartermaster
General, Assistant Director of Purchase & Storage**



PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

How do they do it ?



just out of bed



at her desk a
few hours later

IT'S A GOOD WORLD AFTER ALL

Every cloud has a silver lining,
So the cracked ones always sing—
What's the use of feeling peevish
When you bite on everything.
If you have a dreamy nature,
Dream July's not due 'til fall—
And take the boot-leg special eastward—
It's a good world after all.

Every swallow has an ending,
So the "Good Book's" verses say,
What's the use of being gloomy,
Even dogs all have their day.
Though the signing of that paper,
Sent ye poor clerks to the wall—
There'll be others walking with you—
It's a good world after all.

"TARTAR"



THE SALUTE

By M. E. BUHLER of the Vigilantes

When a soldier meets another
Higher in command,
Up, in instant recognition,
Goes his hand—
Gives salute in silent greeting;
'Tis the way
That he says at every meeting—
"I'll obey!"

When an officer, in passing,
Has salute,
Quick his heart and hand responsive!
Grave and mute.
On the sea or on the earth he
Pledges as they meet,
By his rank, "I shall be worthy"—
So they greet.

HELP!

There are cooties in France, there may be some here,
But frankly a cootie is not what we fear;
There's a terrible insect which stings like a bee,
Spreading disease thru the P. S. & T.

There must be a Jingle Bug somewhere around,
It flies in the air or it crawls on the ground;
We never have seen one but it's easy to see
That we are all victims, one must have bit me.

Once bitten, in prose you no longer can think,
You reach for your pen and you grab for the ink;
And these are my symptoms, my mind is afire,
Of jingles and rhymes it seems never to tire.

My friends all don't know what to make of the change,
One and all seem to think that my conduct is strange;
Of course I could tell them but would they believe?
I doubt it, so silently, I sit and grieve.

All work is beyond me, I can't count to ten,
When I try to add numbers verse flows from my pen;
If I take out my check book to pay off my debts,
No pay but a couplet my creditor gets.

A terrible state to be in you'll agree,
So if you're kindhearted just hark to my plea;
Go visit your doctor, describe my disease—
Ask him if he'll try to put my mind at ease.

I'm at my wits end, I don't know what to do.
That's why I am writing, appealing to you;
Please don't forget me, or our casualty list
Will soon show one name that the Heinies have missed.

Private R. A. GANS.

THE FIGHTING Q. M. C.

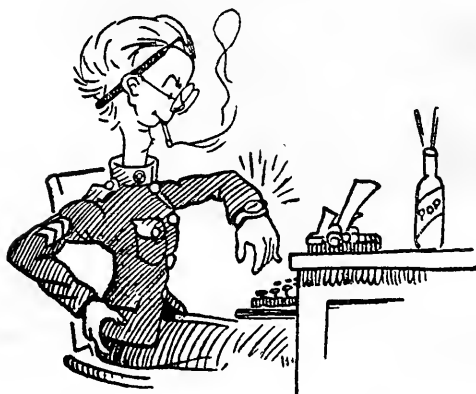
I belong to the fighting Q. M. C.
The bravest of the brave.
From morn till night we're full of fight—
Doggone it, how we slave!

We sit at our desks around the stoves
And we fight with jaw and brain.
We get to our desks about eight o'clock,
And at four we go home again.

Just keep your eye on the Q. M. boys—
The cuff and collar brigade;
For the story cold will never be told
Of patting my face with a spade.

'Tis tiddle-de-winks and chewing gum,
Cold-cream, bay-rum and stuff;
Cigarettes and playing cards—
Doggone it, ain't we rough?

Sgt. G. H. O'BRIEN,
Q. M. C., Camp Devens.





The Fighting Q. M. C.

THE SERVICE OF THE REAR

When this cruel war is over
And the boys come marching home,
I'm afraid I'll be an outcast
And forever have to roam:
When they show their wound chevrons
And their service stripes of gold,
And tell admiring lasses
Of valorous deeds and bold,
I'll be missing from the circle,
And no one there will hear
How I nearly was a hero
In the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

I am an S. O. R. boy, also an S. O. L.;
I never pulled a trigger, or sent a Boche to hell;
I never saw a dugout, in fact, was never near,
For I performed my duty in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

When we passed that glorious statue
That our liberties uphold,
We looked forward to the future
With ardent spirit bold;
We prated of democracy,
And freedom of the seas,
And how we'd get the Kaiser,
And bring him to his knees;
How we'd face the German legions,
Without a trace of fear—
But alas! we had not reckoned
With the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

For I'm an S. O. R. boy, also an S. O. L.;
I never saw a battle, or a heard screaming shell.
The only Hun I ever saw was Prisonnier de Guerre,
A-working just like I was in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

I've done some M. P. duty,
Took a turn in "Warehouse A";
Hit up the docks at midnight,
When the front was short of hay.
I've set up locomotives,
Then built a mile of track;
Chopped wood and dug some ditches,
Just to keep from getting slack;
But though I've done my duty
As I saw it true and clear,
I will never get a medal
For my SERVICE IN THE REAR.

For I'm an S. O. R. boy, also an S. O. L.;
But I've always done my duty, and I've tried to do it well;
So I hope that at the "Finis," they will grant my wish so dear,
AND LET ME KICK THE KAISER IN HIS SERVICE OF
THE REAR!



THE Q. M. C. AND THE RED CROSS

One of the best stories I have ever heard on the Q. M. C., which reflects the average layman's knowledge of what the Q. M. C. actually is, was told to me on my way South last winter. A Q. M. C. captain and a civilian were sitting in the smoking room of a Pullman, headed for N. Y. They got very friendly and finally civilian said—"By the way, Captain, what branch of the service are you in?" and the Captain replied, "Why, I'm in the Q. M. C., Sir." The civilian looked at him a minute and said, "Well, isn't that nice, you know I have a sister in the Red Cross."

W. K. R. MOSES,
Q. M. C.

COBLENZ VERSION OF "SILVER THREADS"

(By a Doughboy in the Army of Occupation)

Darling, I am coming back;
Silver threads among the black,
Now that Peace in Europe nears
I'll be back in seven years.

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white;
Yes, the WAR is over, dear,
And—we're going home (I hear).

Home again with you once more,
Say, by nineteen twenty-four;
Once I thot by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea.

Back to where you sit and pine,
But I'm stuck here on the Rhine;
You can hear the gang all curse,
"War is Hell" but—Peace is WORSE.



RIGHT O!

How beautiful it is to see all these noble women doing things! Awhile back, during the war, they were all doing their bit; numbers of them are doing society, still others are doing their hair and their fingernails. Of course there are many doing their duty and their utmost. However, after all, the thing that women do best of all is men.

JESSAMINE MELLER, Q. M. C.



CHICAGO

There are many little battles that we wage and come out victor,
Battles over scraps of paper, each one fighting as he can,
At the Quartermaster Depot, in the City of Chicago,
Where there's lots of folks a-workin' for their dear old Uncle Sam.

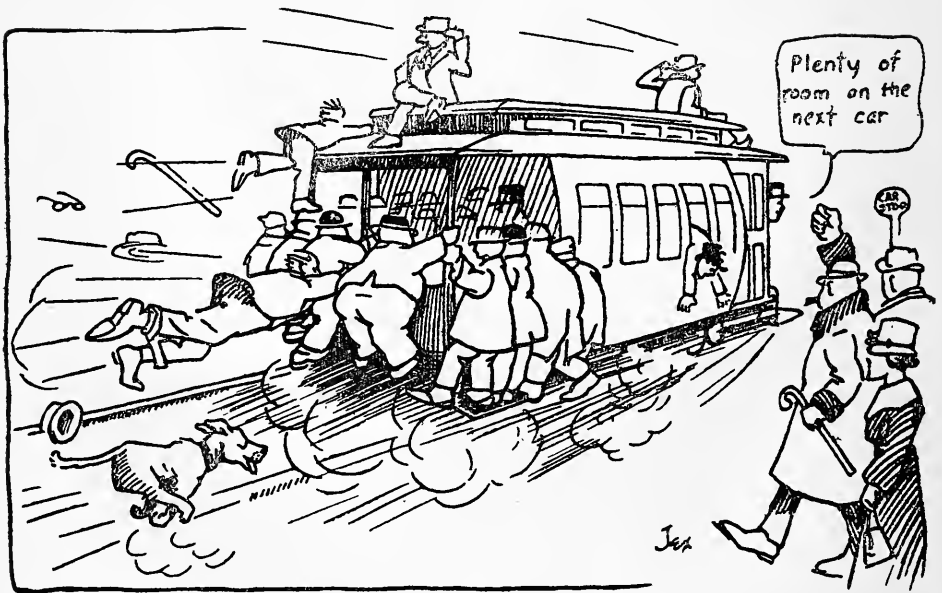
ESTHER FREESE,
Q. M. Depot, Chicago, Ill.

AT THE FRONT—IN WASHINGTON

When war was declared on Germany, I said "It's up to me
To get into the Army and fight for liberty."
I tried the Aviation first, and sought a chance to fly,
I yearned to be a famous Ace, and perhaps a hero die.
Then I tried the Army, the Navy and Marines,
Although I knew I might be forced to eat spoiled pork and beans.
Physicians looked me over and took a standing vote,
That as a fighting soldier little me would be a joke,
My eyes were bad, I was under weight, my feet were far too flat,
I had a touch of leprosy and little of this and that.
Disgusted I came to Washington, where they treat war workers fine
They sell you a dollar's worth of goods and only charge you nine.
The conveniences are wonderful, the rooms are simply Heaven,
Sometimes you get one four by six, but mostly three by seven.
Of course, there are no electric lights, nor carpets on the floor,
And to tell the truth my room doesn't even have a door.
No steam heat, hot water, nor things so handsome,
And when I want to leave the room I simply use the transom.
The folks are very friendly here, especially the ladies,
You just attempt a glance at one, and you hear "Aw, go to ———."
In fact you feel as joyful when going down the street,
As one imagines the Kaiser would, if the Allies he should meet.
However, I'll not grumble, though I may be here for years,
And just the very thought of such a fate brings forth the tears.
But when the Crown Prince is whipped, and I start back home to
stay,
I'll surely smile a big, broad smile at the start of that Perfect day.

CARS

There are cars that start for Brookland,
There are cars full to the door
There are cars that run by all the corners
When they think they can't hold any more.
There are cars that have a jerky motion,
Just to mix the human freight inside
But the cars that die at Dupont Circle,
Are the cars that I like (?) to ride.



A GENERAL TRUTH SELDOM ACKNOWLEDGED

Contributed by Major H. F. French

Stationed at a Southern camp where large detachments of casualties were being sent to a Port of Embarkation, questions of what was the authorized overseas equipment proved a source of constant worry. After numerous complaints had been received that detachments were improperly equipped in this and that particular, and in the desperation caused by conflicting orders from Washington, a personal letter was dispatched to the Chief Inspector at Port of Embarkation asking just what equipment was proper. The answer came promptly and to this effect:

"1. The correct equipment for medical overseas casualties is contained in G. O. 411, as amended by G. O. 693, as amended by Bulletin 841, as corrected by M. M. D. Par. 86, as changed by letter S. G. O. December 15th, as altered by Regulations Port of Embarkation 943, as revised by Overseas Cables to date.

"2. I don't know a damn thing more than you do."



FROM A WAR WORKER'S DICTIONARY

BUREAU OF FINANCE & ACCOUNTS:—It lives in such a sanctity of isolation that the rest of the bureaus are overwhelmed by such awe as not to dare to question any of its decisions or as to inquire as to just how and why it is operated.

OVERSEAS OPERATIONS:—To add to and direct the distribution of stocks overseas by means of an exchange of apparently coded cablegrams, the secret key of which the personnel have lost.

ZONE SUPPLY OFFICER:—The originator of the only method of "How not to do it" and the only officer having the right of vetoing the instructions of his superiors.

ARMY CATALOG NO. 1:—A list of articles, devised with cunning, so as to render procurement impossible.

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

We don't pack no gat, or rifle, we don't juggle pick or spade,
Nor go stunning peevish Germans in no dashin' midnight raid;
But we hit the warehouse early and we quit the warehouse late,
And there ain't no G. O. limits on the speed we truck the freight.
We don't hike along the roadway in them iron derby hats
While the shrapnel punctuates the breeze and gas floats o'er the
flats;

We just dodge the fallin' cases and we slap them back on high,
For it's just a pile o' pilin' in the Service of Supply.

No, we ain't no snappy soldiers, and our daily round of drills
Includes a lot of movements minus military thrills;
But we drill them bloomin' boxcars, double timin' on the bends,
And we slam them full of boxes till they're bulgin' at the ends.
We ain't sniped no Fritzie, and we ain't wrecked no tanks,
And we don't go dashin' forward with the ever-thinnin' ranks.
But some nights we gets an order for a shipment on the fly,
Then we plug right through till mornin', in the Service of Supply.

We ain't had no dugout movies, nor a Charlie Chaplin laugh;
We ain't got no handsome colonel with his neat and nifty staff,
Nor a brave and fearless captain with a flashing sword and gun,
To yell, "Now, up and at 'em, boys, We've got 'em on the run."
We ain't soaring round in biplanes punching holes in Boche balloons
Nor corralling frightened Fritzie by battalions and platoons,
But when they yell, "Rush order," then we get around right spry;
For the boys are up there waitin' on the Service of Supply.

From "Stars and Stripes," A. E. F., France.

RATS
Base Hospital

February 1, 1919.

From: Medical Property Officer
To: Camp Supply Officer
Subject: Rats.

1. Inform you that on account of the rapid multiplication of rats which are used for laboratory purposes, this hospital has an excess of about eight hundred (800).

2. Request information as to the disposition of these rats.

2nd Lieut., Sanitary Corps, U.S.A.

Ist. Indorsement.

Office of Camp Supply Officer, Operating Division, Feb. 2, 1919
—To Surplus Property Officer.

1. Forwarded for your information and guidance.

2. Disposition, kind and gentle, we hope.

By authority of the Camp Supply Officer,
Chief Operating Officer.

By Asst. Chief Operating Officer.

2nd. Indorsement.

O. Z. S. O. New Orleans, La. Feb. 5, 1919
To Surplus Property Division.

1. Forwarded, inviting attention to the preceding correspondence and requesting that the Medical Supply Section furnish disposition on the above mentioned rats.

By authority of the Zone Supply Officer,
Zone Supply Officer.

By Zone Storage Officer.

3rd. Indorsement.

From: Surplus Property Division, Medical and Hospital Branch
To: Zone Supply Officer

1. Drown 'em.

Surplus Property Division,
Medical and Hospital Branch.

By Medical and Hospital Branch.

GENERAL GOETHALS

(An Anecdote)

On my way down town this morning I encountered a man who dominated the crowd journeying into the Subway and even the unobservant could not but realize that he was of the "Empire Builder type,"—a man who did things. Following the eyes of the crowd I observed it to be General Goethals and accordingly joined him in a chat over "the battle of Washington" and the various associates in the big work there.

In contrast to this most pleasant and care-free meeting comes vividly to my mind a certain meeting in one of the first floor offices of the then new Munitions Building which occurred in the strenuous days in October, 1918.

General Pershing had cabled his famous C 1739, Oct. 3, stating the immediate need for motor trucks without which the American Army could not advance. This came just as the responsibility for getting automotive equipment to the A. E. F. was transferred from the M. T. C. to the office of General Goethals as Director of P. S. & T. and directly to General Wood, as his operating head and Director of Purchase and Storage.

The word had come down in no uncertain terms that 10,000 trucks had to be loaded on ships during October. Every human effort was being made to locate trucks all over the country and to get these rushed to the Ports either by rail or M. T. C. convoys. And to move 10,000 trucks in one month taxed all the energies of everyone concerned, as well as transportation facilities of the country way beyond the theoretical breaking point. To add to the difficulties of this herculean problem the apportionment of freight to the various ports was changed, probably unavoidably, not once but several times, each change involving diversions of freight, loss of trains and nearly crazy men in all departments concerned.

One night about Oct. 18, General Wood, Colonel Wells, Director of Storage and myself in charge of the Overseas Distribution Division, were in session poring over the confused reports which told the tale of the movement of the trucks Pershing had to have. To make matters worse Col. Nicholson, Col. Wells' able assistant, who was personally keeping tab on the Big Job had been called to Chicago on important business.

To state the case mildly the air was charged with the electricity of human emotion. All knew the requisite 10,000 trucks were on the move, but where they actually were after the seemingly endless diversions no one could discover. They certainly were not at the Ports and when they would arrive it seemed God only knew.

The door opened and in walked a man who to me seemed to immediately throw us all into insignificance. A uniform; red face set off by silver white hair was the picture recorded by my tired brain as I managed to get to my feet. He walked direct to our table and towering over us all grated out the words I shall never forget: "I've had to eat dirt. I told March I would get 10,000 trucks on the ships this month and your figures show it can't be done. I've had to eat dirt!" That was all, and just as he had marched into the room he turned and made direct for the door and left us.

Of the miracle by which those 10,000 trucks did reach the ports and did get on the ships none of us know the full details. But the impossible was achieved; we did carry out those orders and probably yardmasters, trainmen, clerks, telegraph dispatchers, truck drivers and thousands of others in the big supply organization, if their stories could be gathered together, could tell the full details. The fact will stand out in history that the job was done and Gen. Goethals never really had to eat dirt, as his hale, hearty appearance of today testifies.

Lt. Col. JOHN TYSSOWSKI,
Q. M. C.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

He yells, and in his yelling shows
 His vocalistic strength.
 "Heads up" he cries, in tones that reach
 The thoroughfare's full length;
 He puts real ginger in the throngs,
 That pass Nineteenth and B,
 And makes them hustle 'cross the streets
 In perfect safety.

By signs which everyone must note,
 That faithful, husky guy
 Controls the streets from morn till night,
 With dext'rous arms raised high;
 He guides a dozen groups at once,
 But all now like that cop,
 For when he shoves the crowd along,
 He makes the motors stop.

He has the happy faculty
 Of hastening the gait
 Of laggards, who, without his aid,
 Would many a time be late.
 That howling gink, with windmill arms,
 Is moved by kind design,
 For, when the clocks point to "nine-ten,"
 His watch shows only "nine."

WILLIAM L. K. BARRETT,
 1st. Lieut., Q. M. C..

"IF"

After Kipling—About two miles and with due credit to Helen Rowland.

If you can love an officer without trying,
And make him think he's the prize for you
If you can trust him when you know he's lying,
And never let him know you knew;
If you can wait, and wait, and keep on waiting,
And greet him when he comes with smiling eyes,
And listen to the old equivocating,
And never say too much, or look too wise.

If you can make one heap of your illusions,
And risk them on one man—to stand or fall—
And find all your fairest dreams delusions,
Can still declare that he was worth it all;
If you can love him, minus shave or collar,
If you can cook, when cooking's not your aim,
If you can help him save each single dollar,
And go on being "grateful" just the same.

If you can have your "say"—and then keep quiet,
And never lose your gentle little "touch,"
If you can hide his weakness, or deny it,
And other men don't interest you much;
If you can spend each day and hour and minute
In pleasing him, and never make a blunder;
Well, hapiness is yours—for what there's in it,
And which is more—my dear, you'll be a wonder—
And SOME GIRL!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING OUT YOUR INCOME TAX REPORT:

There need be but little trouble to figure out your income tax. In the first place it may be worked out by algebra, astronomy, trigonometry or syntax—and then your answer may be correct and it may not be. If your income is \$2400 a year and you have a diamond ring and an automobile and you are married to a brunette girl—26 years of age—you take the amount of the income and add your personal property—subtract your street number—multiply by your wife's height and divide by your telephone number. If you have a child in the family—you subtract \$200 from your income—add your collar size, and the child's age, multiply by your waist measure—subtract the amount of funds you have given the church during the year, and then divide by the number of your automobile license tag.

If there is a second child you deduct \$400 from your income tax—add the weight and age of each child—and divide by the date of your birth—multiply by the size of your hat and subtract the weight of your Mother-in-Law. After you have it all figured out you won't have to pay any tax of any nature—for they will have you in a "Booby Hatch" and strapped down.



RECEIPT FOR NUT COOKIES

Strain a cupful of ordinary soup-stock through an umbrella case. Tie four eggs to a leg of the kitchen table and beat them unmercifully. Add a teaspoonful of selected raccoon fur, and roll out the dough with perfect nonchalance. Go down to the First National Bank and ask for some nuts. If they are all out, try all the other shops on Main Street. On the following Tuesday, when you have found the nuts place them in a row on the floor. Lead the cookies in single file in front of the nuts, and when you have a cookie standing in front of every nut and their minds are far away, suddenly push them backward with a fishing pole and they will all sit down on a nut. Then there is no alternative, they have to be nut cookies.

FINANCE SERVICE,
Omaha.

At Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., a certain Captain was noted for being a chronic bore, but one day he went "out of bounds" with the following: "When I was a Quartermaster Sergeant in the regular Army stationed on the Border there were times it was so warm that the rain, when it did rain, was boiling hot before it hit the ground."

This was more than human mind could stand, so his best friend (?) retaliated in kind.

"That is nothing. Why, when I was stationed at Manila there were times when it was so hot it was necessary to sprinkle Manila Bay to keep the battleships from raising dust."

(And a calm, sweet silence prevailed).

One day while on an inspection tour of the camp the General, in his car, met a newly-appointed Major who failed to salute. Stopping his car the General asked the reason for this breach of military etiquette. The Major apologized and said that he failed to see the General. "Well, you could at least see the flag with the two stars and you are to salute it even though I am not in the car." The reply was, "Oh Hell, I thought you had two sons in the army."

IVAN K. LANMAN, Sergeant 1st. Class, Q. M. C.

Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.

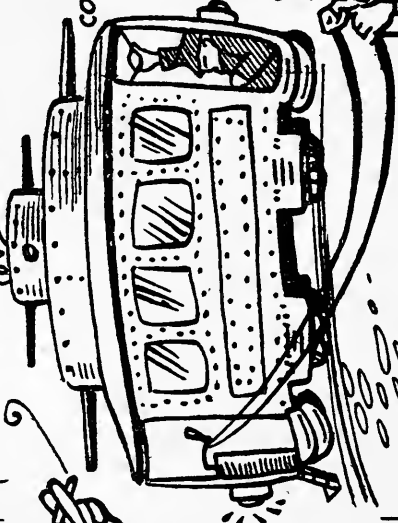
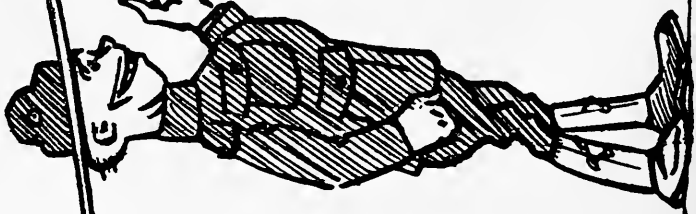


A SONG

There are bills that make us happy,
There are bills that make us blue
There are green and yellow "10s" and "20s",
There are ugly bills we call "bills due;"
There are bills that have a potent meaning,
That our eyes alone, we hope, will see
But the bills that fill my heart with madness
Are the bills my wife sends to me.

FINANCE SERVICE,
Omaha.

START!



CONDUCTOR

MOTORMAN!

RIDING TO WORK ON
A WASHINGTON TANK!

FINISH!



WALSH

WHAT IS TIME?!!!!

(An examination paper at Camp Meigs)

Time is Opportunity's "Reveille" and Procrastinations' "Taps"
Time's temperature is normally torrid
("a hot time"—"the hell of a time"—"the devil's own time" &c.)

We sh'd take advantage of Time—but in a fair way only.

How often we hear of men's "doing time"? This is reprehensible
and should be barred.

C. E. GRAVES,
Capt., Q. M. C.



LITTLE GIRLIE

Little girlie, I adore you—
You are such a little fairy,
But, my dear one, I implore you,
Do not try to be so wary.
■
In your velvet, satin, crepe,
With your shining golden hair
Done up in the latest drape—
"Chic" enough you are, I swear.

Little girlie—now why do you—
Rouge your little face so charming,
So that strangers here who view you
Think your color quite alarming?

With your lip-stick and your swagger,
Your impressions are in vain;
For no captain bold you'll stagger—
You'll just catch a country swain.

MICK, Q. M. C.

A PRAYER

For discharged Members of
Finance Division.
Building, Munition
Q. M. C.
P. S. & T.
D. C.

Oh! Lord
(Gen. Herbert M.)
Lettest thou our services
Which departed with peace,
Be remembered, pleasantly,
If work accord,
Amen
Oh! Lord.

J. VAN RENSSELAER,
Major, Q. M. C.



OVER THE TOP OF MY SHIRT

They go wild, simply wild over me,
 Every night, how they crawl over me.
 They are small, gray and flat,
 And no matter where I'm at,
 The small ones, the tall ones,
 They run right up my back.
 The seams of my shirt where I can't see,
 Is the place where they all seem to be.
 Every night they come to dine
 On that undershirt of mine,
 They go wild, simply wild over me.

FINANCE SERVICE,
 Omaha.

BONDS, JUST BONDS.

(Dedicated to the Liberty Loans)

'Twas Mrs. Jones that did it
But "dear old Bill" helped too
In cutting out expenses
To buy a bond or two.

They'd bought of every issue,
As much as any man
Till they really had to answer
"I don't see how I can."

"Old Bill" was getting seedy,
For "worn" were all his clothes
And the Mrs. too was needy
Of "duds" from head to toes.

Yet, still no one was ragged,
And neither wore a patch
So Mrs. J. decided
She'd rejuvenate their batch.

"Jonesey" swore he'd wear them,
So she mended every shirt,
And darned his socks and patched his pants—
Jones sported all but dirt!

'Twasn't just for Jones she mended,
Her own clothes came in too
For patches, darns, and dyes, and trims —
There was a lot to do.

Now here's what they accomplished—
A thing most all can do;
Folks laughed at Jonesey's "patches
But "Jonesey" Ha, Ha'd too.

While Mrs. J's swell neighbors
Would snicker at her gowns
And hats from other seasons;
They looked in vain for frowns.

For frowns were not forth-coming
From "Jonesey" nor his wife
Who both kept gaily humming
"Let's save our nation's life."

"We'll wear our rags and tatters,
And lend our cash for guns;
For 'tis'nt style that matters
Till our boys have licked the Huns."

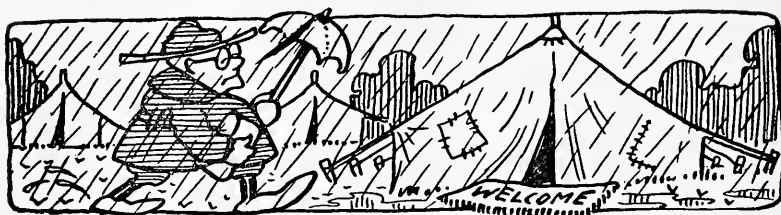
And the Joneses, (bless their patches),
Had two extra hundred "bones!"
So it's the neighbor now that scratches
"Just to keep up with the Jones'."

GORDON LYLE,
Q. M. C.



THE QUARTERMASTER'S DREAM:—

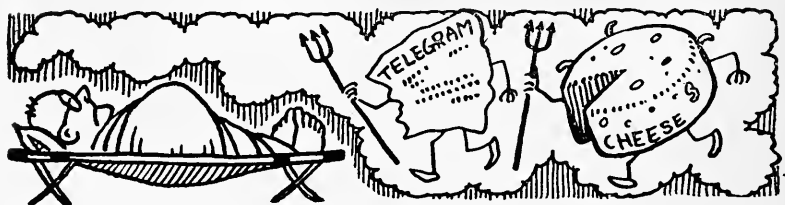
The Camp Quartermaster, with duties far vaster
Than any K. O. in the Camp.
Retired to his tent on a restful sleep bent;
The night was quite dreary and damp.



He thought of the morrow, and much to his sorrow
Remembered a duty undone;
Ten carloads of Hay, with demurrage to pay,
Unloading had not yet begun.

An interrogation on Truck Transportation,
By telegraph coming in late,
Unanswered telegrams bringing him curses and damns,
The Q. M. G.'s Office won't wait.

He rolled and he tumbled, he groaned and he mumbled
He cursed when the bugler blew taps.
At midnight he wept, then he finally slept,
With his brain on the verge of collapse.

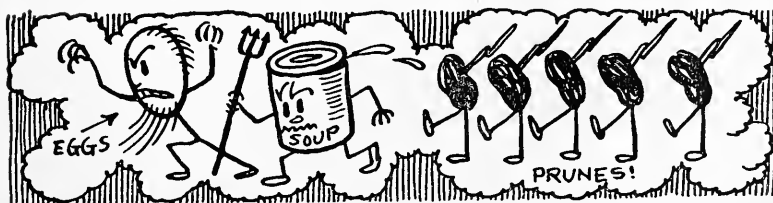


His sleep was a nightmare, (that kind causing white hair)
As a hodge-podge of visions arose;
Subsistence Form Numbers, Beef Fresh, and Cucumbers,
And Property, price list of Clothes.

Tents Pyramidal, shoes quite damnable,
Flour Issue, and Cheese Full—cream;
Butter Sales, Print, and Lard without stint,
All mixed in the Q. M.'S Dream.

Breeches, Wool mounted, and Stockings uncounted,
Moccasins, Moosehide and Gum,
Eggs, Desiccated, (to old hens related)
Belts, for Breeches or Saddle or Drum.

Soup, Canned, Clam Chowder, and Tea, Green, Gunpowder,
Prunes that would make you smile,
Canned 'Lasses, Tayters and Aprons for Waiters,
Sausages, Vienna Style.



Envelopes, Letter and Writing Pads better,
Polish, Shoe, Russet and Paste,—
Mince Meat, Can or Crock, Brushes, Nail out of stock,
Bedding Rolls, buttoned or laced.

Food, Fuel, and Forage—inadequate storage,
Quarters of Horses and Mules,
Guidons and Goggles, and all kinds of toggles,
Shoes, Horse and Horseshoers tools.

Fish, Dried, Cod, in cans, Office Electric Fans,
Undershirts, Fleece-lined and warm,
Soap, Toilet, Glycerine, bottles of Listerine,
Slickers to stand any storm.

Needles, Sailmakers and Tools for the Bakers,
Coats, White, for waiters and cooks,
Water Effervescent, Cigars evanescent,
Pick Axes, Pillows and Hooks.



Buttons, Bone (Large enough), Mutton, Fresh, (Very tough)
Towels, Huckaback that are good,
Potatoes in gunny sacks, Onions spread out on racks,
Tent fixtures, Cordage and Wood.

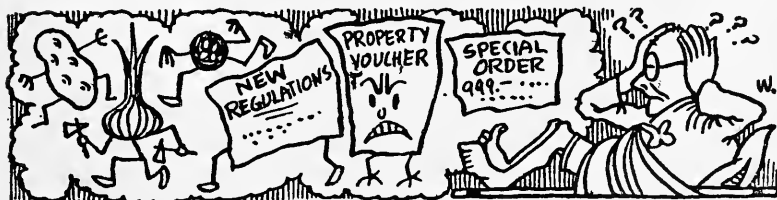
Coal-cars and Water tanks, Balance in local banks,
Whirled through his mind in a maze;
Potatoes to Survey, enough of condemned Hay,
To Plague him the rest of his days.

New regulations that bring forth damnations,
 From Officers, Muleteers and Men,
 Savings on rations, mistakes of all fashions,
 On Property Voucher Two Ten.



Shave-tails with notions of early promotions,
 The unit all yelling for Ice,
 He saw cars on the siding, and nurses out riding,
 And Mess waiters gambling with Dice.

He tossed and he twisted like a Rookie enlisted,
 He woke with a yell and a scream,
 But when he discovered his feet were uncovered,
 He knew it was only a dream.



H. G. COYNE,
 Capt. Q. M. C.

A Q. M. C. CLERK'S DREAM

One night a Q. M. Clerk dreamed a dream, and dreaming, dreamed
he died,

Then straightway to the Pearly Gates his sin-stained spirit hied.
And there before the Saints he stood with down-cast head hung low,
"My record's pretty rank" he said, "I guess I'm bound below.
I've smoked a lot and drank a lot, confess it all I must,
I've flirted too, and then besides, Great Heaven, how I've cussed"!

The good Saint Peter looked at him with kindly smiling eyes,
Then shook his head. "Don't ask" he said, "a mansion in the skies
But let me ask some questions, sir— are you a Q. M. Clerk?"
The sinner bowed, then in this strain the good old saint did quirk.
"Civil Service—you had to face it with puzzling questions galore,
Forced to toe the mark at seventy or they wouldn't want you any
more.

The Quartermaster looked o'er the Manual and started you to work
at eight,

And warned you very forcibly, 'You're fired! if a minute late.'
You had to get up at five A. M. to market within your means,
And though you would have liked a steak, you were forced to eat
rice and beans.

You hiked around to Thompson's for a cheap and nourishing bite,
Then back to the office in thirty minutes—you sure did 'expedite'
Your desk piled high with papers ('bucks' that were passed to you)
Almost caused your mind to wander—a regular Irish stew.
And twice a month you got your little dough: now tell me is that
so?"

"It is," replied the Q. M. Clerk as he took his hat to go,
Depressed by this recital of his Q. M. days below.

"Ah, well," said good Saint Peter, as he opened the portals wide,
"I'm very glad to meet you sir, just kindly step inside.

We'll try to make you happy here, we see you have no "jerk"
You've served your time in 'Hades'—you've been a Q. M. Clerk."

GEO. B. RICE,

Transportation, New Orleans, La.

THE GIRL FROM THE U. S. A.

Oh the maidens of France are certainly fine,
And I think every fellow will state
That the "what-you-may-call-it" coiffured way
They put up their hair is great!
And they know how to dress, and they wear their clothes
In a Frenchy, fetching way,
And yet to me, there is just one girl,
The girl from the U. S. A.

I like to listen when French girls talk
Though I'm weak in the "parles-vous" game;
But the language of youth in every land
Is somehow about the same,
And I've learned a regular code of shrugs,
And they seem to know what I say!
But the voice of a girl, that goes straight to my heart,
Is the girl from the U. S. A.

Oh, I haven't a word but words of praise,
For these dear little girls of France,
And I will confess that I've felt a thrill,
As I faced their line of advance,
But I haven't been taken prisoner yet,
And I won't be, until the day
When I carry my colors to lay at the feet
Of the girl of the U. S. A.

THE WAIL OF THE WAITING DOUGHBOY

Broke, broke, broke,
In a foreign distant clime,
Will someone kindly listen
And loan me just a dime.

Oh well for the Limited Service Man
Entertained by the maidens fair,
Oh well for the Hero Bold
Who rides in his swivel chair.

And the boys of the U. S. Nation
Go sailing out the bay,
While I sit and ponder sadly,
"Will my ship come in some day?"

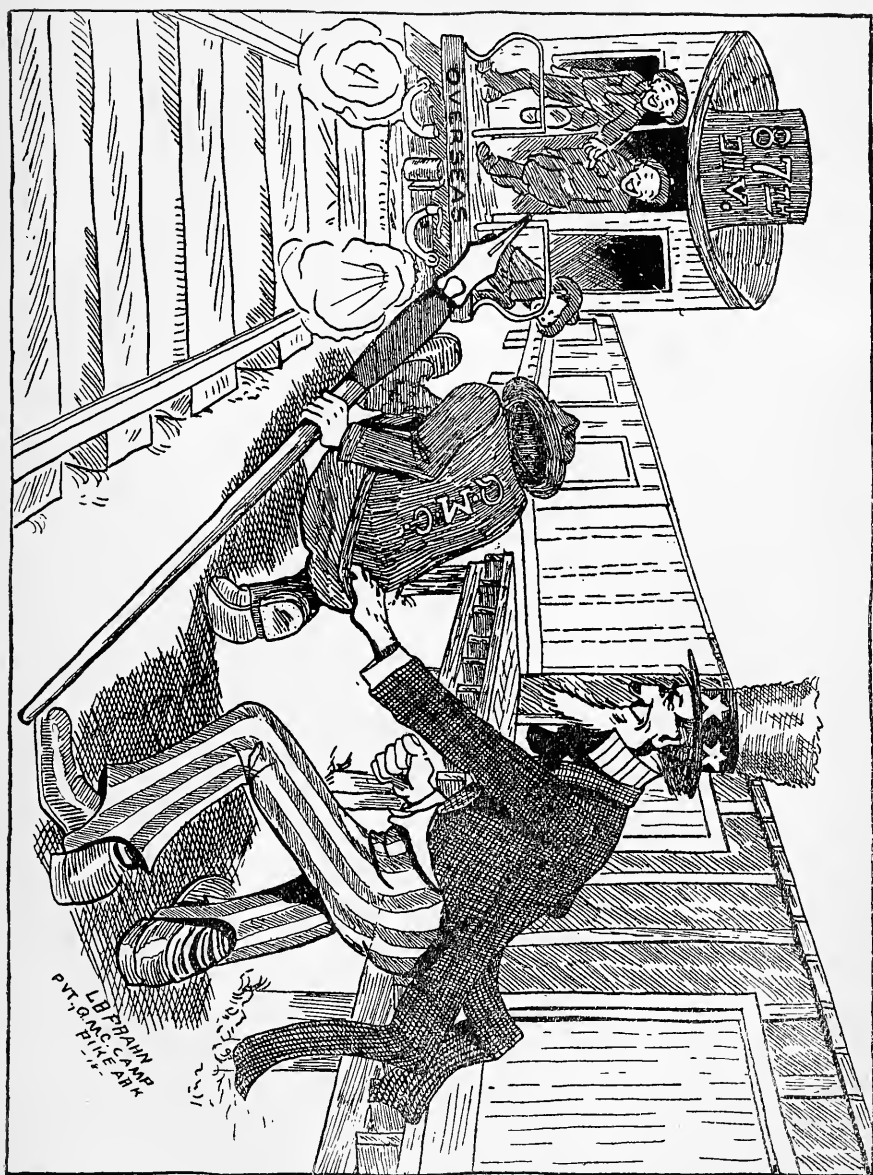
Broke, broke, broke,
Without a dollar to spend,
While my ambitions to Kan the Kaiser,
Will never come again.



Colonel F. B. Wells, U. S. Army, Director of Storage



PHOTO BY PEARL GRACE LOEHR, NEW YORK



INTERCEPTED

Dear Maude: I've been in Washington
Six weeks, a-typing letters;
Good pay, but not a bit of fun;
A slave in fancy fetters.

High wages are a simple sham
Where prices make one dizzy;
"How generous is Uncle Sam"
I thought; I now ask, "Is he!"

I live with Sue and Isabelle,
The room is twelve by twenty;
We pay \$10 each, and, well,
Our food is not too plenty.

The streets are jammed, the cars are, too,
Each tongue is heard but German;
This, this is war; I own to you
I quite agree with Sherman.

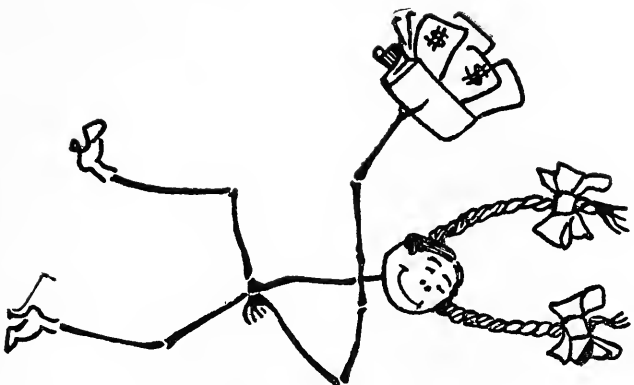
So, Maude, you'd better stay away;
You couldn't save a penny;
There's nothing more that I can say,
Your loving classmate,

JENNIE

Overheard in Finance—

Typist Mabel:—"Tonight, I'm going out in my
Chalmers."

Clerk Charley:—"What are Chalmers?"



Pay Day



The Ever Gray Dawn of the Morning After

A PLAY
(in four acts)

Act, first; scene, back home, in June,
The beach, Soft music. Crescent moon.
Hero, Lieutenant, browned with tan—
Sweet heroine,—American.
Flirtation. Kindred spirits. Bliss.
Eyes meet. Impassioned words. A KISS.
Curtain falls upon act one.

Act, second: scene,—Washington, in fall.
"Shave-tail" now a Captain—tall.
While heroine types, routes, files and batches
And wears EFFICIENCY to shreds and patches.
A call, "For France." Most glorious rage.
Heroics, sobbing, pacing stage.
"I go—but I'll return to you"—
Curtain falls upon act two.

Act, third: a lapse,—not quite a year's
While dashing Captain disappears.
"Did French girl nab him?" Grief untold.
Admirer: bald-fat—rich and old.
A declaration. Tears unpent,
PURSE-suasion. Ultimate c-o-n-s-e-n-t.
They wed. A note from oversea.—
A swoon.—Curtain falls on act three.

Act, fourth. SHE'S widowed: nurse in France—
In time for the Allies' great Victory dance.
With crashing bomb, with gas and shell,
We've sent the infernal Hun to HELL.
When suddenly from out the madd'ning glee,
A General steps. 'TIS HE. 'TIS HE.
Embrace. Reunion. Both ADORE
Curtain falls upon act four.

"THE GREATEST DADDY OF THEM ALL"

I've a dad down East in the Old Bay State,
A daddy tried and true.
You've a dad out West by the Golden Gate,
Who's all the world to you.
But there's a daddy for us all
From Maine to Alabam',
He's the Greatest Daddy of them all—
OUR daddy, Uncle Sam!

Chorus

He's the Greatest Daddy of them all,
Yes, the Greatest Daddy of them all.
For he always has the "Pep"
So always watch your step!
Wherever we be on land or sea,
He guards us, day and night.

When Uncle Sam said, "Boys, come on!"
We came from every state.
And to the world our flag unfurled
To seal the tyrant's fate.
They knew what Sherman said was true
When Uncle Sam broke loose,
For he fought like—well, he gave them—well—
He cooked the Kaiser's goose!

We're always gay in the U. S. A.
For our daddy has the "punch",
Whenever his foes tread on his toes,
He eats them for his lunch!
From Chateau Thierry to Argonne,
We gave Kaiser Bill the "hunch"
That Uncle Sam could whip Potsdam
And all the Pots-dam bunch!

GEORGE R. LAIRD, Q. M. C.,

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Engineer Prop. Div.

THE WALLOP

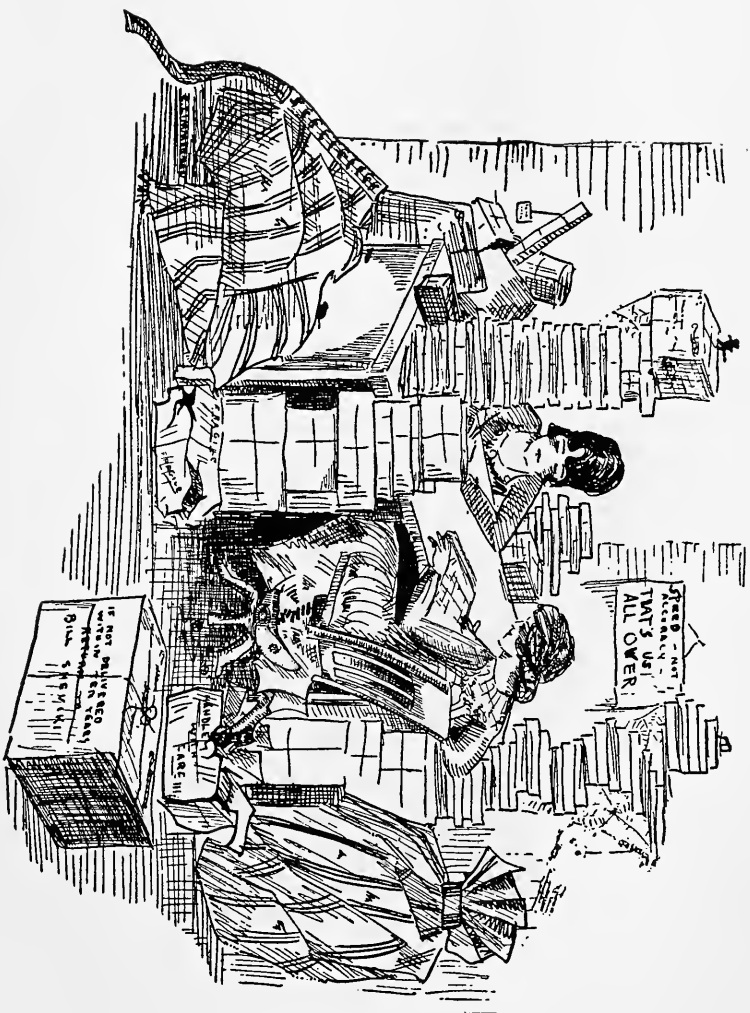
With Foch, the great contriver,
With Haig, the big Hun driver,
Pershing as chief adviser,
And God as rebaptizer,
We've walloped the Kaiser.

Thru glacier and thru geyser,
Down rathole and up riser,
Where flow the Rhine and Isar
Danube and old Budweiser,
We've walloped the Kaiser.

In spite of slack and miser,
Plus alien sympathizer,
O'er Bill and Ebenizer,
Helmet, mustache and visor,
We've walloped the Kaiser.

So take his goat and slice her,
Then ram it thru a dicer,
With sauerkraut for a spicer,
Limburg to tone it nicer,
We've walloped the Kaiser.

All hands on decks! aye, aye, sir!
Come quaff an appetizer—
Make it a paralyzer,
By Caesar's ghost capsize'r,
We've walloped the Kaise'r.



Speed in the Mail Room

HE FOUND IT

A well-known Indiana man,
One dark night last week
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it).

John Welch, by curiosity
Despatches state, was goaded;
He squinted in his old shot-gun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was).

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar-clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't).

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't).



WOW!

The Quartermaster,
Work him faster
Don't give him any rest!
If he hollers,
Take his dollars,
And send him over to Brest!

VALE!

There's a certain strain of sadness, which I cannot help but feel,
When I see you folks all leaving, one by one,
You have done your work with zest and you've done your work
with zeal,
And I'll miss you now that all is said and done.

The Quartermaster Corps has a sector in my heart,
And a sacred little spot it's going to be;
We have finished up our labors and the time has come to part,
But the memory, you shall never take from me.

You took your five or ten spot from your meagre little pay,
And you put it on the bond to pay the bill.
You were lots more patriotic in your humble little way,
Than the man who put two profits in his till.

I know what you have put up with, and you bore it with a smile,
And the glory of your deed will be unsung;
But you hold the recollection that you did some things worth while,
And deserved unstinted praise from every tongue.

You won't wear a Croix de Guerre; you won't have a D. S. C.
But you ought to have a medal on your chest,
For no matter what has happened, it's plain as it can be,
You have fought some tough old battles like the rest.

ANON.

The Army Supply Service

An Outline of Major General Goethals' Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic

THE officers of the organization of the Depot Quartermaster at Baltimore entertained at dinner October 25th, Brigadier General R. E. Wood, Mr. R. J. Thorne, General Wood's Assistant, and Col. L. M. Nicolson, Assistant Director of Storage.

General Wood spoke briefly on the necessity of not permitting the newspaper talk of peace to lessen our efforts to procure and distribute supplies for the Army. He also stated that it was his policy to transfer men for overseas service, but would only send those over who had done most competent work on this side. General Wood was obliged to leave the dinner early in order to catch a train and requested Mr. Thorne to outline the organization of the Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division for the information and guidance of those present. Mr. Thorne took the subject up in general terms and said:

Two Classes of Supplies

"The supply system of the Army has been in the observation ward of the authorities at Washington for many months, and it has gradually come about that supplies have been placed in two general classes: first, those supplies which require a great deal of special designing, experimental work and heavy factory production, such as Air Craft, heavy Ordnance ammunition and explosives, and especially designed construction projects for Engineers or the Construction Division; and Class 2, all standard supplies whose design and specifications had been determined as satisfactory for military use.

"Under the new organization now being set up, the especially designed class will remain with the present bureau which purchases these supplies, and all other supplies, embraced in Class 2, will be consolidated in the Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic, under General Goethals, Assistant Chief of Staff. Also under the new organization, the storage and distribution of all supplies in Class 1 and Class 2 mentioned will be consolidated under General Goethals.

Reasons for Unification

"The underlying reasons for these changes are to overcome the limitations of shipping, transportation, and storage facilities, and from the procurement side, the limitations of production, caused by shortage of labor and of raw material.

"Dealing first with the transportation limitations, these consist of the capacity of the French railways, the debarking facilities at the French ports, the shipping tonnage available, the loading facilities at American ports, the storage and terminal facilities at American ports, and the inland transportation facilities. A moment's thought would demonstrate that a congestion at any one of these points would effectually block the forward movement of supplies to the troops in the field. In considering this matter it must also be remembered that each additional man in France means a correspondingly increased movement of supplies, and if there be any congestion in taking care of an army of two million men, it can readily be seen that each transportation unit must be kept free from congestion and utilized to the utmost in order to take care of the army of three and one-half million men that it is planned shall be in France at the end of next June. Control of all these transportation factors up to the French port is now placed under General Goethals, so that a single individual now has a survey or picture of the entire system, enabling him to develop existing facilities that become congested, or by transferring the movement from one system of railways or from one port to another, to overcome a possible congestion at any one spot. To enable him to do this, it is, of course, necessary that he have control of the movement of supplies, and consequently, under the new consolidation, he will have authority to pick up all supplies at point of origin and direct the routes by which they shall be moved and loaded on ships en route for France. For your information, the A. E. F. has accomplished practically this same thing in their Service of Supply, commonly known as S. O. S., under the command of Major General J. G. Harbord.

Competition in Purchase Abolished

"From a procurement point of view, it was discovered that a great deal of waste effort was occurring in the production of supplies, due to the fact that frequently seven different bureaus would be competing in the market for exactly the same commodity. For instance, there are hundreds of commodities that all the bureaus use, such as monkey wrenches, lanterns, stationery, typewriters, and many supplies that are used by two or more bureaus, such as harness, blankets, sheets and cotton duck. You can readily see the confusion that existed in the manufacturing industry of the country when approached by several bureaus from the War Department, each demanding priority of manufacture and material, sometimes endeavoring to place a commandeering order as against another bureau, all of which produces confusion which can easily be solved by having one individual buy monkey wrenches, another individual buy all the blankets, another individual buy all the harness.

"In addition to solving this production confusion, it is readily seen that a single stock of these articles is much more easily handled and will require a much less total number than two to seven stocks. Consequently, it is planned that for issue in the United States our various camps, posts, and forts shall carry a single stock of each commodity, and while issue overseas of each commodity will still be performed by the present bureaus, nevertheless, in our large army reserve depots and expeditionary depots where the stocks for overseas are stored, it will be possible to consolidate in storage each article as a single stock from which requisitions of overseas shipments from the various corps shall be filled. Some day it is hoped that A. E. F. will likewise consolidate issue.

More Businesslike Stock Arrangements

"I hope I have made it clear to all that the establishment of stocks of the same class under one roof at the same camp or depot is a more businesslike arrangement than carrying several stocks all mixed up with other classes of supplies. In the future, we shall have a single hardware store, a single clothing store, etc., in place of several hardware stores or clothing stores, etc.

Five Important Groups

"General Goethals has divided his organization into five main groups: 1st, the Administration Group, and let me say a word here on the importance of this service feature. A properly managed Administration Division means good organization; it is the clearing house for all papers; it is the one spot where the rules and regulations are known, and I want to take this opportunity to commend the men in charge of these organizations, whom I see day after day and night after night patiently handling and routing papers, keeping them in their proper channels, and all of us can make their task much lighter and increase the efficiency of our department by a little more preliminary study of procedure before starting papers on their journey through the various branches of the War Department.

"The second group is the Embarkation Service, under the Chief of Embarkation, General Hines, who handles the shipping features, including the allocation of ship tonnage to the respective ports, the movement of troops on board ships, etc.

"The third branch is Inland Traffic, under charge of Mr. H. M. Adams, who attends to the movement of all freight by public carrier within the United States.

"The fourth group is the Division of Finance and Accounting, the Director of Finance being our old friend General Lord, who has so efficiently handled the pay of the Army and the other finance

and accounting work for the Quartermaster Corps. Under the consolidation, the entire appropriation bill of the War Department is placed under the jurisdiction of General Lord, including, of course, the control of moneys expended for all supplies purchased through the Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic.

Division of Purchase and Storage

"The last division of General Goethals' organization, and to me the most important, as it is the one with which I am personally connected, is the Division of Purchase and Storage in charge of Brigadier General Robert E. Wood, who also continues as Acting Quartermaster General. It is my honor to act as General Wood's assistant in both of these capacities. You have had evidence tonight, gentlemen, of the energy, directness, force and all-around ability of our chief. There is no mistaking the fact that General Wood has assumed the responsibility of keeping our troops supplied and it is a pleasure, under his able leadership, to have a hand in this most important work—work which if improperly done would absolutely block any mobility of the Army. I trust that you gathered from General Wood's remarks the fact that the Division of Purchase and Storage is a service organization, which simply means that the movement of the Army must be made free and unrestricted, and it is the duty of this service organization to assist and abet in that movement by constantly meeting every emergency of the supply situation. We must at all times avoid having the military movement restricted on account of shortage of supplies. The military program is furnished us sufficiently far in advance to enable us to have the supplies ready when and where needed.

"General Wood has divided his organization into four main classifications: 1st, the Executive Officer, Lieut.-Colonel B. L. Jacobson, who in addition to the general administration work also operates the consolidated statistical reports, wherein are brought together all the stocks of supplies wherever located, at posts and forts, in transit, on dock, on board ship, and in warehouses in France—a complete summary of the exact location of every article not yet issued to the troops. This Statistical Division also gives us pictures of procurement records, the rise and fall of market prices, the time consumed in inspection and distribution, and in other ways prepares charts that graphically bring to the General's eye all the shortcomings as well as the good points of his organization.

"Also reporting to the executive is a Surplus Stock Division, whose province it is to sell those Army supplies on which we are overstocked. Changes in design and specification often produce overstocks, and the warfare in France is so different from what

was anticipated that naturally many things were ordered that later were found not as suitable as some other articles, or perhaps were not needed at all.

The second division is the Requirements Division, under Major J. R. Orton. This division issues the purchase authorization for every article that is bought. The quantity required month by month is shown, thus giving the procurement organization, an exact schedule upon which to base their deliveries. This division also, several months in advance, issues to the Overseas Distribution Division the exact quantity of each article which is required to be shipped month by month in order to take care of our fighting forces in France.

Organization of Director of Purchase

The third great division of the Division of Purchase and Storage is the Procurement Division, under charge of the Director of Purchase, Brigadier General William H. Rose, who has made an enviable record as an Engineer Officer, with Assistant Director of Purchase, Mr. G. P. Baldwin. General Rose has taken all the supplies of the Army and divided them into eight general groups, and into these groups every article, regardless of the issuing bureau, will be placed for purchase under the jurisdiction of a single individual. The groups are generally self-explanatory by their names, as follows:

1. Clothing and Equipage.
2. Subsistence, including forage.
3. Motors and Vehicles.
4. Machinery and engineering Materials.
5. Raw Materials Division, which consists of Fuels, Oils, Chemicals, Ferrous and Non-Ferrous Metals.
6. Medical and Hospital Supplies.
7. General Supplies Division—Hardware and Tools, Kitchen Equipment, Office Equipment, Containers, Hemp and Jute Products.
8. Remount, which buys all our horses and mules.

The Purchase Administration Division functions for all these commodity sections and attends to purchase policies, production records, inspection details, research, designs, and specifications, the award and contract or legal jurisdiction; and contact with the War Industries Board, War Trade Board, Food Administration, Fuel Administration, Bureau of Standards, and other Government agencies that have to do with the control of raw materials and manufacture. In the performance of these duties the administration office of The Purchase Division, carries out

rules, regulations and policies of the War Department or the office of General Goethals, most of which are printed in supply circulars clearly outlining the procedure to be followed. The jurisdiction of the Director of Purchase extends from the moment that he receives a purchase authorization from the Requirements Division until the delivery of the product by his inspectors to the Director of Storage, or, in case the order comes from the Navy, Red Cross or other issuing bureau, until he makes delivery to them. This actual delivery may occur either at a Government depot or at the factory.

Organization of Director of Storage

"The fourth division of General Wood's organization is the Storage Division, the Director of Storage being Colonel F. B. Wells, with Colonel L. M. Nicholson, as the Adjutant Director of Storage, whom we will have the pleasure of hearing later in the evening. This division undertakes the operation and control of storage of all War Department supplies in the United States, no matter where located, and it is charged with the duty of so distributing these supplies that there will be a sufficient quantity on hand to permit of an adequate supply for the troops, and to allow freedom of military movement, but it is further directed to operate like any good business organization and not accumulate an unnecessary quantity of supplies at any point. It is charged with the duty of forwarding month by month the supplies for our overseas forces, in France, England, Italy, Russia and Siberia, and also our troops stationed in the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico. In fact, wherever there is an American soldier, this Operating Division is there to look after his welfare, comfort and equipment.

"Also reporting to the Director of Storage is the Salvage Division, which operates our laundries and dry cleaning establishment, repairs and renovates clothes, shoes, harness and other war materials, and disposes of all waste material to the best advantage to the Government.

"I have, gentlemen, endeavored in a brief way to cover the high spots of this organization, but there remains one phase of the consolidation that is very close to everybody concerned, as it affects his personal relation with the corps of which he is now a member, for it is planned that the consolidation shall be not only of supplies, but it shall include the personnel as well. Consequently, those individuals connected with the supply operations mentioned tonight will be assigned to the Office of the Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic from their respective bureaus and corps, namely Quartermaster Corps, Medical Corps, Ordnance

Department, Corps of Engineers, Signal Corps, and Chemical Warfare. The Air Production and Military Aeronautics are but slightly affected by the plan, the extent of which has not yet been fully determined. Consequently they are only affected insofar as distribution matters are concerned.

* * *

Quartermaster Corps the Foundation

"It is for this reason and this alone, and it is a very natural reason, too, that when those in authority determined that the consolidation of supplies was for the best interests of the Army, they decided to build that consolidation upon and around the corps of the Army most versed in supplies, and it is for this reason, gentlemen, that to a very large extent the men who have been in charge of the Quartermaster activities will be continued in charge of the operations of the Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic. For instance, all depot quartermasters will be made zone supply officers. The zones at the beginning will be those formerly outlined by the Quartermaster General. The systems of operation and rules and regulations will be based primarily on those at present employed by the Quartermaster, although it is specifically provided that until further orders are issued, the systems of requisitions and procuring of supplies by the other corps shall be continued in effect, this for the reason, gentlemen, that it is a very large undertaking to consolidate seven organizations, scattered all over the United States, into a single organization, and it is desired that, while responsibility is vested over night in our chief, and the personnel over night finds itself reporting to a new man, yet to prevent any shortage or delinquency in the supply to the troops, it is proposed that the officers of the various corps shall continue to operate under their former rules and regulations until otherwise directed.

"I might state that in Washington this mixing up of the corps has already started, as, for instance, for the last few weeks all the Quartermaster purchases have been under the direction of General Rose, who is an Engineer, and daily in our offices come men wearing the insignia of Ordnance, Signal and the other corps. It seemed a little strange at first, I admit, but lately we scarcely notice the difference. It is all in getting accustomed to the thing that counts.

The First Duty of a Supply Officer

"I have always believed that the first duty of a supply officer is to take care of his troops, in doing which he must not let the rules and regulations interfere with him. Personally, upon enter-

ing the service, I made up my mind that a Quartermaster Manual designed for supplying troops in Indian Warfare and in our Western barracks could not be the proper set of instructions that would successfully look after our brave boys across the water, and I must confess, gentlemen, that although for some months I have interpreted and issued orders and regulations for the conduct of the department, up to date I have never looked inside that yellow bound manual giving an arbitrary procedure of how not to get something done. I have seen it, however, in hands of men in uniform, and I, therefore, take great pleasure in announcing that in a few days when you are transferred to the Director of Purchase and Storage, I shall expect you to leave that yellow bound book in the Quartermaster Corps, and come over unhampered by precedent and procedure, and come with a spirit and determination to abide by the new rules and regulations, and assist in establishing such precedents and doing things in such a way that when our troops come back they will universally say words of praise for the supply work which has been done on this side.

"I formerly stated that in my judgment the Quartermaster General was the Father of the Army, as it devolved upon him to feed, clothe, and otherwise administer to the personal wants of the troops. Well, like all other sons, they will grow up and as they grow, they need more things, so General Wood with his older family, under this consolidation has merely to meet the increasing demands of his sons and furnish them with the vast number of supplies that come under his jurisdiction in this new organization."

Extracts from Speeches Made at a Get-together Meeting of the Corps, August 8, 1918

MR. BAKER
Secretary of War

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the Middle West where it is quite warm, very much warmer than it is here. I sat on a front porch in Ft. Leavenworth two or three days ago and had to keep away from the breeze, because the breeze was hotter than where it was still. And when I went to Cincinnati I discovered a recipe for keeping cool I had not known when I was in the West, and which I will tell you about and leave it to your judgment as to whether or not you will try it. In Cincinnati yesterday, with the thermometer at 160, a very beautiful and charming young lady walked down the street, dressed in a full fur coat, reaching from her collar to her heels. It turned out afterwards that she was a newspaper reporter trying to find out what people would say, so she could have something to print, but she said the things they said she couldn't print. But she did say this, that after she got the fur coat off she felt so deliciously cool she wasn't sorry she had worn it. I say that chiefly for the officers and the men who have had to wear stiff collars and buttoned-up coats—the 20 ounce melton cloth of the new uniforms—on these hot days. Perhaps when you take your coat off you will be sufficiently cool to reward you.

When I was about 26 or 27 years of age an old woman asked me why I didn't marry. Now I had a perfectly good reason, but I didn't have the young lady's consent to discuss it in public, so I replied evasively and I asked her why she was so concerned about me, and she said her concern was that some young lady would lose so good a provider. I have never believed that was an adequate reason for getting married, but I think it is a good reason for selecting a Quartermaster General, and when General Lord tonight so referred to General Wood—I thought how fortunate this great army is to have so good and able a provider.

* * *

So that when the history of this country will be written, the chapter which will be devoted to the Quartermaster Corps will not be a quiet or inglorious chapter. Of course none of us are thinking very much of ourselves—the issues that are unavoidable in this great world conflict are larger than anybody's opinion of himself, and whether he is going to come out of it with any particular renown, instantly the thought is submerged in the great sea of national things that are of world interest, and humanitarian interest, so nobody is thinking much about himself, but all of us are with propriety thinking about our corps. We are thinking of those with whom we have worked, and it would be a dubious thing indeed if the amount of enthusiasm, the amount of loyalty, and the amount of patriotism displayed in our work when analysed, would prove merely the daily ordinaries of business time, if the enthusiasm and loyalty could occupy any subordinate place in the summing up of the history of this great war, if the Quartermaster Corps should not have received proper recognition for its splendid success. In fact, these successes are very splendid.

We have summoned into being in the United States Army now pretty nearly, if not quite, two and a half million men, including those overseas and those on

this side, and although I stand at the center of complaint and criticism, and everybody, it seems, in the country—most of them helpful I am glad to say—send me criticisms and comments which they have heard, and stories which they think I ought to know, I get all the complaints, some of them unfounded, some of them founded, but from the very first mobilization of the Army until now I have not a single complaint as to the food of this vast Army. I do not mean that there have not been complaints as to food which has been stored, but I mean that in no camps in this country visited by fathers or friends, attended by persons in every ordinary walk of life, from no camp have I had a criticism that the food was insufficient, that it was unwholesome in its character, that it was not well cooked, or did not arrive on time. And today, I had a letter from General Pershing in which he was commenting upon the perfection of supplies on the other side, and said that not since the Army has been in France has a single man in that Army had to wait a minute for a meal that was due. You know what that means? It means more than a task. It means ships and docks and wires and unloading devices and railroad construction.

* * *

We have reproduced the American things in France, and we have a complete copy of the facilities that would be set up here if our forces were mobilized in this country. That is very wonderful. The Quartermaster Corps has had charge of this—of the clothing and the clothing and the equipping of the men.

* * *

We have to have some 50 to 90 days of supply for this vast Army in France. And it has been done, not by one man, not by two, not by the Army, not by the Quartermaster Corps of the Regular Army, but by the great aggregation of men and women who have come in from military and civil life, and by co-operation and consolidation of strength to do this thing for their Nation in its hour of emergency.

Now that is what the Army expects of the Quartermaster Corps. That is what the War Department expects of the Quartermaster Corps, and that is what the Quartermaster Corps is doing for the Army and the Country.

* * *

Now one other thought, and then I must leave you. General Lord referred to the character of the Army which we have been and are building. You are part of the builders and I want you to appreciate fully how splendid it is. It is not only the most moral army that ever existed on the face of the earth so far as records and observations go, but it is the soundest army in health, and being sound in health and in morals it is sound in morale. Take this, for instance, two things. Very recently Mr. Fosdick has returned from Europe. He is the chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities. He went over just to watch the American soldiers. He was an unofficial person—he didn't have a badge pinned on him to get attention, and as a consequence everybody was just natural when he was there. He saw tens and hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, and from one end of France to the other, through segregated camps and remote villages—and he saw not one drunken soldier.

* * *

So we have this well-trained Army, this well-equipped Army, we have this well-fed Army, we have this well-behaved Army, we have this sound and healthy Army, and to many of these possibilities you are contributing, the Quartermaster Corps is contributing.

GENERAL WOOD'S SPEECH

ACTING Quartermaster General Wood addressed the meeting, taking for his topic, "What the Quartermaster Corps means to the Army." With characteristic modesty he prefaced his speech by saying "I can tell you very candidly that I would rather face a firing squad and German bullets than to address you, and all the perspiration you see on my face is not entirely due to the heat. In fact I spoke to Major Bourke and suggested to him that on account of the heat, this meeting be postponed because I thought possibly that by the time the heat might pass away, I might be on my way to France. In any case I can assure you that the decision to hold the meeting tonight spoiled one day's work in the Quartermaster General's office."

* * *

"Napoleon's old dictum that 'an army marches on its belly,' is just as true today as it was a hundred years ago, and with armies of millions, the supply and transportation problems assume an importance they never had before.

"Prior to the war, the Quartermaster Corps may be said to have been the only supply department of the Army, but in this highly technical war, the Engineer, Ordnance, Signal and Medical Corps furnish supplies on a vast scale. In many ways the problems of some of the other supply corps are more difficult than those of the Quartermaster Corps, for the question of design and the creation of additional facilities involved in making big guns, aircraft, etc., make progress slower and more difficult than the production and supply of food and clothing. Nevertheless, the Quartermaster Corps remains the largest supply corps of the day. Its supply problem remains of the highest importance, for it is the department that touches the individual soldier. The Army may lack aircraft and it may lack guns, but when Private John Smith does not have enough food, blankets and clothing and if he is not paid promptly, every relative of the aforesaid private immediately comes to the conclusion that the war is not being properly directed.

"The Quartermaster Corps furnishes the food for the men and the forage for the animals, the clothing and equipment for the men, the fuel, the vehicles and harness, the motor transportation and its accessories. A breakdown in any one of these classes of supplies spells ruin for an Army, for the best troops in the world cannot fight unless they are fed and clothed properly. The Quartermaster Corps also acts as paymaster of the Army. It is responsible for the prompt payment of the troops and for the payment of certain classes of allotments to the dependents of the soldiers and officers in the field. In this respect it shares responsibilities with the Treasury Department. The Quartermaster Corps has filled its obligations very completely in this respect, for the reports we get indicate that the soldiers in every camp and cantonment in the United States are paid before the 10th of the month:

* * *

"It means that stocks have to be carried all the way from San Francisco in the United States to Toul and Nancy in France, that a system of distribution has to be maintained, not alone in the interior of the United States, but at ports of embarkation and through France; it means that not alone must supplies be purchased for this Army, but that these supplies must be properly distributed; in other words, that they must be in places where the troops can draw on them promptly. In this respect, the United States has the hardest task of any of the nations waging war, for the base of supplies for the troops of France and Germany is but a comparatively short distance from the troops.

"To handle this task, there are now in the Quartermaster Corps over eight thousand officers, one hundred and fifty-five thousand enlisted men and sixty-

five thousand civilian employes, and that number is being increased all the time to keep pace with the wants of our constantly increasing Army.

* * *

"In the sudden and tremendous expansion that has taken place in this department, it would not be surprising if there were many cases of inequalities and injustices. I do not doubt that such inequalities and such injustices exist, but I wish to assure you that it is our desire to be fair and that we will try to correct all such cases that come to our attention. You would each of you not be human if you did not desire recognition for your work and accomplishments. However, I assume that you are not performing these services merely for the sake of a job but that you are all of you bringing a real spirit of patriotism to your job, and I want to remind you that the highest patriotism consists in giving the best that is in us without the thought of reward."

ADDRESS OF CAPT. O. B. ANDREWS

Depot Division, O. Q. M. G.

BRIGADIER-General Wood has just told you of unnatural perspiration caused by addressing this great audience—if that's the case with a Brigadier-General, how about a young Captain? I am surely pardoned for indulging in this Turkish bath, but I'll see that you do not have your Turkish bath much longer, I will be brief.

For just a moment—let your imagination travel with mine, across the sea, half round the world to a land called Asia Minor. In the northern part of the country we find a mountain and gushing forth from its side we find a little stream of water. As it reaches the valley, it gains in volume and momentum, until it becomes the historic river Jordan. If we follow its course, we find that ere long it empties into a great basin—known as the Sea of Galilee. Around the banks of this body of water we find beautiful vegetation, the colors of the plants seeming to vie with the wonderful tints of the sky in beauty. The lands adjacent are fertile and productive. The vineyards are laden with fruit. The land is flowing in milk and honey; the peasants are indeed a happy folk.

Within its confines we find fish and vegetable life in abundance. If we skirt the banks of the Sea of Galilee and proceed to the other end, we find an opening through which again pours forth the river Jordan, and we notice also in wonderment that it is in much larger volume than that with which it entered the Sea of Galilee, for it is a geographical fact that the river Jordan is larger after passing through the Sea of Galilee—for this sea is an unselfish sea. It takes in the river Jordan for a while and then gives forth more than it has received, so that the river may continue on its journey to quench the thirst of the dry lands below. The Sea of Galilee is unselfish and like all things unselfish is a joy to itself and the world. If we continue to follow the river Jordan, we find that it again empties into another great basin known as the Dead Sea, but here a different condition confronts us. The banks are barren, there is no plant life of any kind, the adjacent lands are arid and sterile. There are no inhabitants near the confines of the Dead Sea; for the peasants in their superstition believe the Dead Sea is cursed. Within the Dead Sea we find no fish or vegetable life of any kind. Its waters are poisonous and bitter.

If we skirt its banks, in the attempt to find the cause of this desolation we note that there is no outlet of any kind. It is a geographical fact that the Dead Sea has no outlet. It is a selfish sea. It takes all in and gives nothing out, and like all things selfish it is a curse to itself and the world.

Now, we of the Quartermaster Corps may draw a parallel between ourselves and these two seas. If we put our souls, energy, interest and ambition into our work we are as the Sea of Galilee. If on the contrary we are self-centered, selfish, careless and indifferent, we are as the Dead Sea and the Quartermaster Corps has no place for us.

To those of you who are familiar with the other Corps of the Army, you know that there is a fine spirit of pride and an *Esprit de Corps* pervading all of them. The infantryman will tell you that his corps is the backbone of the Army, while the cavalryman will tell you that his corps is the most needed in open warfare, and the artilleryman, smilingly, will tell you that no great battle was ever won without the aid of his great and powerful guns. We are proud of the spirit of each, but what of the Quartermaster Corps? For a moment picture some great motor car you saw gliding down one of Washington's streets today. You recall how resplendent it was in its trappings and

beautiful colors. Well, raise the hood and remove one little part of its mechanism, known as the carburetor, and instantly the great machine becomes a useless toy. Replace the carburetor, give it an adjustment and instantly the great machine, pulsating with power and energy, continues on its way. Now, what does the carburetor do? It gathers in the fuel, combines it properly with the elements of the air and passes it into the cylinders where it becomes the great factor of energy. The Quartermaster Corps, on the other hand, gathers clothing, subsistence and all the other things so essential to an Army, from the four corners of the earth—stores them in its great warehouses and with proper and judicious distribution, sends them overseas to our boys. Now you and I know what would happen to the Army if the Quartermaster Corps would suddenly cease its function. Realizing all this, we should take great and unbounded pride in our Corps—and tomorrow when we sign a letter, send out a wire or issue an order, we should bear in mind that though it may seem of slight importance, it may have a very important bearing upon the boys "over there."

There are two things vitally necessary to the proper spirit of any corps or organization. First, the desire to unselfishly serve. Second, unbounded patriotism. The Quartermaster Corps is strictly an organization of service. Service not self—"he profits most who serves best"—unless we possess an intense desire to serve, then the Quartermaster Corps has no place for us. As to patriotism, unless we have the same intense patriotism which causes our boys to give up their life blood upon the fields of France, then the Quartermaster Corps has no place for us. You remember the words:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land,
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his steps he hath turned,
From wandering on some foreign strand?
If such there breathes, go mark him well; for him no minstrel raptures
swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish could claim,
Despite his titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentr'd all in self;
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored and
unsung."

Another thing, I would ask you to remember and that is this. You are a part of our great Army. Don't permit your connection with the Army to merely end with wearing of its uniform. You and I are greatly in honor in being permitted to wear the uniform of this great nation—and we should live up to its ideals and traditions. We are sometimes criticised for not living up to all the military courtesies. Be careful of your appearance and observe all the rules and extend and return all courtesies whenever it is proper—and right here permit me to make a statement. I hope the time will come in the Quartermaster Corps (and this may step on the toes of some of you; if it does I can't help it), that every officer before he is eligible for promotion must be proficient in Infantry Drill Regulations and Field Service Regulations, so that if ever any Quartermaster Corps Officer is called overseas, and lots of them are, he can play the full game of war if need be.

In the White House there resides a man upon whom greater responsibilities have been placed than any other man in the history of the world. You know and I know that he will solve all problems justly and intelligently, of that we have no fear; that man has a great soul. He has asked you and me to take one of these great cares from his shoulders, that of sending to those wonderful boys "over there" all things essential for their comfort and life. Shall we be faithful to his trust?

The Secretary of War, who is our Chief and who has honored us with his presence tonight, also has great cares and burdens upon his shoulders. He has delegated to you and me, one of the greatest of his trusts—that of feeding and clothing the boys "over there." Will we be faithful to that charge?

The American people, the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers of those noble sons of America are looking to you and to me to supply their wants and necessities, in order that those boys may bring to a successful termination the great work they have set out to do. Will we be faithful to that trust? And last, but not least, those boys themselves each day are sending word to you and me, of the things which they need, and when they return with the flush of victory upon their manly cheeks (and just as sure as there is a God in Heaven, they will return with the flush of victory upon their cheeks) and they look into your eyes and my eyes and say: "We have finished our task, we did our duty, have you done yours?"—will we bow our heads in shame, or will we with heads erect, looking into their eyes, be able to say: "You did you duty and we did ours as we saw it." The answer, my friends, is with you and me.

We have a great privilege in being such an important part of this struggle, and realizing it, we should bend our every energy in order that this great "Corps of Service" may be successful, and now in conclusion let me touch for just an instant upon a subject which is close to you and me.

There is hardly a day passes but that we hear some chap in our Corps, with the red blood coursing through his veins say: "Do you suppose I will get a chance to serve with the boys 'overthere'?" and we can't help admire him, because where is the man who hasn't a streak of yellow in him a yard wide, but wants to go over? Your heart and my heart may be consuming us with the desire to go over seas, and I hope that we will each have our chance, but remember that in every Corps there must be a head and upon that head rests the responsibility of determining where you or I go, or whether we stay where we can serve best. One man must decide and if he decides that your best work is here or any place, even if it does not meet with our heart's desire, let's be soldiers and do and serve willingly any place where duty sends us, because remember, "Any sort of a chap can whistle when his work is mostly fun; a hundred want the pleasant jobs to every sturdy one that'll grab the dreary duty and the mean and lowly task, of the drab and cheerless service that life often has to ask; but somebody has to do it and the test of me and you, is the way we face the labor that we do not like to do. Let's be soldiers in the great struggle, let's be loyal through and through; life is going to give us duties that perhaps we'll hate to do. There'll be little sacrifices that we will not like to make; there'll be many tasks unpleasant that will fall to us to take, and although we all would rather do the work that brings applause; let's forget our whims and fancies, men, and just labor for the cause."

THE COMMITTEE

Rhyme and Rhythm by Lieut. Homer Sullivan

Caricatures by Garnet W. Jex



THE MAJOR

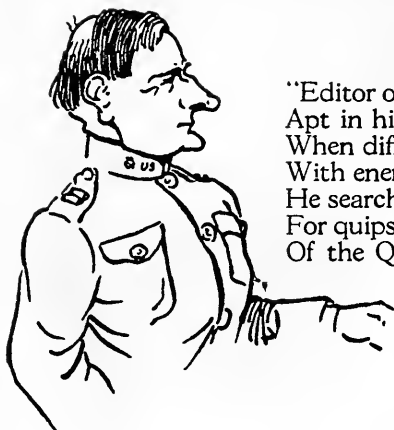
Chairman, seated there,
With patience, tact and genial air.
Commanding praise, but on the floor
To challenge quips which slur the corps.



CAPTAIN GRAVES

Rotund "Chief Ed."
Though grave of mein
He's never dead.
Beating the air
In even time
To test the rhythm
In each rhyme.

THE COMMITTEE



CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

"Editor of Prose,"
Apt in his decisions
When differences arose;
With energy unfailing
He searched through all the lore
For quips that light the memory
Of the Quartermaster Corps.

LIEUTENANT WALTON, doughty chap—
"Business Manager"

You see him stand
With bag in hand,
And eyes fixed on the "chair."
Cloth and leather binding,
Paper, stock and ink,
Bills o'erdue, subscriptions too,
Of these he has to think.



THE COMMITTEE



LIEUTENANT WEABER

"Censorship Ed."
 Here he's cogitating
 While a funny quip is read.
 Though all may voice approval
 He cares not a whit
 If it's anyways improper,
 "He's opposed to it."

MR. RACHOFSKY

"A division Ed."
 With everything lit'rary
 Stored in his head.
 Concise in expression,
 Devoid of all bunk,
 He oft gives his decision
 In one word, just "Punk"



THE COMMITTEE



MISS DELL

"Associate Ed." is she
 A tireless aid
 To the Q. M. C.
 Here you see her
 With glee unfold,
 The ninety-ninth copy
 Of the Warrior Bold.

"JEX"

"Staff Artist" task perplexing,
 Conning over
 Each sketch so vexing.
 To give the Chairman
 True perspective,
 For hours, thus,
 He sits reflective.



THE COMMITTEE



MAJOR BARGETT
 "Prose Ed.," trim,
 Not too stout
 And yet not slim;
 Glass of fashion
 Of form, the mould
 Epaulettes shining
 And spurs of gold.

CAPTAIN LINEBURGER
 "Treasurer" was he.
 Working on a hist'ry
 Of the Q. M. C.
 His branch chief said:
 "The Q. M. book is folly"
 Now judge for yourself
 What genus bird is "Polly."



THE COMMITTEE



MISS DUGENT

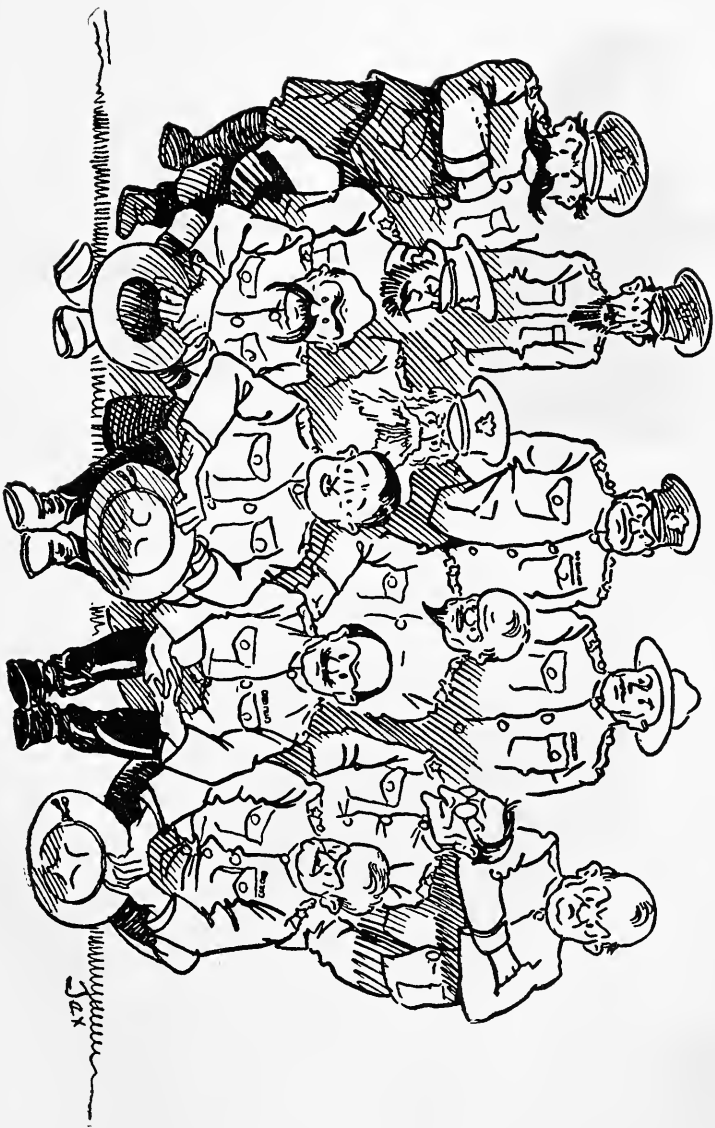
"Secretary,"—coy.
Her thinking pose reminds one
Of the busy office boy.
When "Ye Eds" would start to wrangle
Over rhythm, rhyme or style
She ne'er lost her composure
Nor her genial happy smile.



ZONE COMMITTEEMEN

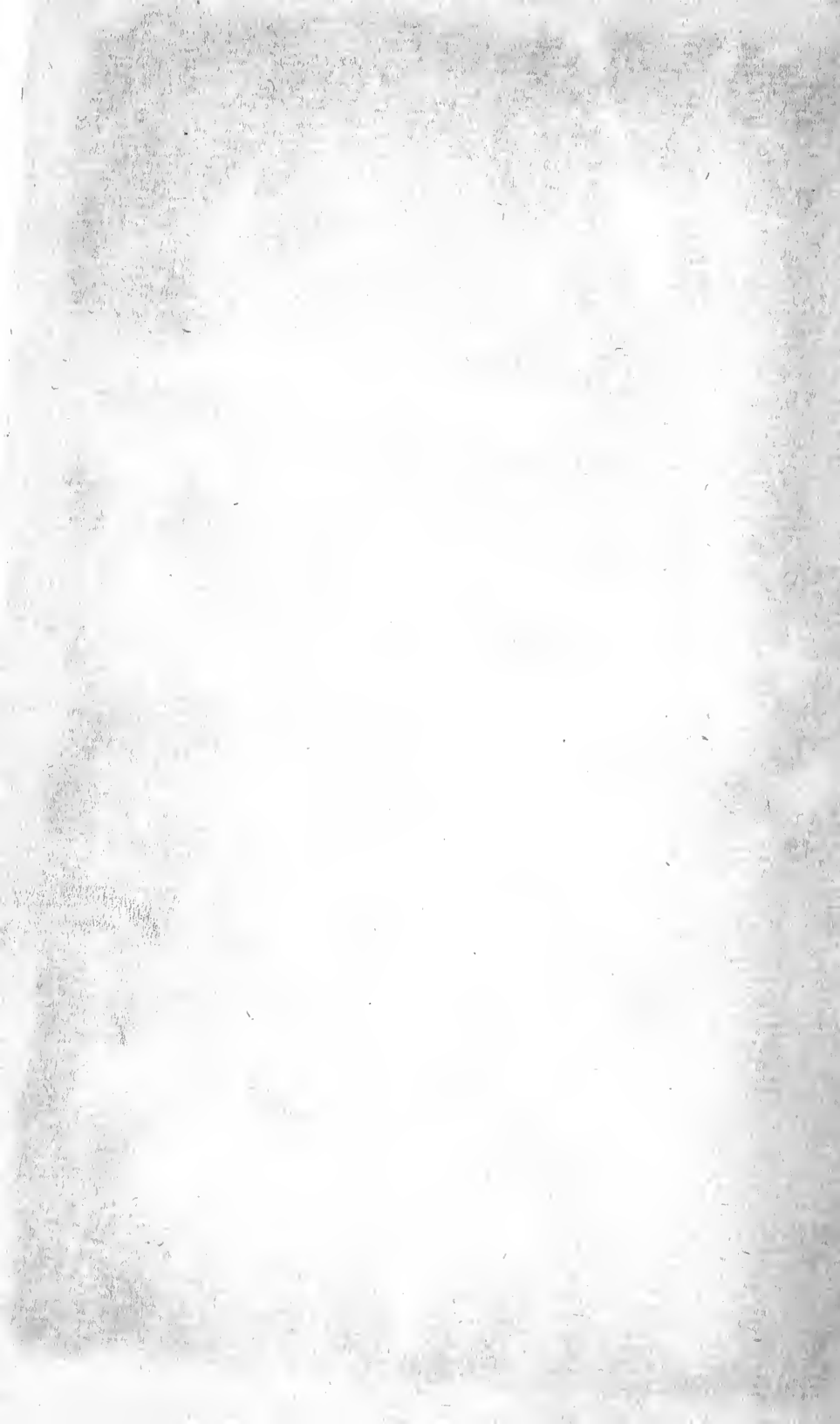
"Associate Eds."
Like Balzac's *Comedie*
"The Thirteen" heads.
An imaginative drawing
By the artist of the corps.
"A. W. L." the previous night—
We think in Baltimore.

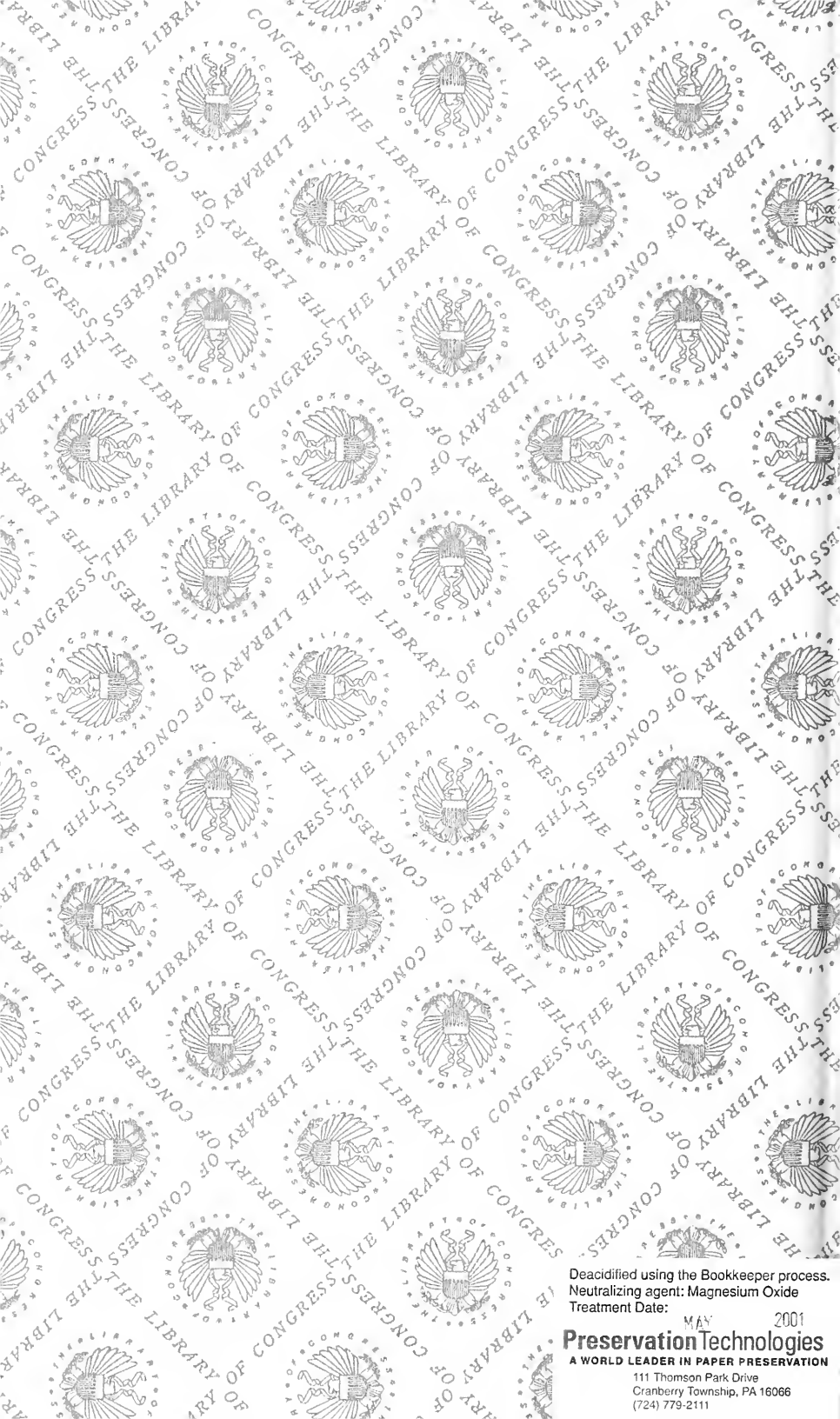
ZONE COMMITTEE



L'ENVOI

The influ has been here and gone
The dance is on once more
The movie fan is back in line
As vicious as before.
The soldiers' clothes will soon be shelved
God bless our "Khaki Clad,"
And peaceful scenes down on the farm,
And meals with dear old dad.
So let us all who here have been
Without a sword or gun,
Remember how we fought and bled,
At dear old WASHINGTON.

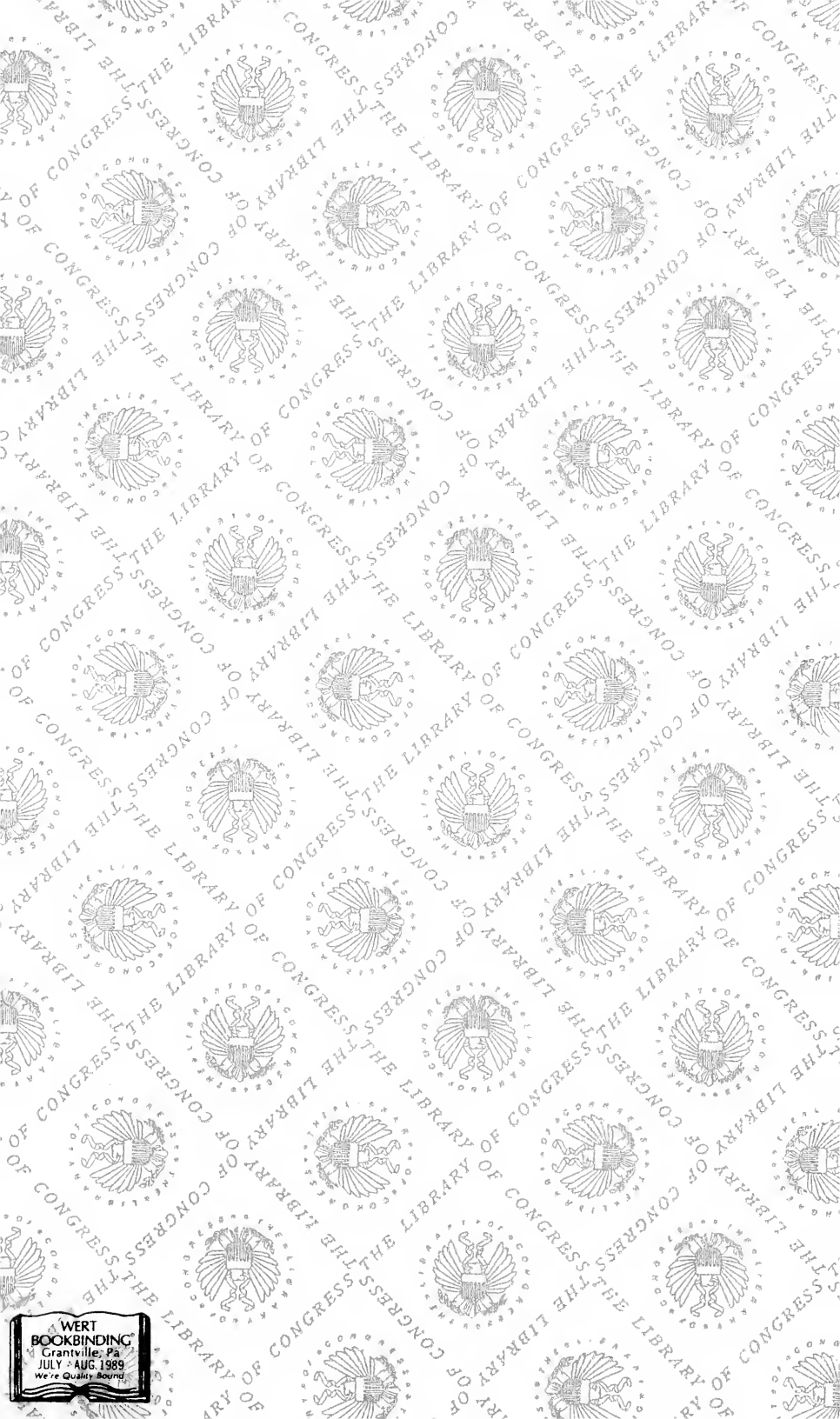




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